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TRAVELS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

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CHARLES E. BOLTON

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TRAVELS

IN EUROPE *and* AMERICA

BY

CHARLES E. BOLTON, M. A.

Author of "A Model Village," "A Few Civic Problems of Greater Cleveland," "Modern Sewage Disposal," etc.

Illustrated

NEW YORK

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO.

PUBLISHERS

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By Sarah K. Bolton

PREFACE.

MR. BOLTON had completed the first part of this book, the travel in Europe, before his death, October 23, 1901, and had planned the other chapters of travel through this country.

I have added his two newspaper articles, "Beyond the Mississippi," and "The Lone Star State," and the greater part of three of his fourteen Illustrated Lectures, "The Lands of the Midnight Sun," "The Yellowstone—Yosemite Wonders," and "The Italy of America," (California.) These fourteen illustrated lectures he had delivered in all parts of the United States, speaking about two thousand times.

Though born and educated in the East, he especially loved the Great West, with its unsurpassed scenery, its energy and hope, and its undoubted wonderful future. He had traveled in many countries, and saw much good in each, but was glad to be an active worker in our own Republic.

SARAH K. BOLTON.

Cleveland, Ohio.
June, 1903

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CHAPTER I.

FIRST TRIP. OCEAN AND IRELAND.

What Makes a Man. Hopes Revived. The Mother Islands. First Trip. Paris Exposition. Places and People. Aboard the *S. S. Adriatic*. Farewell Sandy Hook. The Officers. A Nautical Day. Life at Sea. A "Whale." Stiff Breeze. Dangers on the Ocean. Rest, and New Acquaintances. A Study of Navigation. The Ocean Ferry. "Irish Coffins." Perils of Fogs. Panaceas for Seasickness Fail. Fastnet Rock. The "Ould Sod" at Queenstown. "Not a Drum was Heard." Cork. The Lost Found.

FRANCIS BACON said that "Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man." And Isaac Watts added that "Nothing tends so much to enlarge the mind as traveling." My business had made me familiar with my own country, and I was all the more anxious to see other countries. I had often heard the Germans speak so lovingly of their "Fatherland." Why should not we of Anglo-Saxon origin know more about the Mother Islands whence came some of our own immediate ancestors—the British Islands, the source of so much of civilizing power for the world?

It is not my purpose, in writing of our five consecutive trips to Europe, and a sixth journey in

1885, to tell much of what can be found in the usual guide books, because all that valuable information is more minutely and better told in the books themselves. To repeat much of it here would be a waste of strength and time. I will try to tell somewhat of the places we visited, the people we met, and of our experiences here and there.

The First Trip to Europe, began Sept. 4, 1878. On our way to Liverpool Mrs. Bolton and I enjoyed a short journey in Ireland, and together we also visited many of the most interesting cities and localities in England and Scotland. For some days we enjoyed Paris, and the Exposition of 1878, and thinking that this might be our only trip to Europe we seized the opportunity and took a three weeks' hurried journey *via* Belgium and Munich, through Italy.

On Wednesday evening Mrs. Bolton had taken the steamboat train at Boston for New York. I met her at the New York dock, and we breakfasted at the old Astor House on lower Broadway, near the Post Office. With alacrity and high hopes we climbed up the gangplank of the *S. S. Adriatic.* The commander was the white-bearded J. W. Jennings.

Precisely at twelve o'clock, noon, the *Adriatic*, a swift and staunch iron steamship of the famous White Star Line, bore us down the bay on our first voyage to the Old World. Friends of passengers, mindful of the terrible consequences of accidents at sea, invariably make the departure, or arrival,

an event not easily forgotten. Thoughtful ones, unobserved, had placed in our staterooms lovely flowers and delicious fruit.

As we steamed out of the busy, capacious harbor, past the forts, rounded Sandy Hook, parted with the pilot, and saw the vessel on her course for Liverpool, we reluctantly bade good-bye to New York with its wondrous growth, the third city of the world, and since that time made the second.

From the deck we watched the low hills of Jersey disappear on the smoky horizon, and then went below for lunch, served in true English style. Dinner on shipboard is served at six o'clock. Seats are assigned from the lists of cabin passengers distributed, the white-haired captain and gentlemanly purser occupy seats at the heads of long tables, and with attentive waiters direct, with military precision, the several courses of an excellent meal.

But more delightful than dinner is the respite from business, politics and taxes. On deck, abundant exercise is found in promenading and quoits, and continued amusement in studying the ever-varying surface of the sea, and the character of the company on shipboard.

At first, passengers dressed to suit wind and salt do not interest, but soon we discover that most who venture a three thousand mile ocean voyage, possess unusual force of character.

A Harvard graduate visits London to perfect arrangements for exporting Texas cattle. A Manchester cotton spinner depressed with the loss of

his wife, is completing a trip around the world. He is accompanied by a young Scotch clergyman, who left Edinburgh five years ago, and who established a church of two hundred members in Rangoon, Burmah. A dear mother's constant prayers had lately ceased, and the faithful son longed to stand by her grave.

We played chess with a doctor from South America, talked finance with a Canadian banker, and received the best of advice from a retired Boston merchant, who had recently lost over a million dollars by endorsements.

We were also glad to refresh our scanty knowledge of navigation; examining sailing charts and sextants, watching the log thrown every two hours, and noting the numerous entries made daily in the log book. The method of comparing latitude and longitude with passing vessels by flag signals is easily learned.

The officers join in conversation; their bronzed and intelligent faces tell of scores of ocean voyages and increase our courage.

The nautical day is divided into watches of four hours each, bells striking every half hour. Life at sea soon becomes delightful. Prosperous breezes fill the sails. The sea air how refreshing! It brings color to the cheek, and forgetfulness of the things that worry at home.

New acquaintances are made, and you often wonder that you ever hesitated about visiting Europe. Acres of porpoises play in the water; and

flying-fish, with fins not unlike the wings of birds, skim the waves, sometimes coming on the deck. In mid ocean the lynx-eyed officer discovers a lonely iceberg, possibly freighted with all the horrors of a shipwreck. Suddenly we are startled by the children's cry, "A whale! a whale!" and lo! in the distance, a spouting whale. In one instance a whale lay asleep on the vessel's course, and was half cut in two!

New experiences come when the wind quickens, and the log records, "a stiff breeze". No ride can possibly match the pleasure of a moonlight tossing in a blow. Ozone in the air, electricity along the nerves, the throb of the ship's engines beneath your feet, and restored vigor pulsating through the whole body, your lips instinctively say, "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." But in winter months the scenes change; monstrous waves envelope the steamer, small wire ropes quadruple in size, hundreds of tons of ice lodge on the decks; salt water in a night freezes twelve inches on the steerage windows; the officer on the bridge is fastened to the rigging, his long beard is heavy with icicles, he seems a veritable Santa Claus, and coffee is taken every fifteen minutes to keep him alive. Service like this is heroic. Sometimes I am asked, "Is it safe to cross the Atlantic?" Since 1845, eighty steamers with 5,000 lives have been lost. A half dozen vessels and all on board have mysteriously

disappeared, and many vessels have been lost by fire.

The cry of, "Fire!" on shipboard drives the passengers and crew frantic. Brave officers with drawn revolvers force courtesy to women and children, as the small boats are lowered and filled, while in the red glare of the sky is seen written the doom of the great steamer. A half dozen or more steamers have collided with icebergs, or with each other. Most of the ships destroyed, however, have been wrecked on American or European rocks, but it is safer to cross the Atlantic on these modern palace steamers than to ride on our best railways. We must not forget that twenty or thirty thousand ocean voyages have been made, and millions of passengers safely landed. After a week's ocean life, you become anxious again for land.

Facts elicited from an inquiry in regard to the large fleet comprising the grand ocean ferry between the continents, were of interest to us. Mr. Samuel Cunard, encouraged by the British Government, formed a partnership with Burns & MacIver, whose coasting steamers competed between Glasgow and Liverpool. Thus was organized the familiarly known "Cunard Company", which, on July 4th, 1840, began a fortnightly conveyance of mails between Liverpool and Boston; supplanting the slow and unreliable sailing vessels.

Names ending with a, ic, and iam, characterize the vessels of the Cunard, the White Star, and the Allen lines, respectively; while the Inman steam-

ships, some of which are palatial, are named after the leading cities of the world.

The steamers comprising the vast Atlantic fleet are owned by several companies. They are built mostly on the Clyde, and of iron; can carry from one thousand to two thousand passengers and from twenty-five hundred to five thousand gross tons of freight each. The largest are over six hundred feet long, forty-five feet wide and thirty-six feet deep. The double compound engines of five thousand horse-power, have a capacity equal to that of thirty thousand men pulling vigorously at the oars, and the possible speed of the vessels is nearly twenty miles per hour. The later ocean passenger steamships have engines of thirty thousand horse power, a capacity equal to one hundred and eighty thousand men.

The White Star Line combines both speed and safety, and is the choice of many Americans. The *Adriatic*, on our trip out, carried 310 souls, and 4,400 tons of freight; which would load eleven freight-trains of twenty cars each; and yet she outstripped steamers that had many hours the start and gallantly outrode several days of equinoctial storm and a furious gale on the Irish sea.

The discipline of officers and crew is perfect, and we feared nothing except accident in the dense fogs, which baffle the skill of all officers, and where the steam-whistle—which is blown at least once every minute—is almost the only safeguard. As the fog

supplemented by thick darkness and fierce storm increases the perils of navigation, the unerring compass enhances in value; and prayers to God for safety unconciously escape the lips of many unused to such dangers.

It is at this time that sea-sickness among passengers holds high carnival. All panaceas fail. To obtain fresh air on deck is impossible, as the hatches are fastened down. Fruit is tasteless; flowers lose their fragrance; music is bereft of its charms, and kitchen odors become most obnoxious. As the sensation creeps slowly but surely upon you, fears that you will die take firm possession of your mind; nor can they be shaken off until the disease culminates, when your greatest apprehension is that you will not die. However, beef tea keeps you alive, and strong meat is taken to the faithful captain on the bridge, who will not leave his post of duty night or day, till all peril is past.

The White Star vessels built at Belfast, Ireland, are called "Irish coffins" by the jealous Cunarders, and yet the most enterprising steamship firms have paid these models of beauty that highest of compliments, Imitation.

Nine days out of New York we sighted with joy the bold Irish coast, and later, the light-house on Fastnet Rock. At night all passengers were on deck, when a rocket with two green lights sent up by the captain, signalled our arrival, to the station of the Atlantic cable on shore. Very soon we saw a bright rocket in response, and a few seconds

sufficed to announce in New York the safety of the *Adriatic.*

It was past midnight when we entered the strongly fortified and capacious harbor of Queenstown, and the landing brought special joy to a few returning Irish people, as they once more touched foot on the "ould sod." The morning sun revealed the loveliest scenery, and we did not longer wonder that Wolfe, the author of "Not a drum was heard," sought this charming spot for the recovery of his health, only to die. The town is built on terraces and has many pretty cream colored Gothic houses, surrounded by well trimmed hedges, and a modern unfinished cathedral.

A few old castles are seen in the distance. The fields are full of purple heather and green furze with yellow blossoms. Here we first saw the modest shamrock, like tiny white clover, the national emblem of Ireland.

St. Patrick, when preaching the Christian faith in Ireland, to a simple people and their powerful chief, spoke of one God and of the Trinity, and holding up the shamrock, bid them behold one in three. Both the chief and his followers were baptized.

Ireland's greatest length is 302 miles, and her greatest breadth 225 miles; her coast line of about 23,000 miles abounds in deep landlocked harbors; her area is 32,531 square miles, or nearly two-thirds that of England without Wales. Three-fifths of Ireland's total area is in arable and grassland. (1889). The surface of the island, generally speak-

ing, is an undulating plain relieved towards the coast by low hills. Carrantual is her loftiest peak, 3,414 feet in height.

Centrally located is an area, of nearly two millions of acres, or nearly one-ninth of the island, which consists largely of bogs and morasses. These have an average depth of twenty feet, and yield for the people vast quantities of peat and turf, and for the antiquarian numerous skeletons of men and animals of by-gone days, also relics of early human occupation.

The authentic history of Ireland begins with the life and career of St. Patrick, the "Apostle of Ireland", although the early history of Ireland, like that of several ancient countries can be traced back into the enchanted realms of most beautiful legends, fables and ballads. St. Patrick was carried, a slave, from Scotland to Ireland. Early in the 5th century, having escaped, and risen high in the service of the Church at Rome, he returned, converted all Ireland, and made the emerald "Isle of Saints" the great missionary school for the propagation of Christianity throughout Europe.

Near the close of the eigth century the Danish sea-rovers invaded and settled the eastern coast of Ireland, and in time were absorbed into the common population. In the reign of Henry II., 1167-'72, the story of the Norman invasion of England was repeated again in the experiences of Ireland. Then began the great land struggle, which has continued to our own times.

For a long while it was a series of fierce struggles between Irish Chieftains, and Norman Barons, and between Chieftains themselves. Usually the Irish were the losers in all these terrible struggles, and in the conflicts that followed with Cromwell and William III. No wonder, that under the heavy burden of constant struggles in behalf of their religion and lands, the Irish on the verge of despair, sank into wretched poverty. What exhausting indemnities of life, land, and money this race has paid for centuries!

For the past century the Irish have engaged in a heroic struggle for agrarian and religious emancipation. No cause ever had braver leaders, than Grattan, Flood, O'Connell, Emmet, the Parnells and Gladstone. Reform and reconstruction are still making slow headway, and the sincere wish of most Irishmen is for Home Rule finally.

Ireland is divided into four provinces, Ulster, Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, which are again sub-divided into thirty-two counties. Her population, which in 1841 was over 8,000,000, by reason of famine, emigration and other causes, has been reduced almost one-half; nearly 4,000,000 have emigrated to America. Not more than 12 per cent of the Irish who remain, speak the Gaelic or Irish tongue.

Thoughtful passengers who expected to land at Queenstown, had been studying brief histories of the Emerald Isle. How true it is that when you travel, you see only what you take with you! To

understand correctly a country and its people one must read much on the subject before the visit is made.

An hour's ride by boat, up the pretty river Lee in sight of beautiful country seats, Blackrock and Monkstown castles, and the Father Mathew Monument, brings us to Cork with its eighty thousand inhabitants, the home of Sheridan Knowles the dramatist. Two hours in a jaunting car with a driver full of blarney, jolted us over most of the city, which is largely built on an island of the Lee.

The Mall and Grand Parade are broad streets, and the city park of two hundred and forty acres, are great resorts for pleasure seekers. Immense breweries and distilleries in Cork have brought wealth to the few and poverty to the many. It has a large export trade, and manufactures gloves, ginghams, ships, beer and whiskey. The Limerick gloves made at Cork are very delicate, and are sold packed in a walnut shell. The Mardyke walk, a mile in length, is beautiful and shady with its fine elms and beaches. The sweet music of "The Bells of Shandon" was heard as we left the Imperial Hotel for a drive of five miles in an Irish jaunting car to Blarney Castle, celebrated in song and story.

On the spire of the Shandon church is a salmon with a ring in its mouth, which forms the coat of arms of Cork. In the picturesque bell-tower hang the famous chime of bells, of which Rev. Francis Mahoney, Father Prout in literature, sang so tunefully:

"With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon Bells,
Whose sounds so wild would
In days of childhood
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

"On this I ponder
Where'er I wander
And thus grow fonder
Sweet Cork of thee;
With thy Bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee."

Down at the far end of St. Patrick's Street is a statue to the memory of Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance.

None can so shorten the road with inexhaustible wit and humor as the Irish jarvey in the box-seat. None can so tickle "yer honor," as Larry Sullivan with his rich brogue, blarney, and his comical ways. Larry is a good fellow, hearty, full of fun, and knows how to tell most laughable stories. The driver, putting his hand on his heart, said: "Mister, I was shot through and through in those Fenian troubles!"

"Impossible! for your heart is under your hand, Larry."

"No, yer honor, my heart in those days was in my mouth, and so I escaped."

It is a lovely ride to Blarney Castle, which is located amidst

"The groves of Blarney
They look so charming."

The main attraction of Blarney Castle, which was built in the 15th century by Cormac M'Carthy, is the massive tower, 120 feet high, that contains the famous Blarney Stone, which is supposed to endow whoever kisses it with most persuasive eloquence, and the power to prevail in love. Not every visitor has the courage to reach out on the projecting buttress, and kiss this historic stone. Sir Walter Scott performed the daring feat, hence, perhaps, his skill in poetry and romance, The great Lord Dufferin must have kissed this famous stone, for he won his sweet Katy, became Viceroy of India, and eloquent in diplomacy.

Father Prout sings of this historic stone.

"There is a stone there
That whoever kisses
Oh ! he never misses
To grow eloquent.

'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber
Or become a member
Of Parliament."

The County of Cork has hill, vale and coast, and every variety of landscape for twenty-eight miles to Youghal. There you see Sir Walter Raleigh's

home and his myrtles, also the garden where he raised the first Irish potatoes. At Raleigh's home two hundred years ago, this gallant knight of Queen Elizabeth, smoked the fragrant weed which he brought from Virginia. There he entertained Spenser, and together they embarked for England to superintend the publication of the "Faerie Queene."

We made the journey by boat up the charming Blackwater, "The Rhine of Ireland." Stopping at the booking-office near the quay, we purchased tickets to Cappoghin, and stepped aboard the little steamer *Fairy*. Leaving the quay, the *Fairy* soon steamed under the quaint old wooden bridge that connects the counties of Cork and Waterford. This bridge rests upon fifty-seven piers, and with its causeway is three-fifths of a mile in length. The scenery increases in beauty with each mile of the journey up the river. In sight are the ruins of castles, churches, and of an old Abbey Temple, built by the Knights Templar. Yonder on the moss-grown rock stands the old fortress of Strancally, a stronghold of the cruel Desmonds, and not far away is the new castle, a fine structure surrounded by luxuriant woods.

After passing picturesque islands, the *Fairy* approached the little white town of Cappoghin. It lies on the side of a wooden slope, framed by forest hills and mountains, that make an exquisite background.

A car was hired to drive four miles to Lismore

Castle. The ride taken was on the right bank of the Blackwater, over a smooth road, and shaded with fine old trees. Nearing Lismore, the climax of the journey is reached, as you cross the river and enter the oldest town in Ireland. Here was located one of Ireland's four Universities. The Cathedral was burned in the 12th century after sheltering pious people for five hundred years. The town was repeatedly invaded by Scandinavians, and other marauders.

The most attractive feature of the village is Lismore Castle which is located on a high rock overhanging the Blackwater. It was founded in 1185 by the Earl of Mortain, afterwards King John. For valuable services Lismore Castle was conferred upon Sir Walter Raleigh. It was often besieged, burned, and bequeathed, until finally it became the property of the Boyles, Earls of Cork. By a marriage of a daughter of the Boyles, beautiful Lismore Castle descended to the Cavendish family, dukes of Devonshire, who still own it. In 1685 King James II. visited Lismore Castle.

At sunset standing on the new stone bridge, we gazed with intense delight upon royal Lismore, luxuriantly overgrown with moss and ivy.

"How rich and beautiful!" we exclaimed as we looked with delight upon this charming castle; the deep woods, the gray massive walls, the ruined towers, and the dark Blackwater in the shadow, while the setting sun gilded the near sloping knolls, and the purple mountains beyond.

We took train for Killarney, *via* Mallow, a lovely parish on the Blackwater. At Mallow Station where we spent the night, Mrs. Bolton left her gold watch in her room, but a telegram next day brought the watch by first express, and she returned five dollars in a postal order.

CHAPTER II.

Killarney Lakes, the Reflex of Heaven. Through Ireland to Dublin. Across the Channel to "Rare Old Chester." Eaton Hall, Home of the Duke of Westminster. Gladstone and his Home.

THE journey was continued to the Lakes of Killarney by the Killarney and Tralee Branch. Entering the County of Kerry the landscape views become more beautiful, and at 6.50 o'clock the station at Killarney is reached. A carriage is taken for the Royal Victoria Hotel, situated close by the waters of the Lower Lake.

A refreshing night's rest, and an early breakfast made us eager to make the circuit of the far-famed Lakes. The extreme poverty of the Irish is everywhere apparent. Many of the very poor follow you for money, and good natured urchins, say, "We want pennies to buy books." Poor women peddle peat with dirty donkeys, which cost ten dollars or less.

Taking the Valentia road west, we leave behind a stately cathedral, many pretty cottages, built for workmen by Lord Castlerosse, and go past fragments of a castle, a round tower, and fine country seats, and then turning to the left, after four miles of ride, we come to the cottage of beautiful Kate

Kearney, "who dwelt by the Lakes of Killarney." Here a granddaughter of the celebrated belle offers you goat's milk and beer. Several pretty little lakes are seen through the foliage in the ride to Pike Rock, where the jaunting car stops.

Thence the tourists, with stout staffs, proceed four miles on foot through a wild and narrow pass called the Gap of Dunloe, which separates the Macgillicuddy Reeks from the Purple Mountain. A rapid stream frequently crossed by bridges traverses the glen; above the narrow pathway hang craggy cliffs, projecting rocks, and shrubs of fantastic shape, while dark ivy and luxuriant heather add to the romantic landscape.

Peasant girls follow visitors through the Gap. If all are not ideal Irish beauties, with black hair and blue eyes, yet some are comely in looks and behavior, and they beg you to buy goat's milk out of wooden jugs, or urge you to "Thry a drop of mountain dew"—(whiskey). Others sell pretty ornaments, made from the arbutus wood, and bouquets of fresh heather and wild flowers. This route leads on through the Coom-a Dhuv, or Black Valley, overshadowed by high mountains. These shadows deepen, if you chance to encounter a frightful storm. It is always wise when you journey on the British Isles to provide yourself with water proofs, rubbers, and umbrellas, as one moment you enjoy the brilliant sun and the next a storm rages. In southern Ireland the Atlantic winds drive rain clouds over against the mountains and there are

unexpected down pourings, which the Irish call, not showers, but "O'Donoghue's Blessings". These frequent showers keep the grass soft, green and velvet-like.

At length Brandon's Cottage is reached, where the boat sent forward, is in waiting to take us down the Lakes and back to the Victoria Hotel. The Upper Lake is two and one-half miles in length, and contains a dozen islands, all more or less covered with fresh arbutus, the fruit of which ripe and unripe is often found together on the same tree. Blood-red fuchsias climb to the eves and into the gables of the little cottages along the shores.

The Long Range connecting two of the lakes is a narrow channel three miles in length, and leads to Eagle's Nest, a pyramidal rocky mountain 1100 feet above the sea. On the high steep crags eagles build their nests, and in June of every year, the young birds are brought down and reared by hand, to prevent the wild eagles from increasing too rapidly.

The luxury of rest, and the gentle motion on the placid waters of the lakes, after the fatigues of the Gap of Dunloe, were fully appreciated. What variety of beauty we were constantly finding in the rich shore foliage, in the sharp reflections of nature in the clear waters, and in the cloud shadows moving over the lake surface!

Opposite the Eagle's Nest the boatman stops to sound his bugle; a few short notes, and you hear the finest of echoes. All the hills awake, and they

seem to give back bugle notes with the strength and precision of the original blast. An army of trumpeters seem to people every mountain peak and crag.

When the cannon in Dunloe Gap is fired the mountains are alive with magnificent echoes, as though contending armies were battling in the clouds. At Roseneath, Scotland, an echo repeats perfectly a tune played, and again repeats the tune in fainter notes. Near Milan an echo returns the sound of a pistol shot sixty times.

Most travellers think the echo of the Baptistry, at Pisa, Italy, the finest in the world. A few short notes, and the reply equals a chord on a fine organ, and the echo is often repeated. Jerry, the boatman, however, claims that his Eagle's Nest echo is the most extraordinary. One fine evening he said that he shouted, "Paddy, how are you?" and it replied, "Very well, thank you." It is generally known that echoes, being repetitions of sound, are produced by vibrations of the air, which travel in wave-like forms, about 1125 feet per second. It is essential, if an echo is expected, that the voice or other sound shall strike some distant object, which acts as a reflector, and returns the sound to the ear of the listener.

The Lakes were full, so the boatman ventured to shoot down the rapids through the ancient Weir Bridge, built of two stone arches, into the Middle Lake. In 1826 Sir Walter Scott admired much this romantic "Torc Lake" as the middle lake is

sometimes called. In a snug little cottage on the shore, a lunch, sent from the Victoria Hotel, was enjoyed by the party.

It is a lovely drive thence along the wooded shores of the Muckross Peninsula, and beautiful demesne, to Muckross Abbey, which is a picturesque ivy-covered ruin of round Norman arches combined with early English pointed arches. In the early part of this century a hermit lived for several years in the large fireplace of the Abbey kitchen; curious abode, indeed! In the center of its cloister grows a very remarkable yew-tree, and in the grave yard close by are buried several Kings of Munster, and members of the famous O'Donoghue and M'Carthy families. The return to the Victoria Hotel was made *via* Ross Castle, the ancient seat of the renowned O'Donoghue. Ross Castle is a part of the estate of Lord Kenmare. Back in 1652 it held out against the English, and it was the last castle to surrender to Cromwell.

The surface of the broad waters of the Lower Lake is broken by thirty lovely islands. Some travellers have thought this lake the most beautiful, the Middle Lake the most picturesque, and the Upper Lake the most sublime.

Innisfallen is the favorite island. Here are beautiful glades and lawns, fringed with arbutus and other trees, enclosing flowering shrubs.

Tradition tells us that David, an ancient King of Ireland, adopted for his arms the harp of Israel's

Sweet Psalmist, hence, the triangular harp with its beauty of tone, became the emblem of the Emerald Isle. A siren, who sang under the sea, often met on the white sands at eve a youth whom she loved in vain. Finally heaven took pity on the sea-maiden, and changed her graceful body into a harp, and her long black hair that floated in the winds, into the chords; hence the harp's two-fold music, rich tones, and soft tones that sadden into the tender language of love.

After the usual early breakfast, we went en route by the Great Southern & Western Railway to Dublin, the metropolis of Ireland, which is located 186 miles to the Northeast.

Lord Macaulay wrote "that Ireland possesses a natural fertility of soil superior to any area of equal size in Europe." In favorable seasons the crop of Raleigh potatoes equals two-third the crop grown in the United States. Many millions of horses, mules, cattle and sheep, find rich pasturage on the hillsides and in the valleys of Ireland. So mild is the climate of Ireland that many plants grow which are not found even in England. No wonder that this island, kept fresh and green by the prevalence of great moisture, is called the Emerald Isle.

All the routes to Dublin abound in pretty pictures of lakes, rivers, sea views, valleys and mountains, an ever-changing and splendid panorama. Clever guides relate some myth or legend about each old castle, ruin, or famous round tower. The fairies people every spot, the Banshee follow every

old family. Phookas and Cluricaunes are spoken of in every lonely glen, and as you journey

> "A spirit world encircles thee,
> The genii are not fled."

The traditions and superstitions of the Emerald Isle are rich in romance. En route, near Buttevant, you see Kilcolman Castle, where Spenser wrote his "Faerie Queene," and at Kilmallock the Desmonds had their residence.

Next the County of Limerick is entered, where the police-barrack was attacked by the Fenians. Eight miles further to the left, on the Rock of Cashel is the celebrated group of ruins, castles, cathedral and round tower, the site of the palace of the Kings of Munster. Very little, however, is known of its ancient history, or of its kings. Several old abbeys and castles are passed on the journey to Maryborough, fifty-one miles out of Dublin. Further on the railway crosses the famous Curragh of Kildare, the Newmarket of Ireland, where twice a year horse races are held. The River Liffey is now crossed, and you see the Hill of Allen which rises 300 feet out of the great Bog of Allen. This hill was probably the scene of Ossian's poems.

Ten miles from Dublin, at Hazel-hatch, is pointed out a bower of laurels in the grounds of the Celbridge Abbey, where the celebrated Dean Swift frequently conversed with Esther Vanhomrigh, the original of his poem "Cadenus and Vanessa." Another of those strange round towers, of which so

little is known, is seen as the Express pulls into Dublin. It was after two o'clock, and a good lunch, was fully appreciated.

Dublin is of great antiquity, dating back to the first or second century. It boasts to-day a population of over three hundred thousand inhabitants.

As we stood on Carlisle bridge, which spans the Liffey, a fine panorama spread out before us. In front lay magnificent Sackville Street where in favorable weather, may be seen some of the best dressed, and handsomest men and women in the world.

On this wide thoroughfare also, may be seen the fine Doric column erected to the memory of Lord Nelson, hero of Trafalgar, who gave his right eye, his right arm, and finally his life for his country. The statue at the top of the stately column presents Nelson with sword in hand. Horatio Nelson, one of the greatest of naval heroes, aboard his flag ship and in full view of the combined fleets of France, and Spain, Oct. 21st, 1805, gave to the breeze and to his brave fleet that historic command, "England expects every man will do his duty."

As victory perched upon the top-gallant-masts of his ships, Horatio Nelson dying, repeatedly said, "Thank God, I have done my duty." On each anniversary of the hero's death, the Union Jack is hung from the capital of this superb monument.

The fine building on the left with Ionic portico is the Post Office. A tourist once asked his jarvey whom the three statues on the Post Office, Hiber-

nia, Mercury and Fidelity, represented? The jarvey with easy confidence replied, "Them's the Twelve Apostles, Sir."

The tourist, thinking to catch Jerry napping, said, "Twelve Apostles, why, there are only three statues up there."

"True, your honor," retorted Jerry, "you would'nt have all the Twelve Apostles out in the cold to wonst, would you? The rest of them are inside the Post Office sorting the letters."

The black Liffey runs through the central part of Dublin, and for several miles along its banks are built substantial granite quays with handsome balustrades, and in sight loom up a forest of masts.

The next morning we drove to Dublin Castle, erected in 1220 by the English to secure the city. Thence westerly we rode up the Liffey to beautiful Phoenix Park, 1750 acres, where were seen the Chief Secretary's house, Wellington's Monument, 205 feet high, and many red-coated soldiers drilling. It is said that English drill sergeants instruct their soldiers, when on furlough in cities, to walk and stand erect as if they owned the world.

Trinity College, founded in 1591, has a Grecian front of over 300 feet, and several fine buildings occupy three quadrangles on College Green. The four Courts, and Custom House in sight are also beautiful structures. The most elegant building in Dublin is the Bank of Ireland. It was built in 1739, in Ionic style of architecture, for the Irish

Parliament. Here ambitious Flood, patriotic Grattan, young Curran, and other great orators often spoke earnestly in behalf of Ireland. Here, after a series of hot debates in 1780, joined in by Sir John Parnell and Henry Grattan, much broken in health, a bill abolishing the Irish Parliament, and merging it in that of Great Britain at Westminster, was finally adopted by the Irish House of Commons by a vote of 153 to 88. To accomplish this forced Union, it is claimed that from twenty-five hundred to seventy-five hundred dollars were paid for a single seat, and some even assert, that eighty-five seats cost Great Britain ten millions. Opponents were bribed with titles, judgeships, pensions, and army commissions.

Ireland exercised mighty power in Europe, both before and after the birth of Christ. After Ireland had been ruled for centuries by a Christian nation, we now saw the superb homes of a few rich Barons and Lords surrounded by the thatched cottages of the poor; their floors often of dirt, no linen on their tables, though Ulster made linen for the world, and their clothes and food of the simplest kind. The Irishman in his rags and wretchedness is unsubdued, though he is forced annually to pay millions of imperial and local taxes, aud sixty millions and more of rent to the seven hundred landlords, mostly absentees, who own half of Ireland.

A Lord-Lieutenant, appointed by each successive British Ministry, with a salary of one hundred thousand dollars, resides in Dublin Castle. With

the assistance of ten thousand constabulary police the Viceroy keeps the Island loyal to the Crown.

The people in the north of Ireland are educated and enterprising and love the Queen; while in the south, ignorance and poverty abound, and Fenian sentiments are kept in abeyance only by a plentiful show of bayonets. The more intelligent Irishmen admit that England furnishes a better government probably than would exist if her rule should cease. Many of those who denounce the injustice of Great Britain in permitting a few English conquerors to hold the lands, will, on emigrating to America, cling to the filth of back streets in our cities rather than accept as a gift 160 acres of rich government land.

The Irish scattered round the world are embittered by these conditions. Robert Emmet eloquently said, "When Ireland takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written."

A nation that can produce such a noble band of statesmen, poets and heroes, as O'Connell, Moore, and Emmet, seem thoroughly capable of self-government. Why not Home Rule for Ireland? If Canada can make laws for Canadians, why cannot Ireland legislate for the Irish?

Rarely has a struggling people had as leader, a man of clearer head, and better political judgment, than the late Charles Stewart Parnell, who descended from the Earl of Warwick, famous in history as the "King maker." Parnell was born in

1846, from noble parentage. On the Irish side the family had been remarkable for generations. His mother was the daughter of the commander of the old American frigate, *Constitution*, which captured several British vessels in 1812. A Protestant, he was educated at Cambridge University, and entered Parliament at twenty-nine. He organized the National League, and came to the United States in 1880 to collect funds.

The House of Representatives was placed at his disposal for a great meeting. He was chosen President of the Home Rule party in 1881. For inciting tenants to refrain from paying rent he was arrested. With consummate skill, he often led to victory his eighty-six Parliamentary companions, and many of the Conservatives, and Liberals as well, though his opponents outnumbered him five to one. Had Parnell lived, he might, perhaps, by wise planning have made Ireland a self-ruled nation like one of our states and that without bloodshed.

From Dublin we took an early passage on a North Wall express steamer, and enjoyed the ride of 70 miles, across the Irish Channel, arriving at 2:30 P. M. at Holyhead, Wales. The scenery at Holyhead and across the Island of Anglesey, is wild and rugged.

In entering England, we placed ourselves under the guardianship of St. George, England's Patron Saint. Percy, in one of his old ballads, tells us that St. George was born at Coventry, and that in manhood, after fighting the Saracens, he went to Lybia,

where he found a stagnant lake infested with a huge dragon. Every day a virgin tied to a stake, was sacrificed to the dragon, and left to be devoured. At length it came to the lot of Sabra, the king's daughter to be thus sacrificed. St. George vowed to protect the royal maiden, and thrust his lance into the dragon's mouth and killed it on the spot. Then in triumph he carried Sabra, the king's daughter to England and married her.

The London & North Western Railway, furnishes excellent accommodations for sight-seers. This is the popular route between Queenstown and London, *via* Dublin, which is taken every year by thousands of Americans. It is also the standard railway between the great cities of the British Isles.

The magnitude of this Company's operations may be better understood, when it is recalled that it has a capital of $595,000,000 and an annual revenue of $60,000,000. It operates 2,700 miles of road, and conveys yearly upwards of fifty million passengers, and forty million tons of freight and minerals. It employs over 50,000 people. It owns 2,650 engines; 7,250 passengers cars; 58,000 freight cars, 19 steamers, and 3,600 horses. On its main system four steel tracks are in constant use. The Line is worked throughout on the Block system. There are 32,000 signal levers in operation, and 17,000 signal lamps lighted every night. The whole road, including tunnels, bridges, viaducts and stations is admirably built.

The safety of passengers is always the foremost consideration. The policy of the management is constructive of values and dividends, and not destructive. The productive English policy also has continuity of purpose, hence, most British railway shares are held by investors in high esteem.

The Menai Straits are situated an hour's ride east of Holyhead, and are spanned by Stephenson's famous Britannia Tubular Bridge, 101 feet above high water. The two larger spans are 450 feet each, and the whole structure cost over three million dollars. From the roof of this bridge one gets an epitome of much that is great in nature and in the works of man.

Bangor close by, is an old city, and a favorite summer resort. Nine miles further east we were delighted with historic Carnarvon. The castle was built by Edward I. about 1283, and is one of the noblest ruins in all Great Britain. The walls, seven feet in thickness, the thirteen massive towers, and much of the interior, remain as in olden times.

A few miles further on Roman ruins begin to appear. At Conway we examined with much interest the gateways, walls and towers of this most ancient town. Here Edward I. erected another of those old castle-fortresses, which is grand even in its decay. Hawthorne says of Conway Castle, "Nothing so perfect in its own style when it was first built, and now nothing else can be so perfect as a picture of ivy-grown peaceful ruin."

After a refreshing rest at Conway, we were anx-

ious to reach rare old Chester, one of the chief military stations of the Romans in Britain. Arriving at the fine railway station we were driven through the East gate of the old walls to the quaint, but artistic Grosvenor Hotel.

The Romans called Chester, "Civitas Legionum," the "City of the Legions." Chester is a good entrance to the England of one's dreams. The city is fifteen miles south of Liverpool, and was actually built into the rock on the north bank of the River Dee. Chester is not only one of the most curious cities of the British Isles, but she stands peerless and alone, as an enduring and martial relic of the past. Here the ancient Britons dwelt in rude huts, and Druid priests offered human sacrifices to the sun. Their rude hùts, walls of defense, crude altars and temples all vanished like a dream before the triumphant advance of the Roman Eagles.

Phoenix-like, under the protection of Cæsar's Twentieth Legion in distant Chester, rose massive walls, pagan temple, noble statues, and the forum and other elements of civilization, all proudly fostered by imperial Rome.

Afterwards Chester was a favorite resort of Anglo-Saxon monarchs. Here were established the camp and court of a nephew of William the Conqueror; later Chester became the key to the subjugation and union of Wales with the English Crown.

The walls, which to-day form a circuit of two

miles, afford a delightful promenade around Chester. After visiting the old castle, we passed along the wall promenade, till we came to a lofty flight of stone steps, called the "Wishing Steps." According to folk-lore, "he shall have his fondest wish fulfilled, though it be the gold of Ophir, or even Paradise itself, if, making the wish at the foot of the steps, he shall run to the top, down to the bottom, and again to the top of these steps without taking breath." We soon discovered the secret, that the feat could not be accomplished without taking breath a half dozen times.

The views of Chester in this circuitous and elevated walk are replete with interest. Over the elevated portal of Phoenix Tower you read "King Charles stood on this tower, September 27, 1645 and saw his army defeated on Rowton Moor." The fiery Puritans, or grim soldiers of Cromwell's army put to flight the gallant cavaliers of Charles I., and within three years the masked executioner in front of the Palace of Whitehall in London, severed at one blow the King's head from his body.

On both sides of the principal streets that cross each other at right angles in the central part of walled Chester are located the famous picturesque "Rows." These rows consist of double arcades of shops or stores, one above the other, in front of many of the business houses of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Some of the arcades are possibly of an earlier date, and some of the most artistic fronts are of recent design.

These facades are built in the half-timbered style, and from the level of the "Rows" to the apex of the gables are exhibited a profusion of quaint and grotesque carvings and ornaments that never fail to delight. In storm or sunshine the high level and lower arcades attract a merry throng of shoppers and sight seers.

When we returned to the hotel, we found a note from an English friend, Mr. H——, a graduate of Cambridge University, whom we had met in America. He invited us to dine with him at six o'clock, and said that he should be pleased at two o'clock to give us a ride, and that he would call again at the Hotel at one o'clock for an answer. Of course these kind invitations were accepted.

Promptly at two o'clock Mr. H——and his pretty sister, Cecil, were at the Grosvenor. His sister was modest and vivacious. Cecil was a junior at college, having just finished her second year at Girton, Cambridge. Mr. H—— drove to the classic River Dee. Soon we were off in a gaily-decked Chester barge for far-famed Eaton Hall, leaving behind ancient Chester, and the Queen's park villas bright with red tiled roofs. The Royals, a Chester boat crew, and once declared champions of the Isis and the Thames, went whizzing by under the watchful care of a trainer.

Lovely villas line both banks, and now the barge stops for an inspection of the pretty village of Eccleston, owned by the Marquis of Westminster, every house in the village a picture, as all are

draped in woodbine, and adorned with evergreens and fragrant gardens. The red sandstone church is a model of a village sanctuary. Above the altar is Westall's grand painting, Joseph of Aramathea begging the body of Jesus from Pilate.

The Dee is the "Druid Stream of Deva" whose source is in Wales, whence as a modest rivulet it elbows its way through many a rocky dell and chasm, and winding through Llangollen, "that sweetest of vales," it sweeps along zig-zag until it empties into the Irish Sea.

The friendly barge was parted with at the new iron bridge; here we were met by Mr. H——'s team, and the road along the park was taken, "T'wixt avenues of proud ancestral trees," till we came to the western entrance of Eaton Hall, the princely seat of the Marquis of Westminster.

At Eaton Hall for many generations has lived the noble house of Grosvenor, a family that traces its lineage to the Norman Conquest, and which is one of the richest in the kingdom. Quite recently the daughter of the Marquis married a son of the Duke and Duchess of Teck, cousins of Queen Victoria.

Eaton Hall, Gothic in design, nearly 500 feet in length, is built of white free stone, and is a model of all that is rich and elegant in architecture. The whole structure with its many embattled parapets, its crocketed pinnacles, sculptured niches, and its windows of gorgeous tracery, savors more of a palace in the Court of Fairies than of the home of a practical English nobleman.

Mr. H—— presented his ticket of admission at the door, and the usher forthwith brought the party into the entrance hall. The entrance itself is two stories in height; the floors are of the richest and rarest tesselated marble; one less than forty-feet square cost the owner ten thousand dollars. The groined ceiling is relieved with the heraldic devices and arms of the Grosvenors. Suspended is an exquisite chandelier. All about are elaborate Gothic screens, chimney pieces and niches, filled with warriors clad in belted mail.

This grand entrance hall prepares one for the splendor beyond. Beneath an arch you pass along the Great Corridor, a picture gallery 500 feet in length, to the Domestic Chapel, where events in the life of our Lord are seen recorded in stained glass, in painting, and in stone.

The banqueting room is a combination of delicate tracery in the ceiling, with walls of maroon and gold. Paintings and statuary by famous artists, immense mirrors, and three handsome mahogony sideboards add their beauty. The library and the drawing room are spacious and elegant, the walls being hung with rich damask. Paintings, superb vases and works of art are on every hand. In the library stands a carved mahogony organ, and oaken cases filled with the treasures of ancient and modern literature.

In the State Bed-Room is shown the carved mahogony state-bed, where Her Majesty of England, and other distinguished personages have

ALEXANDRA, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

rested. The Salon is a superb room, and above its octagonal walls rises a splendid dome, which is rich and chaste in decorative art. You never tire of the fretwork of crimson, blue and gold mosaic on the walls, that reminds one of the Ambassador's Court in the Alhambra. The private rooms of Lord and Lady Westminster are not exhibited to strangers. The scenes within Eaton Hall are rivalled only by the views without; the verdant terraces, lawns, gardens, fairy lake, groves, the crystal conservatory, statuary and fountains, and Roman altar dedicated to the Nymphs.

We drove for two miles through the grandest of parks, and left Eaton Hall by the Grosvenor Gate. By half past five o'clock we had reached the pretty country seat of the H——'s.

Unfortunately, young H——'s father and mother were absent spending a few days at the charming Welsh watering place, Llandudno, so the duties of entertaining us fell upon his sister, Cecil. When she had given orders for dinner, Cecil and her brother piloted their American friends over their own lovely grounds. Ancient elms and oaks stood all about the home, and here and there over the estate of a thousand acres, wherever they would lend desirable shade and beauty.

Mr. H—— said that his father was very proud of his lawn, his broad grass lands, his thorough-bred sheep, and Hereford and Jersey cows. The grouping of these animals cropping the rich pasturage reminded one of the life that is so often depicted in

the English landscape painting. Across a deep ravine, and through the opening of the trees were seen large beds of azalias and luxuriant roses.

Mr. H—— the owner of this estate sold drugs in early life. For him it was a hum-drum kind of existence, as early and late he obeyed the beck of many patrons, and prepared and labelled prescriptions. What mattered, if he sold a farthing's worth of medicine for a shilling, clearing big profits on a small trade? At best it was a tiresome business for one of his energy, so he resolved to make a fortune in some other way.

One day he mixed with mortar pestle a compound of potash and other substances, put it up in paper packages, told the people by means of advertising of its wonderful cleansing property, and lo, he had discovered the secret of money-making. As he grew rich, he gave generously. At a great religious conference in England, when an amendment was made to a resolution to reduce the five thousand pounds proposed for church extension, he rose and modestly said, "Mr. Chairman, I was about to move an amendment to the original resolution, increasing the five thousand pounds to twenty-five thousand pounds." "Hear! Hear!" the good people shouted, and his amendment prevailing, he subscribed the additional twenty thousand pounds, or one hundred thousand dollars.

Cecil H—— and her brother had invited a few pleasant friends to meet us after the dinner. Cecil poured delicious tea from an India urn, kept warm

under a brightly colored "cosey," and she added Jersey cream, and sugar from spoons of unique design that told of foreign travel. Mr. H—— had himself wired to Liverpool for the sweets, and the large strawberries had been gathered fresh from their own garden. An Englishman's home is his castle, and once welcomed, the visitor is the recipient of much hospitality. The breakfast over next morning Mr. H—— took his friends by train to Hawarden, Gladstone's estate of nine thousand acres just across the boundary in Wales. The walls and tower of Hawarden are castellated and vine clad. The adjacent grounds are adorned with oaks, limes, elms, shrubbery and flowers. The H——s and their friends were cordially welcomed by Mr. Gladstone, who fortunately was at home. He looked remarkably well for one of his great age.

He talked with young H—— about his late trip to America and the tariff and silver questions in the United States. He never monopolizes the conversation, though a great talker. While the party stood looking at Millais' full length painting of the great Englishman that hangs in the library above Mr. Gladstone's desk, his faithful wife entered. She was tall, had regular features, abundance of gray hair, dark blue eyes, and seemed very amiable.

Mr. Gladstone's library has three windows, two fireplaces, and the four walls are built up with bookcases, that contain more than ten thousand volumes. Over alcoves devoted to Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare and others, are busts of these authors.

One table is for letter writing, one for literary work, a third is devoted to politics and theology. Mr. Gladstone often reads the morning lesson in his son's church near by. Mr. Gladstone put on his hat, took his cane, and invited all to join him in a walk among the historic oaks of Hawarden.

Suddenly he stopped, and pointing to a great oak freshly cut said that it always pained him to slay these sensible English giants, but that he needed the exercise, and perhaps these oaks were long ago weary of the slow progress made by humanity.

The Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone is a leader on most great topics. Pure, noble, of untiring energy, his great capacity for successful work makes him a genuis of high order. He says "The 19th century is the century of the workingmen." Gladstone started as a Conservative in politics, Disraeli, a Liberal. Each changed his views, and each came to be Premier of Great Britain. Gladstone entered Parliament when he was twenty-three years old. He was thrice appointed Premier, and he has given a half century to public life. He is a wonderful financier, opposed to war, an eloquent speaker, and a far seeing diplomat. He dared to grapple with the Irish question, and to propose Home Rule measures, that have challenged the attention and admiration of humanity.

In his family are eight children. Two of his sons have been elected to Parliament. A lady once went to John Bright to inquire about Gladstone, and Mr. Bright said, "Madam, have you children?"

"Yes," replied the woman.

"Well, then, take them to see Mr. Gladstone, for I consider him the greatest man England ever produced."

CHAPTER III.

Liverpool, "City of Ships and Sailors." Charles Sumner, and an English Fox Hunt. Laird Brothers of Alabama Fame. A Yankee Habit. Laugh on the Englishmen. The Vale Royal. Dressed in Red Coats. The "Meet." An Eleven o'clock Breakfast. The Fox's Tail, or "Brush." The Prince of Wales. The "Toy Shop of the World." Coventry to Stratford-on-Avon. Chatsworth, Home of Duke of Devonshire. A Genuine Duke. Enormous Rentals. London the World's Metropolis. Bank of England. Sight from an Omnibus. Oxford and Cambridge. James Watt. British Industries. Darby, Neilson, Cort and Bessemer. British Inventors. Great Britain *vs.* the United States.

LIVERPOOL, the commercial city of the world, stands in the centre of the British Isles, 210 miles northwest from London, on sloping red sandstone, which has been three times tunneled for over a mile that railways may come to tide water on the Mersey.

The very high and low tides have necessited the construction of miles of extensive granite docks, which cost $100,000,000. Liverpool is the port of entry for the vast shipments of cotton that go to Manchester, 31 miles north, and elsewhere. These comparatively modern cities have a half million inhabitants each, and many elegant public buildings. In and around Manchester are a thousand

cotton factories which run 20,000,000 spindles or more, with an annual product of over $300,000,000 of goods.

Great Britain owns or controls half the world's commerce, and her sails whiten every sea. The output of tonnage in a single year by one of her many ship-building firms surpassed the entire tonnage of the famous Spanish Armada. Emerson understood English power, when he said at a banquet, given in Liverpool in his honor, " England has the pulse of a cannon."

The Liverpool Exchange, built in Italian Gothic style, occupies three sides of a square, and here vast quantities of American cotton are bought and sold. Beneath a great dome may be found the leading journals of the world, and in a neighboring library the latest books and magazines. Thus by aid of press and cables the Englishman keeps constantly advised as to the world's events.

The British Isles are very wealthy. It is estimated that the British capital employed outside the United Kingdom is $10,000,000,000 or more, yielding an annual revenue of more that $600,000,000. The annual export trade is $8,000,000 more.

Like Belgium, the British Isles abound in fine town-halls, of modern architecture, which give proof of their great wealth, as the superb town-halls of Belgium to-day record the remarkable prosperity of that little kingdom in mediæval times. The classic and immense city-halls of Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham and other cities reflect great

credit upon the good taste of the British. The old and new as revealed in Chester and Liverpool teach valuable lessons.

But the beautiful outlook over Shakespeare's "Precious Isle set in a sea of silver" is sadly marred, when we reflect, that four hundred persons own one-half of the English soil. Single individuals of the nobility and gentry, living in palatial homes each own many thousands of acres, while all about them are millions of laborers whom poverty pinches.

These evils of great wealth and great poverty, originated under William the Conqueror, who divided the lands among his faithful followers, and under James I., when by fixed laws the law of entail was securely fastened upon the people, and titles of property and distinction descended from generation to generation.

The Englishman seems often to a casual visitor or observer a little brusque. John Bull is a very busy man, and he naturally is jealous of his moments and money. Time is money to these great traders of the world.

The story is told of a Yankee who once asked an Englishman, who was travelling in America, "How he liked the States?"

"Very well, indeed," he answered. Then he added, "But I fancy you have little aristocracy in America.."

"Aristocracy!" responded the Yankee, "What do you mean by aristocracy?"

"Aristocracy, don't you know, is the backbone of

the British Kingdom. Our rich people are supposed never to do any work. Our fathers and grandfathers lived on their incomes."

"Oh; yes," replied the Yankee, "I understand you now; in America we call those who never work, tramps."

Having read Charles Sumner's vivid description of an English fox hunt, we left Liverpool early for Worlaston, 30 miles away, the appointed "meet" of the Cheshire fox club. Aboard the train we were introduced to the Laird Bros., builders of the Alabama, and others to the manner born. One of the party said, "Is it true that you Americans are desirous of adopting our form of government, having tired of republicanism?" "No, sir," we replied, "you must have been misinformed." "Doubtless," he said, "for it is a lamentable fact that we Englishmen know much less of America, than you Americans do of our country. But come, tell us of your glorious free institutions, especially as illustrated in the recent government of New York!"* To which we answered, "Having been born in Massachusetts you cannot expect a Yankee to answer a question without first asking one. We are aware that England being Mistress of the Seas, has become the Merchant of the World; that your gigantic commercial transactions exceed ours four times; and that this is accomplished with ninty-five per cent credit, and only five per cent cash, which astonishes Americans. Be kind enough, sir, first to explain your

* The Tweed Ring.

own banking system, especially as illustrated by the operations of The Glasgow Bank with its recent loss of $30,000,000 and six directors in jail, as per statements in to-day's papers?" Of course the gallant Englishman joined heartily with his comrades in laughter, but at his own expense, and offered us the choice of his thorough-breds at the hunt.

We ride thro gh lovely Cheshire county, called the Vale Royal of England, and long celebrated for its excellent cheese, 20,000 tons of which are sent to London, and stop at Worlaston station. Near by is the "meet" at the hospitable country-seat of a wealthy India merchant. At 11 o'clock we partake of an English breakfast. At 12 nearly 100 have gathered; the noblemen and gentry neatly dressed in red coats, white leathern breeches and white top boots; the clergymen and women in simple black. The beautiful thorough-bred horses were brought here from stables all over the country.

The hunter, assisted by two whippers-in, suddenly enters the grounds with a hundred hounds, all of a size, and cleanly washed. Both horses and dogs seem conscious of their importance; the latter responding each to his name. The horses, when mounted in front of an English ivy-covered home, surrounded by evergreens artistically planted, make a bright and unique picture. Soon we reach a neighboring "cover," or small forest; a motley crowd, for the hunt is always attended by friends of the club, and farmers with their boys.

The fox's hole is stopped the night before. The hundred hunters are stationed on two sides, the eager hounds sent into the underbrush on the third, while the fourth side of the wood is left open for the fox. The hounds, once on the trail, make quick search and suddenly master fox darts out across the green fields. The huntsman urges his hounds with the cry of "Tally-ho," and sounds the horn to rally the gay riders to their sport. Away they go at break-neck speed, the women at the very front, through the bushes and mud, over hedges and fences, across ditches and brooks, straight through the country, twenty miles or more, stopping for neither ploughed fields nor woods, rain nor snow, till the chase is ended, and the "brush" or fox's tail won, which is usually given to a lady if near at hand.

Great Britain boasts 300 clubs composed of 20,000 members, who ride four days per week during the season of four months from the middle of November on. The expense of keeping some packs is $25,000 per year.

This sport is the most democratic institution in England; is open free to anybody who dares take the ride, and will protect the hounds The farmer rides with the Prince of Wales himself, if he chances to have as good a steed. It is not surprising that English cavalry is the best in the world.

Half way to London is Birmingham, the "world's toy shop," with its half million people. Along the route the car windows constantly framed the loveli-

est of English landscapes. Luxuriant crops and pasturage on either side of the railway are enclosed by ditches and green hedges, the latter of hawthorn and holley, sometimes white with blossoms or red with berries. The plows of many generations have softened the skylines of adjacent hills. The sycamore, lime and elm trees are rich in foliage. Pretty Southdown sheep and red and white cattle give animation and beauty to the swiftly receding pictures.

Before reaching Birmingham a venerable gentleman and lady entered the coach, and soon it was discovered that they were the Bishop and wife of an important diocese in England. They were charming people, and in their short ride imparted interesting information. Passing a fine old cathedral of three tall spires, the Bishop said, "You should stop and see Lichfield and its characteristic cathedral, and the school where several famous men were educated." The West window is very fine, and the façade is richly adorned with triple arcades of niches in which are statues of twenty-five kings, and many judges and prophets. Lichfield Cathedral is a good example of the richly decorated style of the architecture of the 13th and 14th centuries. The central porch is not easily surpassed in its quiet beauty.

In spires and towers and their beautiful sites, the cathedrals of England far excel those of France, but in exquisite details of façade, perhaps the French are superior.

England has a score of cathedrals, and as many abbeys, and some of these ruins, ivy covered, are artistic in the extreme. Dickens has written of the immortal ivy—

> Oh a dainty plant is the ivy green
> That creepeth on ruins old!
> Creeping where no life is seen,
> A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Everywhere as you journey merry bells and chimes will delight you; England is called the Ringing Island. There are about 15,000 churches and possibly 25,000 clergymen. The total annual, income of the Church of England approximates $25,000,000.

Some of the Deans and Canons are paid from $10,000 to $15,000 each, and the Archbishop of York is paid $50,000, and the Archbishop of Canterbury $75,000. The Sovereign is the head of the Church of England.

In theory every Englishman is a member of the Church of England, but in reality about one-half only of the population of England and Wales belong to the Established Church; the other half belong to the 200 denominations, of which the Roman Catholic church numbers fully 2,000,000 members.

Birmingham was the home of James Watt, inventor of the steam engine, and Priestly, the discoverer of oxygen. This is the city where the famous Elkingtons make silver-plated and bronze goods,

and Gillott & Mason their well-known steel pens, one ton of steel making 1,440,000 pens. It is said that more steel is made into pens, than into cannon. Why should not the pen be mightier than the sword? Every street has its machinery and the whole townspeople are as busy as bees. East of Birmingham you come to Coventry with its "three tall spires," the center of the ribbon trade, which gives employment to 30,000 people. Thence south, we take a charming ride ten miles to Warwick, the road bordered with hedges and rows of splendid elms and sycamores.

Through autumn, the foliage and fields are as green as in spring. Half way, en route you climb the magnificent ivy-covered ruins of Kenilworth Castle, where the Earl of Leicester entertained Queen Elizabeth over two weeks in regal splendor.

Nowhere did we see so picturesque a specimen of the ancient feudal residence as Warwick Castle. The interior is filled with relics and gifts of by-gone English days. The immense conservatory, surrounded by masses of grateful shade, contains the celebrated Warwick vase, of white marble, highly embellished.

Further south we came at sunset to Stratford-on-Avon, and enjoyed intensely a twilight hour in the modest birthplace, and at the tomb of the immortal Shakespeare. The old fashioned timbered story and a half house escaped a possible transfer on speculation to America, and is now religiously preserved and annually visited by 20,000 persons.

Six miles north of Birmingham is Chatsworth Park, the magnificent seat of Lord Cavendish, the Duke of Devonshire, embracing nearly 100,000 acres. Tne park and grounds with their extensive quarries of black and grey marble, are surrounded by broken ranges of hills, richly wooded with pines, beech, lime, sycamore and other trees. A beautiful stream winds quietly through the valley of rich pasturage, which is stocked with 2,000 head of tame deer. The public entrance is at the charming little village of Edensor, the pretty cottages of which are in the Tudor, Swiss and other styles. The mansion is of Grecian order by Sir Christopher Wren, and stands above terraces which are 1200 feet long. Within suites of rooms, 560 feet in length, are superb collections of paintings, original drawings, carvings and statuary of which the Mother of Napoleon, and Petrarch's Laura by Canova are especially interesting.

Sir Joseph Paxton has made the flower gardens, embracing a hundred acres, all that kings could desire. His grand conservatory is of metal and glass, 300 feet long and 65 feet high, and shields lofty palms and tropical plants of every variety, including a large Victoria Regia. The Crystal Palace at London was modeled after this very symmetrical structure. The fountains are like those at Versailles, throwing a jet 200 feet high. One fountain resembles a coffee tree. You are shown chestnut and oak trees planted many years ago by the Emperor of Russia, and Queen Victoria.

At sunset, as we strolled toward the station, along a footpath, past several hunters followed by two carts full of pheasants and hares, by chance we enquired our way out of the forest, and afterwards were informed that we had been conversing with the Duke himself. His reply was marked with kindness and he gave evidence of culture, but he looked just like any other man, clad in hunter's costume, with gun in one hand, and leading a flaxen haired girl, who had run out to meet him.

Of the 580 members of the peerage, thirty-three are dukes, five of whom are royal. The largest acreage owned in England is perhaps that of the Duke of Northumberland—Alnwick Castle—186, 397 acres; gross rental, $880,220. The highest rent roll is that of the Duke of Norfolk—Arundel Castle—who receives $1,322,800 from 40,176 acres. Seventeen Englishmen hold each 50,000 acres; three over 100,000 acres. Of these, twelve receive each an annual rental of over half a million dollars.

But we must hurry to London, past Rugby and fashionable Leamington, through a charming country, large, sweet-scented roses in full bloom, and tasteful hedges on every hand, dividing the whole island into a highly cultivated garden.

The history of London, dates back prior to the Christian era. To-day all roads by land and sea lead to London, as formely to Rome. Though often burned, plundered, and visited by plagues, London is the literary, financial, as well as the commercial and political metropolis of the world.

A history of London is an epitome of England. Four times as many letters come to London alone, as to all Ireland. London has 4,500,000 inhabitants, more persons than dwell in the cities and towns of the six New England States, vast aggregate of many nationalities. In London are more Scotchmen than in Edinburgh, more Irish than in Dublin, more Roman Catholics than in Rome, and more Jews than in Palestine. Every five minutes in London claims its birth or death. Fortunately her situation on the classical Thames was in the royal path of empire. The additions to the few rude huts, built by the Britons in forest and marsh, steadily increased, and the growth the past century has been almost by magic, till modern London extends twelve miles from east to west and ten from north to south, and covers an area equal to five hundred 160-acre farms.

Twenty iron and stone bridges, and two tunnels, closely unite the north and south divisions made by the Thames. Countless factories are situated in the latter section. The London bridge cost $10,000,000. The 20,000 vehicles and 100,000 pedestrians that daily cross it make a deafening roar. Later, and adjacent to it, has been constructed the unique Tower Bridge.

The East End of London, north of the Thames, makes the money, while the West End spends it. In the former portion are found banks, exchanges, custom house, docks, courts, St. Paul's cathedral whose cross, 404 feet high, serves as a conspicuous

landmark, and the Bank of England, organized 200 years ago, covering four acres, and employing 1,000 clerks. The bank's capital is $70,000,000, and frequently $100,000,000 in gold and silver are on deposit, and twice that amount of bank notes in circulation.

The West End contains the Houses of Parliament, Gothic style, covering eight acres and costing $15,000,000, Westminster Hall, which makes history, and the grand old Abbey which preserves it, royal palaces, aristocratic mansions, government offices, picture galleries, museums, fifty elegant club houses, thirty theatres, etc.

The population of London within the police district is over 4,500,000; more than that of half-a-dozen of the largest cities in the United States, nearly twice that of the State of Ohio, or a third more than that of the six New England states.

The Londoner must have his bacon for breakfast, and his "joint" or roast for dinner. His butcher's bill alone is more than twice the interest on our national debt; our exportation of bacon, beef and pork is rapidly increasing. Water is supplied by nine companies. Many million tons of coal are annually consumed.

The 10,000 streets and alleys of this gigantic city would reach from Boston across the continent. 1,000,000 gas burners light them at night. Frequently dense fogs weigh down the smoke so that the gas is kept burning all day. Drivers walk their horses to avoid collision, and old residents actually

lose their way. In the winter it rains nearly every day, and everybody carries an umbrella. One half of the 1,100 churches belong to the Church of England; less than fifty to the Catholics. Nearly all the cathedrals, once owned by the Roman Catholics, now belong to the Protestants, which forcibly illustrates how God worked through Martin Luther.

London charities number over 1,000, a fifth being hospitals; and her contributions for 1876 were $20,000,000. Five thousand teachers have in charge 500,000 scholars in the public schools, which have made rapid progress since the passage of Forster's bill of 1871.

The newspapers and periodicals number nearly 700. The railways of Great Britain earn annually $300,000,000; nearly all concentrate in London, passing through the suburbs on magnificent viaducts built level with the tops of the houses, and terminating in twenty principal stations, with palatial hotels attached; the underground railway, forms a belt line round the inner or dense portion of the city. Nearly 200,000 passengers ride on the 600 daily trains. Rapid transit is also supplemented by 10,000 busses and cabs. The salary of the Lord Mayor is four-fifths as much as that of our President.

England is called a nation of shop-keepers, and it is easy to believe them all assembled at London. Immense warehouses on the extensive docks are burdened with the products of every clime under the sun. Here one-half the revenues of the king-

dom are collected. Everywhere plate glass windows are burdened, and the effect by gaslight is bewildering. Prices are plainly marked, and shopping and bargaining, as practised in America, are thoroughly discountenanced.

The "almighty dollar" is not more idolized by the American than the gold sovereign by the Englishman. You can easily forget his brusqueness when you experience his cordial hospitality, and forgive all except the feeing system everywhere permitted. At hotels, after receiving the receipted bill, including the service of servants, you are expected always to pay the servants a second time. At restaurants you fee the person who selects your mutton chop, the cook, the waiter, the cashier, and the servant, and, perhaps, a soldier wearing a medal who stands at the door.

The exalted position which the capital of England holds is largely due to the unequaled opportunities which are offered for education at the universities of Cambridge and Oxford. The former is located fifty miles north of London, on the pretty river Cam, the latter sixty miles west, on the Thames. For centuries these grand Institutions, founded back in obscurity, have been richly endowed by royalty, nobility and the wealthy. Trinity at Cambridge, with its five quadrangular courts, surrounded by stone buildings, excels all other colleges in number of students, illustrious graduates, and extent of buildings. King's Chapel, with its twenty-five magnificent windows brilliantly painted,

and its vast roof vaulted with exquisite fan tracery, are works of art not easily forgotten. Oxford has its Christ's College, patronized by the present royal family, and is perhaps the most aristocratic.

The students' rooms visited gave every evidence of the artistic taste of occupants. A few of the eminent graduates of these remarkable institutions are, Bacon, Milton, Byron, the Wesleys, Whitfield, Johnson, Ruskin, Gibbon, Macaulay and Wm. E. Gladstone. But the great philosophers, poets, preachers and statesmen, unaided by inventors and discoverers, could not have made the British Islands into the Great Britain of to-day. The fierce struggles for freedom of the Englishmen for twenty centuries have developed an energy that has accomplished results unparalleled in the world's annals. The British empire is greater than either ancient Rome, or classic Greece. Notwithstanding the severe loss of acreage and population by the separation of the American colonies, other immense acquisitions have been made during the last century, so that the total area of the "Empire on which the sun never sets," including India, is nearly 6,000,000,000 acres; or almost two and a half times greater than that of the United States, not to make mention of vast areas in Africa. The total population is six times greater, or quite 300,000,000. Total imports and exports, $4,700,000,000; total debt of the empire, $4,800,000,000; of Great Britain alone, $3,800,000,000, which cumbersome debt was largely incurred during the long reign of King George.

The declaration of American independence increased England's debt $600,000,000; the daily interest of which is $50,000. Rather a costly visit of our mother country.

The French war, terminating in Wellington's decisive victory at Waterloo, cost five times as much more. In the reign of Charles the Second, the national credit was broken, but later, however, an act was passed allowing three per cent permanent interest annually.

The debt of Great Britain is equal to $123 per capita, or a $50 mortgage on every acre of the British Islands. The debt of the United States is only $40 per capita, or less than $1 per acre.

The financial supremacy of Great Britain has not arisen from agricultural pursuits, although its soil yields a daily rental of $1,000,000, and a yearly product, valued at $1,300,000,000, to the 50,000 owners.

If the Duke of Wellington and Lord Nelson increased the power of England abroad, vastly more did James Watt, whose modest monument stands in Burmingham, multiply her power at home by his invention of the priceless steam engine. By its use practically the entire male population of Great Britain was increased 800 per cent.

Ship building, chief among her great industries, has exerted the most important influence upon the welfare and integrity of the Empire. To-day she owns half the shipping of the civilized world.

The annual output of a single ship-building firm

on the Clyde has equaled the entire English fleet which vanquished the Spanish Armada in 1588.

If mighty war ships, carrying monster guns capable of throwing steel shot weighing a ton a distance of ten miles, have been needed for home defense, so an immense mercantile fleet has been the very means of acquiring knowledge of and extending commerce round the globe. England, besides, builds iron-clads and unarmored war vessels for most European powers, and Brazil, Chili, Peru, Japan, etc.

Her next important industry is mining. Fully one-tenth of Great Britain is underlaid with strata below strata of coals, most suitable for reducing ores, one-third of which is anthracite, and two-thirds bituminous, sufficient to last, it is estimated, a thousand years. The proximity of coal to iron ores, and of both to good harbors, make handling exceedingly economical. The best of English steel rails are now offered in New York at $22 per ton, while we are driven to protect our rail mills by requiring a tariff of $28 per ton, more than a hundred per cent. Of course great changes have come since 1878.

The Englishmen, Darby, Neilson, Cort and Bessemer discovered the "philosopher's stone" which turned at least coal and ores into fabulous sums of British gold.

Prior to 1730 the production of English iron had nearly ceased on account of enactments enforced to protect the forests, but it was resuscitated by

Abraham Darby's valuable discovery that coke could be used in place of charcoal to smelt ores, and produce cast iron. The hot blast of Neilson made it possible to use raw coal which produced four-fold more iron, and reduced ores otherwise refractory. By this single invention, millions of tons of coal are annually saved. Henry Cort's skill gave us malleable iron and rolled plate, making it possible to utilize steam, construct iron ships, bridges and railways. His inventions were worth to Great Britain at least $3,000,000,000. Henry Bessemer's brilliant discovery in 1856, of converting in a few minutes molten pig iron into steel, amazed the scientific world. He reduced the cost of steel rails, which last five times as long as iron, from $200 per ton to $25 and less. His patents number over one hundred, and honors have been bestowed upon him by emperors and kings.

In little more than a century Paul Hargreaves, Arkwright and Compton, invented machinery to take the place of thumb and finger in spinning. Arkwright was knighted by George the Third, and left a fortune of $2,500,000.

These British inventors and capital have developed the manufacture of textile fabrics, especially cotton goods, into a colossal trade. From 1850 to 1876, the annual increase was 100,000,000 yards; sufficient to double wind the globe.

For the present our English rival will hold a decided advantage in the world of trade with her enormous capital and the credit it justly commands,

and her available freights. But our unsurpassed geographical position on the Atlantic and Pacific, with rapidly acquired skill in utilizing our immense resources, and the balance of trade so largely in our favor, must in the immediate future inevitably command for us a first place among the great nations struggling for commercial supremacy.

CHAPTER IV.

Scotland. Big Tom. The Ringing Island. Edinburgh, and Castle Rock. Romantic Holyrood, and Mary, Queen of Scots. An old Oaken Chest. Fearless John Knox. Rizzio stabbed. The Enigma of History. Where Kings were Crowned, and Buried. Scott, the "Magician of the North." Famous Melrose Abbey. The Heart of Robert Bruce. A Wizard's Grave. Abbotsford, Scott's Home. His Library and Study. Irving called Scott, "Golden Hearted." Sterling Castle, and "Hill of God". Trossachs. To a Highland Girl. Locks Katrine and Lomond. Glasgow, center of Ship-building. Ayr, birthplace of Robert Burns. The True Story. Burns and his Monuments.

MRS. BOLTON frequently urged that we cut short the time for unimportant sights, and use our days to study the more interesting places and facts of the old world. So we hastened from London towards Scotland for a few days.

From the Express at a distance one sees Lincoln Cathedral with its three great towers, and "Big Tom" in the central tower rings out his welcome as the train pulls into this old cathedral town. Lincoln Cathedral, rivaling Westminster, covers two acres in an open site upon a high hill. It was built 800 years ago and is a fine example of early English architecture.

A distant view of Lincoln whetted our tastes for

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

an early morning visit to York Cathedral. The first rays of the dawn lit up for us the unrivaled beauty of its East window. This ancient structure with its three rows of clustered columns, and arches, is perfect in its proportions.

We rode near the blue waters of the North Sea and finally came to learned Edinburgh, like Rome set upon hills, with lovely parks in her valleys. How rich this old city in memories of Queen Mary, Knox, Scott and Burns! Tall and antique buildings line the principal street of the Old Town, which leads from the interesting Palace of Holyrood to the huge rock on which the castle is built, 443 feet above the sea level. Princes street extends along the edge of the valley that separates the New Town from the Old. It affords a unique promenade for citizens and tourists, and a magnificent view of the lordly Castle, which view is rivaled only by that obtained from adjacent Calton Hill, studded with its historic monuments. Beyond one sees the Firth of Forth, with its vast shipping and surrounding waters.

Castle Rock was occupied as an impregnable fort long before the Roman Conquest. It has accommodations for 2,000 soldiers. Here Mary Queen of Scots gave birth to James I. who became the successor of Queen Elizabeth; thus the son wore the crown so ardently sought by his cruelly beheaded mother.

Sir Walter Scott found in 1818 in an old oaken chest in the castle, the insignia of the Scottish

monarchs, a crown, sceptre and sword of state, lost for a century. Scotchmen are justly proud of their symbols of unconquered independence, dating from the hero of Bannockburn.

The home of John Knox stands on High street. On the door is the inscription, "Lufe God abufe al, and yi nychbour [as] yiself." From the window Knox often preached. John Knox was educated as a priest. He was small in stature, never robust, and espoused Protestantism in 1542. He pushed the Reformation energetically, with pen, tongue, and counsel. His sermons were bold and defiant. Knox died in 1572, and over him was said, "Here lies one who never feared the face of man." A mighty mind that left its impress on an entire nation, and succeeding generations.

Queen Mary had angry colloquies with John Knox, whose tongue was a match for her sceptre. She demanded of the reformer, "Think you that subjects, having the power, may resist their princes?" and received the bold reply: "If princes exceed their bounds, Madam, no doubt they may be resisted even by power." The earnestness, zeal and rugged determination of her opponent was met by royal rank and feminine wit.

We notice that the front of Holyrood Castle is flanked by two castellated circular towers at either end, with entrance gate between them. Within, a picture gallery is shown of 106 Scottish Sovereigns. The life of none, however, is so romantic and picturesque as that of Queen Mary. Her father James V.

heard of his daughter's birth just before he died (1542). Henry VIII. sought to unite the crown of England and Scotland by marrying his son Edward to Mary in infancy, but jealous Scotchmen sent the six year old child to France for education. At seventeen she married King Francis II. and became Queen of France and Scotland. The Romish party claimed Elizabeth's crown for Mary, while Francis lived. The claim was formidable, but three years later as a widow and with bitter regrets, she left the brilliant court of France, and dwelt in the dreary chambers of this palace.

Queen Mary's bed chamber has an oak paneled ceiling, walls hung with tapestry, and pictures of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth. Mary's bedroom communicated with a small supper room, where Darnley, her husband, held the weeping Queen, while conspirators repeatedly stabbed Rizzio, Mary's favorite. When Darnley was slain, Bothwell became her third husband, and later died in exile. Unfortunate Mary, after nineteen years of captivity, at the age of forty-five, was beheaded (February 8, 1587) at Fotheringay Castle by command of her cousin Queen Elizabeth, and the story of her strange life is to this day the enigma of history.

The chapel of Holyrood Abbey was founded in 1128 by David I. A ruin is all that remains of this old abbey. It is a beautiful illustration of the transition from the Norman to the Gothic arch. Here Charles I. was crowned King of Scotland. Here James II., James III., Queen Mary and

Darnley, were married. Rizzio, at the command of the queen, was interred in the royal vaults, but afterwards removed to another part of the chapel to prevent scandal. Here are buried many Scottish Kings, Queens, and noble personages.

Scott's monument on Princes street, is two hundred feet high. It is an open Gothic spire, a composition from Melrose Abbey designs. Beneath a quadrangular arch, resting on four elegant pillars, is a sitting marble figure of the great novelist and poet. Statues of heroes and heroines which the "magician of the North" invoked, adorn the niches of the monument.

Melrose Abbey is the noblest ruin in Scotland. It was built in the twelfth century, as a labor of love by monks, who enjoyed a princely income, but lived a simple and pastoral life. Bruce rebuilt it with great splendor. Melrose was twice burnt, thrice ruined by armies, and unroofed by the Reformers, and the wonder is that anything beautiful remains. Statues of Christ and the Twelve Apostles once filled the niches above the great South window.

Within Melrose are sixteen chapels, ornamented with delicate carving, sculptured plants, flowers and fruit. Here are buried illustrious dead, and the heart of Robert Bruce; and under a mossy stone, a wizard's grave, concerning which Scott writes:

> "I buried him on St. Michael's night,
> When the bell tolled one, and the moon was bright,
> And I dug his chamber among the dead,

Where the floor of the channel was stainèd red,
That his patron's cross might over him wave,
And scare the fiends from the Wizard's grave."

Abbotsford, the romantic home of Sir Walter Scott, is on the Tweed. It has fantastic gables, projecting windows, curious balconies, pointed turrets; winding paths, and extensive forests cover this, the famous battlefield of Melrose. Stag's horns are over the doors.

Scott's library has twenty thousand rare books. In the dining room are family portraits, and ebony furniture, gift of George IV., in the drawing room. Everywhere are ceilings of antique carved oak, stained glass, coats of arms, daggers, crossed swords and figures in armor. We pass all these, and with quickened pulse enter Scott's study, which is lighted by a single window. Books are on three sides. Here is Scott's black leather arm-chair, and the modest desk on which he wrote his novels and poetry that have charmed the world. In a glass case you can see the suit of clothes last worn by Sir Walter, his white hat, blue coat with brass buttons, gray checked trousers and stout shoes, a walking stick beside them.

Scott was born in 1771. He boasted of his descent from barons and dukes. In his second year he became incurably lame. In school he showed personal courage, skill in story-telling, love for poetry, old plays, novels and histories. Law he studied and disliked. Circumstances finally gave him a moderate income.

Beneath the arch of the Edinburgh Monument sits Sir Walter Scott, with book, pen, and faithful dog. His first books were a collection of ancient ballads, Marmion, and the Lady of the Lake. When Byron became famous, he sneered at Scott because he wrote for money. The first of the Waverley Novels was published anonymously. Eighteen volumes followed in eleven years, and were popular beyond example. He engaged in book publishing, won money, fame and title; built a baronial castle, and the distinguished of Europe were proud to partake beneath its roof of his hospitality. Suddenly his book-firm failed, and Scott's liabilities were $750,000. At fifty-five years of age, refusing to compromise with his creditors, he heroically set to work to cancel his obligations. His life of Napoleon brought $70,000. He and his executors paid the debts but he died from over-work. Dryburgh Abbey to-day contains a hero far grander than Scott's pen ever created. Sir Walter abounded in the joyousness of youth. Sunshine played round his heart, and his simplicity of manner charmed everybody, even his cats and dogs. Irving called him "Golden hearted."

We stopped at Sterling, a river port, on the right bank of the Forth, about thirty-one miles northwest of Edinburgh. Of the origin of the ancient Castle, which stands on a high hill, little or nothing is known. No wonder it was the favorite residence of James V., for the view of the windings of the Forth is unequaled. In sight also is the historic

ABBOTSFORD, HOME OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

field of Bannockburn, where on June 24, 1314, was fought the famous battle between the brave Scotch and the larger English army.

Artists, for their studies, visit the lovely valley beyond Sterling Castle, at Callander; red tiled roofs, threshed straw, garden vegetables, clear river, bridges, fertile farms and rich foliage. In the distance soars Ben Ledi, "Hill of God," which Scott also immortalized. The patriotism, thrift and wit of the Scotch are proverbial.

At the Trossachs is a delightful hotel on the east approach. Mountains like sentinels guard the pass. The smooth road to the right of the hotel passes into the shady gorge, a mile in length; ash, beech and oak trees cover crevices and hilltops. Macaulay says, "The Trossachs wind between gigantic walls of rock, tapestried with broom and wild roses."

Inversnaid Falls, between Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, is the scene of Wordsworth's poem To a Highland Girl.

> "Sweet Highland girl, from thee I part,
> For I, methinks till I grow old
> As fair before me shall behold,
> As I do now the cabin small,
> The Lake, the Bay, the Waterfall—
> And thee, the spirit of them all!"

Loch Katrine was immortalized by Scott in his Lady of the Lake. Scott made Helen's Isle in Loch Katrine the retreat of his heroine, and on the

silver strand opposite Helen met the knight of Snowden.

This district is not easily surpassed in beauty. It was all fought over by Scottish Clans. Every foot is classic ground.

Glasgow, a city of half a million people, is perhaps more like New York than any other European city. George Square is a beautiful park, with a monument, 80 feet high, to Sir Walter Scott. It contains equestrian statues of the Queen, and Prince Albert, James Watt, Robert Peel, and others. Statues of great men incite to noble deeds. Glasgow is also a great center for ship building. The iron and steel ship yards stretching along the Clyde, in a single year launched 291 vessels, with a tonnage of 400,000 tons, nearly a vessel a day. A single firm employs 6,000 mechanics. Forty per cent of the families of Glasgow live in a single room. Necessarily there is much of sin and misery in the city.

The University on an elevation 300 feet high is one of the handsomest structures in Scotland. The foundation stone was laid in 1868 by the Prince and Princess of Wales.

We ride towards the enchanted land of Robert Burns, and enter

> " Auld Ayr, a town wham nane surpasses,
> For honest men and bonnie lasses."

The birthplace of Robert Burns was a small clay cottage, two rooms only, floored with loose stones.

In 1759, January 25, young "Robbie" was born in a recess in the kitchen. In the chimney side are pots and kettles his mother Agnes used. His father, who built the cottage, struggled with poverty, but gave his children a good education. At meal times the Burns family had books in one hand and spoons in the other. Robert studied a history of Wallace, Shakespeare's plays, and a collection of English songs. He mastered French and joined the Masons. In place of making a practical surveyor, flax-dresser or farmer, he became a great poet. His verse was replete with fire, humor, and pathos, combined with great simplicity and naturalness.

Robert Burns, the "simple bard, rough at the rustic plough," awakened to find himself a lion at the Scottish capital. His originality, force and brilliancy in conversation, produced a greater impression than his poetry. He traveled as a rustic bard, scratching impromptu verses on tavern windows, inditing passionate love strains to ladies of every degree. Burns exerted a fascinating influence over beautiful women. His love for Mary Campbell, "The Highland Girl," was romantic, yet he afterwards married his "Bonnie Jean." He never earned more than $250 a year for his family. His habits of immorality and dissipation helped to keep him in poverty. Disappointed with life, he died at thirty-seven, and was buried at Dumfries.

The True Story of Burns' "Highland Mary" is said to be this: Mary Campbell was a Highland

girl, "a most sprightly, blue-eyed creature, of great modesty and self-respect," and was still in the neighborhood of Mauchline when that unfortunate affair with Jean was setting the village in a blaze. Mary had so much faith in the young farmer, that it was agreed between them that she should give up her place, go to the Highlands, where her father was a sailor in Campbelton, and arrange matters there for her formal union with the poet. The lovers had a meeting the second Sunday in May, 1786, where they made the most solemn vows of faithful adherence. Standing on each side of a slow-running brooklet and holding a Bible between them, the two swore themselves to be one till death. Mary presented her lover with a plain small Bible in one volume, while Burns responded with a more dainty one in two volumes. The day of this solemn act of devout self-dedication was the last time that Burns saw his "Highland Mary." It is not strange that it remained for life in his soul a picture of pure affection more sacred than any with which his large experience of female favors had furnished him. Mary Campbell, after visiting her parents, was returning to Glasgow, when, stopping on the road at Greenock to attend a sick brother, she caught fever from him and died.

Burn's monument is on the Bonnie Doon. It is triangular, 60 feet high, and contains a museum of relics pertaining to Burns. The upper part consists of nine graceful columns of the Corinthian order. An acre of tastefully laid out walks and flower

beds surrounds it. Among the interesting treasures of the poet are the Bibles presented to him by his Highland Mary, the inscriptions still legible. Near by in a grotto is a statue of Tam O'Shanter.

Burns was generous and good natured, and will ever remain the idol of the people, because he entered so heartily into their daily life.

> "But who his human heart has laid
> To nature's bosom nearer?
> Who sweetened toil like him, or paid
> To love a tribute dearer?"

In 1844 60,000 people gathered at his birthplace to give welcome to his sons. Burns' fame is world-wide.

> "First the banks of Doon beheld it,
> Then his own land was its span,
> Till the world became his empire,
> And his home the heart of man."

In the pretty gardens of the Victoria Embankment of London stands another monument inscribed on which are the following words:

ROBERT BURNS

1759–1796

The poetic genius of my country, found me at the plough, and threw her inspiring genuis over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes, and rural pleasures, of my native soil in my native tongue. I tuned my wild, artless notes as she inspired.

CHAPTER V.

Paris, an Earthly Paradise. The Boulevards. Light-hearted Parisians. The Seine Bridges. No Seat, no Fare. A Gem in Architecture. The Communists of 1871. "Vive la Commune!" The Gardens of the Tuileries. The Classic Madeleine. Flower Cart. Where the French Rival Nature. A Table d'Hôte. Glass Kiosques. Paris Papers. "Down with the Bastile!" 14th of July Column. The Superb Louvre. Priceless Art Treasures. Assyrian Antiquities. The Hall of Augustus. Diana and Her Stag. Hall of Caryatides. The Venus de Milo. Gallery of Apollo. The Grand Salon of Paintings, and the Immaculate Conception.

A RIDE of ten hours across the English Channel and thence southeast by rail brought Mrs. Bolton and myself to superb Paris. The world dreams of Paris as an earthly Paradise some time to be enjoyed. For a dozen centuries Paris has been the residence of French rulers, and the Mecca of the French people. Fire, famine, foreign invasion, civil war and pestilence have swept often over this fair city, yet from each affliction, Phœnix-like, Paris has risen brighter and gayer than ever. Paris, capital of the French Republic, is the most cosmopolitan of cities, and the center of European civilization. Especially was this true during the Exposition year of 1878. We entered a fine railway depot in the northern part of the city, a structure which covers ten acres. A railway also surrounds Paris

joining the many pretty suburbs. The population of Paris and suburbs is 2,500,000, about equal to that of New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City combined.

We drove down Boulevard Sebastopol, which was built under Napoleon III. Splendid outer and inner Boulevards encircle the city ; the new portions have uniform architecture and balconies with each story. The Boulevards from the Madeleine to the July Column are flanked with massive limestone buildings, palatial mansions, and glittering shops. The asphalt pavements are washed early every morning, and at sundown the wide, shady walks in front of brilliant cafés are crowded with men and women sipping coffee, light wine or absynthe, and learning the latest bit of social or political news. Parisians favor flats, and enjoy outdoor life. At mid-day a busy throng crowds all the Boulevards.

From the towers of Notre Dame we get a bird's eye view of the Seine bridges. My class-mate, Babbit, once urged me to enjoy, in every locality possible, the extensive views obtainable only from some convenient height. These pictures are to-day the most vivid. The bridges are thirty in number. The river makes a bold curve of seven miles through the city and flows northwest into the English Channel. In the morgue near by, on marble slabs, are exposed to view for three days, a thousand bodies annually, of unknown persons, who have perished in the Seine or otherwise. On the right horizon are seen the domes of the incomparable Louvre.

Traveling about Paris, in omnibus or tramway cars is made as agreeable as possible. Nobody is permitted to ride without a seat. There are waiting stations everywhere. Eighty tramways and omnibus lines intersect the city in every direction. Fares, with transfers, inside, six cents; outside, three cents. We visited St. Chapelle, a gem of Gothic architecture, also the Théâtre Français, in which France honors with laurels, Molière, Corneille and Racine, those brilliant dramatic writers of the reign of Louis XIV.

The Palace of the Tuileries was the official residence of the reigning monarch, and was very rich in historical associations. The Communists in May, 1871, set fire to the principal buildings of Paris, the smoke shutting out the sunlight. The Tuileries burned for three days. Men bearing slow matches to fire the Louvre were shot. Anarchy sought to blot out civilization. A captain, who had captured a Communist barricade and prisoners, who were to be shot, was suddenly appealed to by an erect black-eyed lad of fifteen, "Listen, captain," he said; "Before I die let me return a watch given me for safe keeping by the janitor across the way." The captain thought the boy desired a pretext for escape, and tired of his bloody work said, "Yes, begone, little scoundrel." But just as the captain's platoon of executioners had killed the other prisoners, the lad came running back, and placed himself before the bloody wall, exclaiming "Captain, here I am; ready." Not a soldier fired, and again the lad

was dismissed, tears standing in the captain's eyes, as he looked in wonder upon such nobility of character. Climbing over ashes and broken stones (now wholly removed), we emerge from the sad ruins, and find relief in a genuine Communistic meeting. The crowded room is thick with smoke, excitement is at white heat, the orator has reached a climax, and men, women and children shout "Vive la Commune". The only quiet ones in the Communistic meeting are the well dressed reporters. George Eliot says, "A Communist is one who wishes to divide equally unequal earnings."

When the Germans had conquered France, Thiers strove in good faith to fulfil the severe terms of peace exacted by Bismarck. "Alsace and Lorain were to be restored," and "5,000,000,000 of francs to be paid." In opposition to the Thiers Government the dissatisfied and reckless radicals of Paris, hostile to the rich and the clergy, attempted to form a government of their own. And now Paris suffered a second siege, worse than the first. The regular troops entered the city, and terrible destruction followed. The Communists behind barricades of stone fought like tigers. The streets ran with blood, and when their cause became hopeless the mob unroofed Thiers' house, burned the Palais Royal, the Palace of Justice, the Grand Library of the Louvre, and millions of dollars worth of property. But their retribution was dreadful. It is said that twenty thousand anarchists were guillotined, shot and exiled.

A walk in the Gardens of the Tuileries opens before us a beautiful vista. Orange trees, flowers, statues and fountains make this place always a favorite resort for Parisians. In pleasant weather this is a Paradise for tastefully dressed children, in charge of nurse-maids in white caps and aprons, who make a picturesque sight beneath the elm and lime trees. Beyond the obelisk of Luxor begins the Champs-Elyseés, broad and shady, and extending to the Arch of Triumph. Under the trees are open air concerts, theatres, cafés, and pretty booths stored with refreshments. Multitudes throng this noble avenue, strolling under the trees, or seated on rows of chairs watching the world pass in review.

To the right up the Rue Royal we saw the Madeleine, a nineteenth century rival of the twelfth century Notre Dame. This church built in the style of a great temple, is one of the most beautiful in the world. Though begun and finally dedicated as a church, yet Napoleon had hoped to complete it as a Temple of Glory for his old soldiers. It cost $3,000,000. A colonnade of fifty-two fluted Corinthian columns, and a rich frieze, surround the church. Enormous bronze doors, illustrating the Ten Commandments, are approached by twenty-eight steps. We enter and behold a richly adorned interior, marble floors and lofty columns, which support a three domed roof, through which the light of heaven enters. On either side are six confessionals of oak and gilt, where prince and peasant

alike have confessed. How beautiful the altar of spotless white marble! Madeleine is represented forgiven, and borne above on angel wings. This is the metropolitan church of Paris, and here on Sabbath mornings exquisite music may be heard, and the élite of the world be seen. It is greatly to the credit of the Catholic church, that not even costly St. Peter's nor any of their churches are too good for the rich and poor together to worship the Master.

Flower carts in charge of courteous women, dressed in peasant garb, are seen in great numbers. A franc, eighteen cents, purchases a great bunch of marguerites, like the English ox-eyed daisy, a favorite flower with the French; or roses in bud and blossom, and pansies. Parisian gardeners delight in mid-winter in forcing thousands of white lilac blossoms, which are sold in European capitals for holiday gifts. Here artificial flower makers abound; excellent botanists and chemists are they. Stems and stamens are made from wire and silk, leaves and petals are shaped with dies, and darkened by a camel's-hair pencil, or lightened by a drop of water. Nature is rivaled except in delicate fragrance. Parisian dressmakers made for an American belle an ideal robe composed entirely of flowers, a skirt of roses of different tints, with a waist of rosebuds, and over all a veil with crystal drops to imitate the morning dew. The dress shipped from Paris, the duty paid in New York, we easily imagine the delight it gave to a whole house-

hold, while the owner sweetly exclaimed, "It is too lovely for anything!"

One can enjoy at six o'clock the Table d'Hôte at the Grand Hotel near the Opera House. Carriages enter a court made cheerful by fountain, flowers and electric light. Here 200 persons may dine in comfort. The eight or more courses are served by waiters, who are civil and quick. Soup hot, oysters and fish the freshest, braised young partridge, and unsurpassed dressing for meats. Potatoes white as snow, and other crisp vegetables; salads follow, ices, dainty cakes, rich cheese, and choice fruits. Cooking in Paris is an art that has attained perfection. If, however, you prefer a restful dinner, few cities have more secluded nooks. It is related that Handel, the great composer, ordered a "dinner for three," and when asked by the waiter where the rest of the party were, tranquilly replied, "I am de company."

Breakfast on the Continent is always bread and coffee, and to the laboring people it means a bowl of broth and a bit of bread, or bread alone. The American, however, will find himself served with butter, and eggs or meat, unless he has previously ordered a "plain breakfast," when he will receive the usual bread and coffee.

The news stands, or kiosques, seen everywhere in Paris, are usually small glass stalls, where the 750 papers and periodicals of Paris are sold, usually by women and children. Fifty of these papers are political. The *Gazette* is 250 years old (established

1631). The *Times* (*Le Temps*, an evening Republican paper), is English-like and widely known. The *Journal of Debate* (*Le Journal Des Débats*), of correct and elegant language, prefers to discuss questions of foreign policy. Papers called *Petit*, or little, often have large circulation. The *Little Journal* (*Le Petit Journal*) has a sale of more than half a million copies daily. Frenchmen at home or abroad, must have the *Figaro*, which is read for its theatrical news and spicy gossip. It has the odor of the boulevards. The press of Paris has often provoked revolutions. To study the one begun July 14, 1789, we stand by the famous July Column. The heroic struggles in America for liberty a century ago, in which Frenchmen heartily joined, quickened the desires of France for popular government. The tide of revolution rose rapidly. July 14, 1789, the cry "Down with the Bastile!" resounded throughout Paris, and fierce waves of indignation beat against these massive walls and sombre towers till the hated symbol of despotism disappeared forever. Now the 14th of July consecrated by the blood of martyrs for liberty, has become the Frenchman's Fourth of July. Over the tomb of those who fell stands the noble July Column, and on its surface are emblazoned in gilded letters the names of immortal heroes, while on a globe at the top stands the Genius of Liberty Triumphant, with slavery's broken chains, and a torch of enlightenment, from which Bartholdi lighted another torch across the seas.

Twenty Corinthian columns in pairs form the fine colonnade of the east façade of the Louvre, and the superb bronze doors were made by order of Napoleon. This façade is 90 feet high and 570 feet in length. The architectural splendor of the Louvre, which covers 48 acres, and its invaluable art treasures, make this one of the most important public buildings in Paris. Here 300 years ago (1572) Henry IV., King of Navarre, was married. From this Palace five days later, on that fearful night of St. Bartholomew, the signal was given for the massacre of the Huguenot chiefs and others decoyed to the royal wedding. Another view of the Louvre seen down the Avenue de l'Opera exhibits the arches beneath which royalty rode to the palace. Elaborately carved buildings enclose three courts about 500 feet square. The Louvre was begun three centuries ago by indefatigable Francis I. and splendor loving Henry II., continued by Catharine de Médicis, Henry IV., Louis XIV., and completed by the Napoleons. The grand centralization of art in the Louvre is largely due to the return of Napoleon's armies from Italy, the Netherlands, Germany and Spain laden with art treasures. Through the arches is discovered a wing or pavilion. Entering the court beyond we see its architectural beauty.

The Pavilion Richelieu was named after the great Cardinal, who so long controlled the destinies of France. There are many blocks, or pavilions. Napoleon I. erected a connecting gallery that cost

$15,000,000. How grand the portico, Corinthian half columns, caryatids, domes, groups of sculpture, and colossal statues of nearly a hundred eminent Frenchmen. Splendid galleries or rooms within contain the work of masters of every age, in sculpture, painting, pottery, carving and jewelry. In fact, here may be studied a history of art from the earliest age. Entering beneath the colonnade, on the right, we behold a winged Bull with portrait head from the palace of King Sargon who reigned 722–705 B. C. over Assyria at Nineveh on the Tigris. Monuments like this adorn palace gateways. Late excavations have revealed extensive palaces, lined with alabaster slabs picturing hunting scenes, battlefields, and sieges. To the left we seem to journey through Egypt and up the Nile. Now we enter the Hall of Augustus, one of a suite of elegant rooms erected by Catharine de Médicis, and decorated by Napoleon III., devoted to sculptures of the Roman Imperial period. Here are works of highest rank. In the center is a bust of Antinous, Hadrian's favorite, drowned in the Nile and deified; the expression is grave and pensive. In the niche beyond is a majestic statue of Augustus. In these rooms are seen statues of Nero, Trajan, Hadrian, Julius Cæsar, and others of great fame.

Diana and her Stag was probably executed by a Greek sculptor at Rome in the last century of the republic. The goddess, in hunting habit and crescent cap, steps briskly forward, grasps an arrow in her quiver, looks around for more game to shoot,

when she has dispatched that which she pursues. Her forehead is high and has an eager expression. Diana, daughter of Zeus, is the goddess of chastity, the chase and the woods. With silver bow, and a train of nymphs, she follows the flying game in dark forests and woody mountains, or she directs her arrows against the families of men, and they pass away like withered leaves. At Delphi she led the muses and Graces.

The Hall of Caryatides, with fireproof floors and ceilings, exhibits busts and statues, and vases of merit made by Roman and Greek artists. This room is historic. It was once used as an antechamber of Catharine de Médicis. In this room three centuries ago four rebellious chiefs were hung. Here while at work the illustrious sculptor Jean Goujon was killed in the St. Bartholomew Massacre; and here was placed the body of Henry IV. after his assassination. The most celebrated of the treasures of the Louvre is the Venus de Milo, more queenly than the Venus de Medici of Florence. It was found in 1820 by a peasant in the island of Melos, at the entrance to the Greek Archipelago, and sold to the French Government for $12,000. Now no money could buy it. This splendid statue represents Aphrodite, goddess of love and beauty, one of the twelve Greek Divinities. Besides love and beauty, we discover that she possesses youth and a noble majesty of presence; not a frivolous woman to crave admiration, but one to command homage.

Up the main stairway and we enter the Gallery of Apollo, so called from a fresco in the ceiling. This is the most beautiful hall in the Louvre, 210 feet long, and finished by Napoleon III. Portraits of twenty-eight French artists adorn the wall panels. The collection of enamels is unsurpassed, Gifts of Kings, crowns of Emperors, and priceless jewels and gems fill the cases. The sword and sceptre of Charlemagne is shown. There is some poetic justice in the late sale of the French Crown Jewels to provide a fund for aged women. Yonder in the end of the gallery a familiar face is met, that of a painter ninety years old, short, bent and white-haired. He is eating a lunch of bread and chocolate. He has painted and sold one hundred miniature pictures of the Apollo Gallery, at 500 francs each. He speaks of the success of his boy and girl in the Louvre. "Come and meet my daughter," he said. She sits with a palette and brush before a Raphael's Madonna. Imagine our surprise, for we expected to find a young daughter, but she was seventy years old.

We step into the Grand Salon of Paintings. Its arched and paneled ceiling admits abundance of soft light upon masterpieces of the various schools. The collection of paintings of high rank in this and adjoining rooms numbers at least 2,000. Here one can study the tender and saintly style of early Italian masters, and the magical coloring and touching pathos of the great masters, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael and Titian, and wonder at the vast labors

of Correggio, Rubens and Rembrandt, till the soul is surfeited.

We admire Murillo's famous Immaculate Conception, one of his greatest works. Intense religious enthusiasm pervades the whole picture, and a halo of cherubs gives the mother welcome. With foot in the crescent and clothed in the sunshine, she fixes her eyes and heart on heavenly things. So often the Spanish School drew inspiration from the Book of Revelation. "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven ; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars." Murillo lived about 270 years ago (1610), a poor boy, who with a will did coarse painting for a public fair, thus earning the money to study art in Madrid. On his return to his home in Seville, he became famous and married a lady of wealth and rank. His "Beggar Boy" at Munich is very celebrated. He painted what he saw and hence is natural.

CHAPTER VI.

The Luxembourg Palace, and Splendid Works of Art. The Paris Exposition of 1878. The Trocadéro. M. Adolph Thiers, whom Providence used. M. Leon Gambetta shouts "Vive la Republique!" and evokes the Third Republic. At the Hotel de Ville, the Great Modern French Orator is Proclaimed "The Father of the French Republic." What Bismarck said of Thiers. Hugo says, "Chateaubriand or Nothing." His writings and his Death, or Apotheosis. Lord Tennyson calls Hugo, "the World's Greatest Poet." The Rose and the Tomb. Retributive justice at Versailles. Presidents, Grevy and Sadi-Carnot. Meissonier and De Lesseps. The French Army.

CROSSING the Seine we approach the Luxembourg Palace, 300 feet long, erected (1620) for Marie de Médicis, with balustrade, terraces, orange trees, and statues, all in imitation of her ancestral home in Florence. Within these historic walls stirring dramas have been enacted. It was a royal residence till the Revolution. Here for a time dwelt Napoleon and Josephine. Here were imprisoned Danton, Robespierre and others. Here met the Consulate, the Senate of the first and second empires, and here to-day assembles the Senate of the Republic. The extensive gardens are very beautiful. Embellished with cool fountains, parterres, wide walks, shrubbery and flowers. These, and music by military bands, make the grounds a popular

resort. The Fountain de Médicis is in Doric style, and an imitation of stalactites, smooth waters, vases, vines and foliage. In the central niche is giant Polyphemus surprising Acis and Galatea. The latter, a forest nymph, loved Acis, a handsome shepherd. The one-eyed cyclops was furiously jealous, and hurled a great stone upon the lovers. Galatea escaped, but the shepherd, crushed under the weight of the rock, sprang forth a murmuring stream. Often one sees here crowds of French people, highly pleased perhaps at a score of English sparrows that skilfully catch crumbs which are thrown them. The Palace pavilions are connected by galleries, which contain beautiful works of living artists.

We admired "Meditation," or "Maiden and Prayer-Book," a French picture of exquisite coloring which won a gold medal in the Paris Salon.

> "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
> Uttered or unexpressed,
> The motion of a hidden fire
> That trembles in the breast."
>
> —MONTGOMERY.

The Luxembourg, and private galleries of Paris, exhibit the newer styles of French Artists. Animal and landscape painting show a fidelity in drawing, battlefields convey intense vigor, humble and peasant life are invested with poetic charms. "Pray, master," said an artist, "what do you mix your colors with?" "With brains," was the reply.

The Trocadéro, or Palace of Fêtes which stands on high ground opposite the bridge of Jena in Paris is a huge crescent building in Oriental style, and used at the exhibition of 1878. The main edifice is circular, and flanked with wings and minarets 270 feet high. There are seats for 6,000 people in the great Concert Hall. Three International Exhibitions have been held in Paris, in 1853, 1867 and 1878. Though the world since 1850 has enjoyed many Peace Festivals, yet in the last quarter of a century it has witnessed ten horrible wars. The beauties of the Trocadéro are better disclosed by moonlight. From beneath the building rushes a cascade terminating in a great basin, surmounted by a bull, horse, elephant and rhinoceros in gilded metal. Scores of statues adorn the edifice. Light and flowers make the Trocadéro charming both day and night, and a colossal statue of Fame fittingly crowns the dome. The enormous bazaars in vestibule and hall were crowded with statues. A novel use has been found for the Eiffel tower. The Paris chief of police has placed on its summit certain agents, whose sole duty is to note all those chimneys which throw up a denser volume of smoke than is allowed by law.

The Champ de Mars across the Seine was the site of the Expositions of 1867 and 1878. Expositions have taught that there is practically no limit to the productive power of humanity.

At first Thiers' shrill voice in the French Cham-

ber of Deputies caused him to be laughed at, and being small of stature the opposition called him "A sort of Tom Thumb," and yet he became one of the great men of France. He used to say, "It must be that Providence has great confidence in me, for when I am called to the front, the most embarrassing affairs seem to await my treatment." Affairs in France were indeed embarrassing. In the spring of 1871 Napoleon III. was a prisoner, and Eugénie had fled to England secretly. On September 4, 1870, while the Corps Legislatif was in session, the crowd surged into the Chamber, and shouted "Vive la Republique!" Gambetta at once stepped forward, and with a commanding gesture, cried, "Citizens, we now declare that Louis Napoleon and his dynasty have forever ceased to reign in France." The people wild with joy responded, "To the Hotel de Ville!" The multitude crossed the Seine, workmen in their blouses, soldiers with their muskets, women and children singing the Marseilles Hymn, and in the Hotel de Ville the Third Republic was proclaimed. This historic spot has always been the rallying place of the Liberals. Here Louis XVI. was forced by the mob to wear the hated red cap of Liberty. Here Louis Blanc in 1848 announced the Second Republic, and here in the terrible days of the Commune, 600 were burned in the building, which the Communists themselves had fired, having distributed gunpowder and petroleum in all the rooms. Its great library of 75,000 volumes was burned. The Hotel

de Ville was rebuilt; it is superb, about 470 feet long, and many niches contain statues of famous Parisians.

M. Leon Gambetta was one of the most marked characters of these exciting times. He was born (1838) at Cahors in Southern France. His mother by sale of chocolate sent him to a Paris Law School. Leon lived in a garret, had little money, not much food, only one eye, but he allowed nothing to stand in the way of his success. Often he stole into the Chamber of Deputies to listen to the debates. The whole Imperialistic history was at his tongue's end. Jules Favre had a case in court, practically the "Press *vs.* Napoleon III." and being ill he sent for this young hot-headed Republican to take his place. Gambetta improved the rare opportunity to make a caustic attack on Napoleon III., and that night the name of Leon Gambetta was on the lips of all throughout the cafés of Paris. Gambetta rapidly rose to power, and at 32 in the Franco-German war he was practically Dictator. Escaping from besieged Paris in a balloon, with almost superhuman energy he organized three armies of 250,000 men each, and hurled them against the German wall of steel that encircled his capital, only to see the three-fourths of a million Frenchmen disappear, as the mist before the morning sun. The story is told, that he was engaged to a lady worth $7,000,000, but as she refused to have Gambetta's aunt, who had kept his apartments, live with them, Gambetta said, "Adieu, Madame, we were not made to under-

stand each other." At forty-five years of age the dead orator was borne through Paris, the streets a bower of flowers, and was hailed by a nation of mourners, as the "Father of the Republic." On July 14, 1883, a noble statue costing 355,000 francs, representing 280,000 individual subscriptions, was erected in the Place du Carrousel to Gambetta as the greatest modern orator of France. Besides several fragments from his speeches, this inscription is given prominent place:

"Á Gambetta, la Patrie et la Republique."

Adolph Thiers was born (April 15, 1789) under the first Republic, came to manhood under Napoleon the Great, waxed strong under Louis XVIII., helped dethrone Charles X., acted as Premier for Louis Philippe, witnessed the birth and death of the Second Empire, and became the First President of the present Republic. Born at Marseilles, his parents were poor, educated by friends, he was impelled to the front by a favorite maxim; "There is but one miracle, common sense seconded by determined will." He succeeded as a journalist, and wrote the history of the French Revolution, ten volumes, in four years. He postponed a marriage engagement lest it should hinder his success. The lady's indignant father challenged him; Thiers accepted, but declined to fire in response to his adversary's shot, and even later provided well for his opponent. When he died Bismarck said, "Europe has lost her only great Statesman." The new monument to M. Thiers is the finest in the

famous cemetery of Père La Chaise. It is in the form of a chapel over the entrance to which is the motto, chosen by himself and inscribed on green porphyry in letters of gold, Patriam dilexit, virtutem coluit; He loved his country, and practiced virtue.

We visited Victor Hugo, whom the London *Times* says "was the greatest poet since Goethe." He was born February 26, 1802, in Eastern France near Switzerland. He was so frail as a child that the doctor said he could not live. At eight he read Latin fluently. He was the idol of an intellectual mother, who stimulated him to be great. At thirteen he wrote stories, odes, tragedies, and dedicated each to his mother. A year later Victor wrote in his journal, "I will be Chateaubriand or nothing." When he lamented his shabby clothes, his mother replied, not unlike the reply made by Mother Garfield to her son James, "Men are rated by their intelligence and not by their dress." When she was ill, Victor worked all night by her bedside, and won a gold lily, an Academy prize. She died when he was nineteen, leaving her son broken-hearted and in poverty. But he persevered. He revolutionized letters, headed a new school, was elected a member of the Academy, and Louis Philippe made him Peer. He wrote of the poor and wretched. His pen terrified Napoleon III., who exiled him. Then he wrote Napoleon le Petit, and Les Misérables; the latter was printed simultaneously in ten cities, and brought him $80,000. Napoleon III. offered him forgiveness, but

he said, "When liberty returns, I will return." And return he did, when Napoleon III. was in exile, and France free. His wife Adèle and son were dead, and his hair was white, as he greeted his lovely grandchildren. Victor Hugo's will, when admitted to probate, showed his property in England to be valued at $450,000, and his daughter and grandchildren his chief heirs. It was indeed profitable work to write the annals of the poor and wretched.

Hugo lived in a cream-colored house on an avenue in Paris named in honor of him. He made toys, and romped, and wrote a book for the children on "The Art of being a Grandfather." He said, "The child is the field of the coming generation; what grows in it will be the harvest of the next age." In the Isle of Jersey every Christmas he gave a dinner to poor children, and he with his family waited upon them. Hugo was always touched by kindness of heart. He gave a cabman a "Napoleon," four dollars in gold, which the cabman said should go for charity. Hugo responded, "Come, then, and dine with me." He placed goodness before everything else. On his sick-bed he said, "I am ready to go; death closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn." "Adieu, Jeanne, adieu," were his last words to his idolized granddaughter. He died on a May-day noon (1885), eighty-three years old.

The Republic placed her devoted son, Hugo, beneath the Triumphal Arch, around which green

VICTOR HUGO AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN.

vestal fires burned, and dragoons stood guard. Twenty years before, in honor of his birthday, a half million people passed his home, and by their gifts made it a bower of flowers. Now, all France was in mourning. Hugo was worshipped as a Guardian Divinity of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." At noon eloquent words were spoken in presence of the world's illustrious men. The President of the Senate said, "Hugo constantly pursued the highest ideals of justice and humanity." Floquet said, "Not a funeral, but an apotheosis," and a member of the Academy exclaimed, "To the sovereign poet France renders sovereign honors." The chestnut trees were in full bloom as the procession moved towards the Place de la Concorde. Lights were veiled, banners draped, and minute guns fired as soldiers of the Republic, societies of every name, boys of the Public Schools, cars laden with flowers, followed the pauper's hearse in which Hugo was borne, according to his last wish, because he had been a poor lad, and loved the poor; and to them he left money in his will. George, his handsome, manly grandson, with dark hair and eyes, walked alone behind the coffin. A million people stood with uncovered heads, as the hearse moved through the Place de la Concorde and across the Seine to the Pantheon. After six weary hours the end of the procession was just leaving the Arch of Triumph as the head arrived at the Pantheon, the French Westminster Abbey, on the façade of which are inscribed the words, "Great Men whom their Coun-

try wish to Honor." As the body was borne up the steps, hundreds of white doves were let loose to float over it, and the church was filled with wreaths, sent from America as well as Europe. Hugo had said, "I love America as a Fatherland." "The great Republic of Washington is a glory to civilization." Lord Tennyson's wreath bore the words, "To the World's Greatest Poet." Beside the ashes of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Mirabeau, notables of the 18th century, were laid the remains of Victor Hugo; ranked by some as the greatest poet, novelist, dramatist and statesman of the 19th century.

Hugo makes "The Rose ask of the Tomb:

> What doest thou with treasures rare,
> Thou hidest deep from light and air,
> Until the day of doom?"

"The Tomb said:

> Flower of love
> I make of every treasure rare,
> Hidden so deep from light and air,
> A soul for heaven above."

Omnibuses now take us to Versailles, southwest of Paris, and recently the headquarters of the German army. Victor Hugo was fond of journeying on the top of omnibuses, and before he died he gave 2,000 francs to the drivers. Our drive skirts the Seine, intersects the fortifications, and leaving St. Cloud to the right, we cross the Seine and pass through Sevres noted for its Porcelain manu-

factory. Forty minutes more brings us in sight of Versailles. Beyond the residences in the foreground rise a group of buildings where the French Kings, Louis XIV., XVI., and XVIII., lived, (1672, 1790). The approach is by an avenue 300 feet wide, with trees finely planted. Versailles, with 50,000 population, is ten miles from Paris and one of the handsomest towns in Europe. Here for eight years, after the German army recrossed the Rhine, the seat of the French Government was situated. Here two centuries ago Louis XIV., styled the Grand Monarch, determined to build the marvel of Europe. At one time he employed 36,000 men and 6,000 horses on palace and grounds, the cost of which was $200,000,000. The spacious gardens or park lie west of the palace. Crossing the Court Royal, we ascend the marble stairway, busts of celebrated men on every side, and enter the Hall of Mirrors, or Hall of Louis XIV., 240 feet long, and superbly decorated in marble and frescoes. On the left, the seventeen arched windows command fine views of extensive gardens and ornamental sheets of waters. Opposite the windows are mirrors in gilded niches. Here on the 19th of January, 1871, the anniversary of the crowning of Frederick the Great, occurred the greatest German ceremony of modern times. Against the middle window was erected a graceful altar with lighted candles, behind which sat three clergymen. Soldiers wearing iron crosses held standards of many regiments. Groups of hereditary princes, dukes,

distinguished army officers, and personages from all nations, stood in long rows down the hall. The effective paintings in the ceiling tell of the achievements of Louis XIV., of his triumphs over the Germans. The walls are decorated in tastefully carved marble, truly a regal hall for so dramatic a ceremony. At twelve o'clock King William came accompanied by Bismarck, Von Moltke, and the Crown Prince Leopold, who unwittingly provoked the war. Eloquent words, historical and religious, were spoken. The King accepted the title of "Emperor of Re-United Germany," and Bismarck read the proclamation to the German people. Hearty congratulations greeted the new Emperor, and amid the waving of victorious standards, echoes of national hymns and triumphal marches, the historic scene closed. Retributive justice, indeed!

We have neither time nor space to describe the many magnificent rooms of the Palace, and their contents, nor space to mention much of the rare beauty of the Palace gardens. What superb backgrounds these gardens furnished for the brilliant fêtes of the Grand Monarch may be easily imagined by once witnessing the vast crowds of spectators attracted here on Sundays, when all the fountains are at play.

The German indemnity of 5,000,000,000 of francs was paid in two years by Thiers, although intriguing monarchists caused his retirement, and the election in 1873 of General MacMahon, who held office six years. But the French people feared

monarchy, and in 1879 made Grevy their third President. Grevy, who had said over Thiers' grave, "Let us set ourselves to show, like him, that the Republic is a government of order, peace and liberty," was equal to his high calling. He was a lawyer by profession, a man of sterling good sense, plain, honest, noble and devoted to the Republic. Both he and Thiers were vigorously opposed to the war with Prussia.

Meissonier furnished the late Exposition with paintings of rare beauty. He came to Paris nineteen years old, poor and unknown. Early he painted canvas in the Louvre for one dollar per yard; now a tiny painting only six inches square brings $6,000. At thirty-six he won a gold medal. His Chess Players, because of the vast amount of skill in a small space, attracted crowds. The critics said, "Meissonier can paint only ordinary scenes." Then he painted Napoleon's Retreat from Russia. His Cavalry Charge brought $30,000 in Cincinnati, and for the Battle of Friedland on which he worked fifteen years, A. T. Stewart paid $60,000. Once told that he was fortunate to own so many Meissoniers, "No, No," he replied; "they are too dear." His homes in Paris and at Poissy, are lovely in the midst of flowers, fountains and shade. Three of his masterpieces at his death will go to the Louvre. France is proud of her great men. Here are two stories told of the great painter.

M. Meissonier, who was inflicted with incipient paralysis, was told that a friend had sprained his

ankle. "Lucky man!" he exclaimed, "if I could only have broken both legs, and had my thumb free, how happy I should be. I could then make some attempt to paint in my bed. But not to be able to paint at all! I would willingly give everything I possess in this world for the use of my right thumb!"

Meissonier, had a gardener who was a botanist and a great wag. He knew the seeds of all sorts of plants, and Meissonier was always trying and always failing to puzzle him. "I have got him now," said Meissonier to some friends at a dinner party, and he showed them a package of the roe of dried herrings. Then he sent for the gardener. All the guests smiled. The gardener arrived. "Do you know those seeds?" Meissonier asked. The gardener examined them with great attention. "Oh, yes," said he at last, "that is the seed of the polypus fluximus, a very rare tropical plant." A smile of triumph lighted the face of Meissonier. "How long will it take the seed to come up?" he asked. "Fifteen days," said the gardener. At the end of fifteen days the guests were once more at table. After dinner the gardener was announced. "M. Meissonier," he said, "the plants are above the ground." "Oh, this is too much," said the great painter, and all went into the garden to behold the botanical wonder. The gardener lifted up a glass bell, under which was a little bed carefully made, and in which three rows of red herrings were sticking up their heads. The laugh surely was

against Meissonier. He discharged the gardener, but took him back the next day.

Another great Frenchman is Ferdinand De Lesseps, who opened up highways to India. When Consul in Egypt and Spain he won medals for heroism. In 1854 he started the Suez Canal project and laid the plans before the Capitals of Europe. The greatest of difficulties, lack of money, tiresome delays, and jealousies of nations, were finally overcome. November 17, 1869, the great shipway was opened in the presence of Kings and Emperors. He received the Decorations of France, the Albert Gold Medal, and the Cross of the Star of India. Now every year the passage of thousands of ships through this new ship canal earns in tolls millions of dollars.

A picturesque sight often seen on the Bois de Boulogne was Ferdinand De Lesseps riding, his white hair floating in the wind, accompanied by his many pretty children mounted on ponies. When eighty-two years old, indefatigable, courteous, and undaunted, he sought to cut the Isthmus of Panama. His present young wife, a second one, learning of his heroic deeds, desired acquaintance, and it was "love at first sight."

Since the Empire succumbed a quarter of a century ago to the French Republic, France has averaged a new cabinet yearly.

M. Thiers, Marshal MacMahon, M. Jules Grevy, M. Sadi-Carnot, and M. Felix Faure have been the presidents of the Third French Republic.

In the late political crisis the Palace of the Elysee, home of Ex-President Grevy, had degenerated into a fourth rate stock exchange, and Sadi-Carnot, Minister of Finance, had resigned office rather than authorize an illegal restitution of $15,000 for the Public Treasury. This accentuated his name as an available compromise candidate, and practically he was unanimously elected by the French Congress. He assured the world that while he was at the head of the French Republic, there should be no war with Germany. He kept his word.

Sadi-Carnot, the fourth president (who was assassinated) had a fine figure, not above the average height, dark hair and eyes, an aquiline nose and a face of Persian character. Sadi, prefix of Carnot, is the name of a Persian poet, celebrated for his description of roses, and admired by Carnot's ancestors. Sadi-Carnot was born 1837 at Limoges; the son and grandson of distinguished Republican statesmen, a top classman in the polytechnical school. He became a civil engineer, and served in the Franco Prussian war, as his grandsire had fought under Napoleon I.

The French army, from time immemorial, has been the nation's pride. A thrill of exultation comes to every Frenchman who studies the past history of his brave country. To this sentiment has been added, since 1870, an insatiable thirst for revenge, and the army, though beaten by the Germans has under the law, enacted July 27, 1872, be-

come a greater factor than ever in the nation's existence. By its provision every citizen twenty years old, except a few exempted, is liable to twenty years' service in the regular and territorial armies and reserves. The army of France numbers 1,750 000 men ready to serve under the Tri-color. The French are not good riders, and hence are weak in their cavalry, but their artillery, 2,000 guns of steel, outnumber those of the German army. France has become a Republic of soldiers dressed in blue tunic and cardinal trousers, but where is the man to lead?

CHAPTER VII.

Tickets for Rome. Ostend to Bruges and Ghent. Antwerp. "Paris in Miniature." People of Belgium. Lace-making. Leopold II. Famous Town Halls. Cologne, and Her Masterpiece. A "Modern Athens." Through the Tyrol. "The Bride of the Adriatic." The Lion of St. Mark. Florence on the Arno. Art Treasures. "The Eternal City." Unequaled St. Peter's. The Vatican, and the Popes. Roman Forum. The Colossal Colosseum. Gigantic Baths. Beautiful Naples. Molten Lava of Pompeii. Pisa, and the Echo of the Baptistery. The Shore Ride to Genoa. Columbus' Beautiful City. The World's Most Magnificent Cathedral. Snow-clad Alps. Through Mt. Cenis Tunnel to Paris and Liverpool. A Return to New York. Places Visited on European Trip Number One.

ON the last of October we returned from the Paris Exposition of 1878 to London and Birmingham. Mrs. Bolton was to sail for home on November 26, and both thinking that now was our only chance to see Rome, we purchased of Thomas Cook & Son, at Ludgate Circus, tourist tickets from London to Rome, *via* Munich, and return. We had three weeks in which to do the trip. The autumn and the spring are the best seasons in which to make a trip to Italy, the summer being too hot and the winter too wet and chilly.

Crossing the North Sea, we came first to Ostend,

the second seaport of Belgium, a favorite watering place, and visited annually by many thousands of persons. About 400 bathing machines are on the beach. Every bather is provided with a costume. The sexes are not separated as at French watering places. Often the luminous appearance of the sea, caused by innumerable mollusca, gives great pleasure to the people, old and young.

Eight miles east is Bruges (Bridges), a fortified city of 50,000 population, and capital of West Flanders. Of all the Belgian cities Bruges has best preserved its mediæval characteristics. Broad streets and quaint homes recall its ancient glory. Here, when Bruges had 200,000 population, richly laden vessels from Genoa, Venice and Constantinople discharged their cargoes. Huge warehouses groaned beneath the weight of Flemish linens, English wools and Persian silks. In 1301, when Joanna of Navarre with her husband (Philip le Bel of France) visited Bruges and beheld the sumptuous costumes of the inhabitants, she exclaimed, "I imagine myself alone to be Queen, but I see here hundreds of persons whose attire vies with my own."

In the marketplace stands the belfry, old and brown, 350 feet high. Its chimes are fine. From the top of the tower one can almost see the length of Belgium, one of the smallest and youngest countries of Europe, and yet second to none in industry and social prosperity of its people. It is so thickly studded with cities and villages that Philip II. of Spain, once said "Belgium is only one

large town." It has been called the Garden and the Cock pit of Europe. Formerly it was said that "Louvain rejoices in her learned men, Brussels in noble men, Antwerp in money, and Bruges in pretty girls." Bruges is connected by two deep channels with the North Sea, one of which terminates at Ostend.

"Fair city, worthy of her ancient fame!
The season of her splendor is gone by,
Yet everywhere its monuments remain:
Temples which rear their stately heads on high,
Canals that intersect the fertile plain,
Wide streets and squares, with many a court and hall,
Spacious and undefaced, but ancient all.
When I may read of tilts in days of old,
Of tournays graced by chieftains of renown,
Fair dames, grave citizens, and warriors bold,
If fancy could portray some stately town,
Which of such pomp fit theatre may be,
Fair Bruges, I shall then remember thee."

In the 14th century Bruges was the commercial center of Europe. Here wealthy citizens retired, and here was instituted the Title of the Golden Fleece, conferred upon those who poured the greatest flood of wealth into its coffers.

Ghent, the capital of East Flanders, is about midway between Ostend and Brussels. The boatmen's houses in Ghent are of quaint architecture, and stand with gables to the street A network of canals spanned by over eighty bridges, branch off in all directions. Fantastic buildings flank streets

and squares; one is called the "Friday Market," where weekly thousands of pieces of linen are exposed for sale. Ghent is called the "Belgium Manchester," and is famous for cotton, linen and lace goods. In the year 1400 the weavers alone numbered 40,000, and could furnish 18,000 fighting men for their guild. A bell was rung several times a day to summon them to their work and to their meals; and while it rang few ventured into the streets lest they encounter the vast living streams of people hurrying in every direction. The Treaty which closed the War of 1812, between Great Britain and the United States, was signed here on December 14, 1814.

Brussels, the Capital of Belgium, is well called a "Paris in miniature." It has gardens like those of the Tuileries, wide boulevards that encircle the city, shops, cafés, and excellent operas and concerts. The Belgians are very fond of music. Brussels, including suburbs, has over 400,000 population.

Belgium is the most densely populated portion of Europe. The people mostly speak French and German. The Germans however are far more numerous. Though the position between France and Germany has made it the battle-ground of Europe, the inhabitants are very peaceful. A network of railways intersects this busy little kingdom. The trade of Belgium is of great importance. Everywhere the people are indefatigable workers. Who has not heard of her fine linens, carpets, porcelains, cotton goods and laces? Lace making

is one of the important industries of Belgium. At an early period Venetian point lace was the most highly valued of all laces. In the sixteenth century Flemish, Brussels Point, and Mechlin laces rivaled the Italian. In Belgium alone 150,000 women are employed in this industry, and there are nearly 900 lace schools. The finest quality is spun in dark, damp underground rooms, to avoid the dry air, which causes the thread to break. This fine thread is sometimes sold at $2500 a pound. There are about 500,000 lace makers in Europe earning from forty to ninety cents a day. At the Exposition in 1867, a lace dress was shown which required forty women seven years to make. The best known English lace is Honiton, so called from a town in Devonshire, and made fashionable because the Queen ordered a wedding veil to be made of Honiton lace. To help the lace workers two of her daughters and the Princess of Wales also followed her example in purchasing this lace. Lace making by machinery was begun at Nottingham, England, at the beginning of the present century, and it has wonderfully cheapened some varieties of lace.

The upper part of Brussels, which was rebuilt after the great fire of 1731, contains the Royal Palace, offices of the Government, the Embassies, and the mansions of the nobility and gentry. In one of these fine houses occurred the well-known ball, given on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo by the Duchess of Richmond, and attended by the Duke of Welling-

ton. It is only ten miles south to fatal Waterloo, where the Man of Destiny received his death-blow.

The lower part of the town is devoted to industry and commerce. To gain a better idea of the ancient glory of Brussels, we visited the large mediæval market-place, and studied the quaint guild-houses, the gables of which contain ships and other symbols suggesting trades or occupations. The Hotel de Ville is also interesting; its principal façade is Gothic in style, and faces the market-place; above the roof rises a graceful open spire. The many niches of the front are filled with statues of Dukes of Brabant.

A race of Celtic origin originally occupied Belgium, which later was overrun by Teutonic invaders; then it was conquered by Cæsar and afterwards by the Salic Franks. Next arose the hereditary principalities of East and West Flanders, both of which attained to great prosperity by their industries, and after severe struggles with France finally became independent. Philip the Bold, and others, loved splendor, and employed artists of every kind. In the sixteenth century the Netherlands suffered greatly under Spanish supremacy, especially under the Duke of Alva, whose extreme cruelty in 1568 resulted in the famous revolt of the United Netherlands.

Holland achieved success while the Southern Provinces continued to groan under the oppressive yoke of the Spaniards, the same as the Cubans of to-day, who must pay to Spain their annual revenue

of $2,000,000. After fierce and protracted struggles, Belgium recovered her civic liberty. Under Archduke Albert and his wife, art in Belgium was encouraged, Rubens was appointed Court-painter and resided at Antwerp, the centre of Flemish art. Many changes took place, till at length, by the Treaty of London of June 28th, 1814, William of Orange occupied the newly constituted throne of the Kingdom of the Netherlands, composed of Belgium and Holland.

Again the Netherlands were separated by the Revolution of 1830, when Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, the favorite uncle of Queen Victoria, ascended the Belgian throne, with the approval of the five Great Powers, taking the title of Leopold I.

The government of Belgium is a constitutional monarchy, but liberal in its tendency. Leopold II., grandson of Louis Philippe of France, was born at Brussels in 1835 and came to the throne on the death of his father Leopold I., in 1865. His father left his son $5,000,000, which had been received from Princess Charlotte of England. Leopold II. is six feet tall, cordial, scholarly, and the most democratic of kings. Of his three daughters, Stephanie in 1881 married Rudolph, the Crown Prince of Austria, who later ended his life mysteriously at Meyerling. His only son died young. He is at the head of the International African Association, under which Mr. Henry M. Stanley, M. P., has established trading stations through the Dark Continent. Scandal and tragedy have hovered about Leopold II. In a

castle near Brussels is confined a raving maniac, the King's sister, Charlotte, the unfortunate Ex-Empress of Mexico. She still calls for her poor Maximilian.

The area of Belgium is about 11,400 square miles. Some of Belgium's districts are the most densely populated of any in the world, except perhaps some of the manufacturing localities in England.

Roman Catholics greatly predominate. The secular clergy number nearly 5,000, and each receives annually from the government an average stipend of about $150. Over 12,000 nuns and sisters of charity are engaged in tuition and attendance on the sick and poor.

As Germany is renowned for castles, and France for cathedrals, so Belgium rightly boasts of her town halls. The Louvain Hotel de Ville is a very rich example of late Gothic architecture. The building consists of three stories, each of which has ten pointed windows in the principal façade, and it is covered with a lofty roof surrounded with an open balustrade. At the four corners and from the center of the gables spring six slender octagonal turrets, terminating in open spires. The three façades are lavishly enriched with sculptures, representing in the lower story representative citizens of Louvain, in the second story mediæval burghers, and in the uppermost story the sovereigns of the land. Though it resembles the town halls of Bruges, Ghent, and other Belgian cities,

yet it surpasses them all in elegance and harmony of design. In 1378 thirteen magistrates of noble family were thrown from its windows, and received by the people below on the points of their spears. Repeated tyrannical acts forced thousands of skilled laborers to transplant their handicraft to Holland and England. The decay of Louvain dates from that selfish period.

The railway to Antwerp, passes north through Vilvorde, a small town, where in 1536 William Tyndale, the zealous English reformer, and translator of the Bible, was chained to a stake, strangled, and burnt to ashes. His last words were, "Lord open the King of England's eyes." The year after his martyrdom the Bible by royal command was published, and placed in every church in England for the use of the people.

Antwerp is the principal seaport of Belgium, and in the 16th century became a cradle of art, second only to Florence.

The modern revival of art, which began about the end of the first quarter of the 19th Century, took its rise in this most interesting city of Belgium. The Academy of Antwerp quickened the study of technique and coloring.

Though Antwerp is sixty miles from the sea, yet the water of the River Schelde is kept thirty feet in depth at high tide. At the height of Antwerp's prosperity in the 16th Century a hundred or more vessels arrived and departed daily. Under Emperor Charles V. Antwerp rivalled even Venice itself.

Her great fairs attracted merchants from all parts of the civilized world. Her decline was largely due to the Spanish sword and the intrigues of her Dutch rivals in trade.

Antwerp is one of the strongest fortresses in Europe. Massive ramparts twelve miles in length surround the city, and Napoleon, recognizing its strategical importance, caused the new harbor and quays to be constructed.

Further east is Liege on the Meuse River. Her 125,000 people are largely engaged in the manufacture of engines, weapons of all kinds, and in the mining of coal.

At length having passed Aix-La-Chapelle, a favorite residence of Charlemagne, we enter the German Empire at Cologne, the metropolis of the Rhenish Provinces. It covers a semi-circle of one mile on the left bank of the Rhine. It was founded 37 B. C. and was named after the wife of a Roman Emperor. Here the mother of Nero was born. In the Middle Ages its Archbishops crowned Emperors. In Cologne was founded the famous Hanseatic League, organized in mediæval times for the protection and expansion of agriculture, commerce, and trade generally. At the height of its power the League numbered eighty-five cities. Finally the attempt to monopolize, to declare war and peace, and exercise sovereign power, brought its dissolution. Its thirty-four parks and squares, its magnificent buildings, in Romanesque and Gothic styles, tell of its former power and grandeur.

Since the overthrow of Napoleon, and its annexation to Prussia, better days have come to Cologne, and to-day it boasts of 150,000 population. Its score or more of factories export cologne to all parts of the world. We enjoyed a brief study of the wonderful cathedral; truly a masterpiece in Gothic architecture.

We made few stops in the Rhine Valley, although replete with castle, story and legend, for our real objective point was Rome, the Eternal City. We went *via* Darmstadt, and came to Munich, the capital of Bavaria, by the Gate of Victory. Louis I. was ambitious to create at Munich a Modern Athens, and the streets are graced with large buildings of Greek, Roman and Moorish styles of architecture. King Louis I. lies buried in an Italian basilica rich in marbles and frescoes. Kaulbach's beautiful frescoes adorn the exterior of the New Pinacothek. This is a repository of modern paintings rich in color, chiefly of the Munich school. The Old Pinacothek has 1400 paintings, many by old masters. No wonder that students from all parts of the world flock to Munich, a veritable paradise for artists. Expenses here are at a minimum, and the interests of art students are recognized by reduced railway tickets, cheap tickets to the Opera, and immunities from arrest, except for grossest crimes.

Much artistic taste is displayed in the cemeteries of Munich. Since the great plague of a century ago a law requires that immediately after death all

bodies, (and the law applies to rich and poor alike), remain in glass covered rooms at the cemeteries for three days prior to burial. Always in sight are lovely children, the middle aged, and white haired, and flowers in profusion. The pale hand of each corpse clings to a handle with wire connection, so that a restored person may ring a bell. The keeper told us that "in a hundred years not a signal had been made." If we so desire, the horrors of corruption may belong to the past, for the future holds for all our cities the ideal crematory. Beneath stately trees a sacred temple is approached. Fondly the ivy clings to the Doric portico. The flower strewn bier is tenderly borne into a high marble hall warmed with stained glass and soft music. The loved one is placed on a dais, and with the words "ashes to ashes" it noislessly sinks from sight. After appropriate words and songs, the dais returns a simple memorial urn, with name, dates, and pure white ashes only, for the spirit has gone to

> "The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
> No traveler returns."

A half dozen hours by rail *via* Rosenheim brought us to Innsbruck, the capital of Tyrol, 1890 feet above the sea. Besides other objects of interest, it is worth while to visit here the museum, which abounds in Tyrolese curiosities, etc. Thence we rode over the Brenner Pass (4588 feet), the lowest of the great Alpine passes, south to Verona, Italy.

In spite of the long tin cylinders of hot water in the cars the night trip was cold and disagreeable.

Verona, situated near the gorges of the Tyrol and surrounded by fortresses, is an important defense of Upper Italy. The city is rightly proud of its perfect Roman amphitheatre, which is in use to-day. Verona is the birthplace of Catullus, the Elder Pliny, Paul Veronese, and other distinguished men.

We entered Venice at four o'clock in the morning, crossing a lagoon from the main land on an embankment thirty feet in width and two miles long. This grand viaduct is supported upon 222 arches.

Scarcely was the early light of dawn visible in the eastern horizon, when at the railway station we took one of the many gondolas, or water cabs, for a hotel which we had selected on advice of our guide book. It was a weird ride indeed, with a trained gondolier in his strange boat, propelled by a single oar, and along the Grand Canal, or highway, dodging other gondolas till the gondolier slowly guided his boat towards some stone steps, and in response to his use of the door knocker, we were given a welcome to our first hotel in Italy. After bread and coffee, nothing seemed so welcome as a rest of a few hours, for the night's ride on the Paduan Railway was a tedious one.

To enjoy Venice profitably one needs to have read Ruskin's Stones of Venice, and other books, and have ten days or more time in this ancient city.

But we kept Rome in mind, hired a good gondo-

lier-guide and started out to do the Grand Canal. Venice is built on piles on a group of nearly a hundred islands in a great lagoon, and is the growth of centuries. These islands are separated by about 150 canals and crossed by 360 bridges.

Venice is most unique in location, construction, and its possibilities of defence. It is defended on the land side by water, and on the east, or sea side, by land, batteries being placed on a narrow sand-bank that also wards off the storms of the Adriatic. For hundreds of years prior to the 16th century Venice was the first maritime and commercial city in the world. The Canalazzo, or Grand Canal, 100 to 180 feet wide, winds through the city in the shape of a letter S, forming a great and central thoroughfare. Our gondola takes us along the smooth, marine Broadway, under the single marble arch, past magnificent palaces and blocks built to the water's edge, on to the Ghetto, or Jews' quarters, and back again to the Rialto. Thence we walked through the Merceria, a series of narrow streets on which are to be found the best shops. Venice is a labyrinth of canals, and walks from four to six feet wide.

Few if any "discovery trips" in Europe afford a grander climax than is revealed on La Piazza, and the Piazzetta, a large and small public square adjoining each other. Facing these two squares stand superb St. Mark's church, with the Clock Tower, the old and new palaces, the tall Campanile or Bell Tower, the elegant Ducal Palace, the Library and

Mint. South or seaward stand the famous granite columns bearing the statue of St. Theodore, and the winged lion of St. Mark. The many colored gondolas, moving vessels, and domed churches on the blue waters form a pretty picture. Weeks are necessary to describe or enjoy the magic and splendor of Venice, Bride of the Adriatic.

We were interested in the manufacture of colored and ornamental glass, including counterfeit gems, jewelry, etc. Though trade in Venice has sadly declined, yet the people are still busy producing woolen cloth, velvet, silks, laces, cloth of gold, mirrors, pearls, etc. Venice also continues to print those editions of the classics which even in early times were celebrated over all Europe.

Our Venetian landlord graciously bade us good morning, and his stairway was lined with servants with outstretched hands.

It is ten miles by rail to Bologna, which is noted for the number of its arcades, also for its picturesque mediæval architecture. The railway, which crosses the Apennines from the plains of Lombardy to the rich valley of Arno, is a grand succession of tunnels, some a mile long, galleries, bridges and viaducts. These wild mountain scenes finally give way to the enticing pictures of the fertile plains of Tuscany, The Garden of Italy.

The hotels and pensions of Florence are good. We enjoyed her ancient bridges over the Arno. The oldest, built in 1235, was recently restored; the Vecchio, built a century later, contains a double

line of shops, in the windows of which goldsmiths hang an infinite variety of pretty things, the Florentine mosaics, ornaments of malachite and coral, strings of pearls, rings and bracelets; another bridge contains statues of the seasons. These old bridges contrast strongly with a couple of modern suspension bridges of iron. Tourists hasten to the Piazza della Signoria, a historic and business center. Here are the Court and Old Capitol of the Republic, which are adorned with beautiful fountains and statues and frescoes by famous artists. Near is the famous Uffizi Gallery, founded by the Medici. It contains one of the choicest art collections in the world, paintings by Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Correggio, etc. Hawthorne says of the inner Tribune where is seen the Venus de Medici, and the Dancing Fawn, that "it is the richest room in all the world, a heart that draws all hearts to it." A covered way across the Arno leads to the Pitti Palace, another fine Art Gallery. The Duomo, or Cathedral, with its wonderful dome, is of white marble, and very grand. Giotto's unrivaled work is the Campanile, 300 feet high, and is coated with many colored marbles and adorned with statues and reliefs by great masters. The three bronze doors of the Baptistery by Ghiberti elicited the well-known eulogy from Michael Angelo, "worthy to be the gates of Paradise." The sun was low when we stepped into Santa Croce where Michael Angelo is buried, and where we saw much fine sculpture and painting, and later, as the sun set in brilliant

colors, we stood together by the grave of Mrs. Browning.

One has choice of four routes to Rome, about 225 miles, from Florence. We were recommended to an excellent pension in Rome on the Piazza di Spagna.

Though the enthusiasm of college days returned, yet we found that to do the Eternal City satisfactorily we really needed a month or more. A dozen good books have been written on Italy, but we were armed with Bædeker's Central Italy and Rome, which, fortunately, had been issued the year before. Nothing better could be desired. It devotes 240 out of 320 pages to Rome and vicinity. It is convenient for the pocket, is comprehensive and trustworthy, and its maps are not surpassed. But its red cover is a tell-tale to hotel runners, guides and beggars. French, as well as Italian, is spoken everywhere. At once we secured the best of guides, and told him just what we most wished to see, and probably not a tenth of the sights in Rome, viz.: St. Peter's, the Lateran, S. Maria Maggiore, and a few only of the 300 churches; the Vatican, Borghese, Barberini, and other Palaces, the ruins of the Forum, the Colosseum, the Palace of the Cæsars, the Baths of Caracalla, certain villas, monuments, and tombs.

The wonder is that St. Peter's was not absolutely spoilt, for several architects, including Michael Angelo, "were inspired;" they made plans, and several changes from its beginning under Julius II. in 1506,

to its completion under Pius VI., in 1780. On its site St. Peter was buried, and many Christians were martyred in Nero's time. Its true grandeur, like that of Niagara Falls, is not usually realized by a single visit. One is too apt to take as standards of measurements tombs, statues and angels within, all of which are of unusual proportions, but when one changes the standards to living, moving figures, then the immensity of the noble structure is better comprehended, and awe and amazement fill the soul.

Protestants as well as Catholics take great interest in St. Peter's, for the expense (fifty millions or more) was so heavy, that Popes Julius and Leo X. resorted to the sale of indulgences to raise money, and this led to the Reformation. The coronation of the Popes is held in the Lateran, which takes ecclesiastical precedence of all other churches in Italy. One's interest rarely ever flags at sight of so many Christian antiquities, sculptures, historic tombs, in this and other churches, most of which are resplendent with gems, precious marbles, lapis lazuli, agate and gilt. We were also much impressed with the continuity and power of the Catholic Church, as we stood in the imposing interior of St. Paul's Church, when we observed above the eighty granite columns of the nave and transept a long series of portrait-medallions of all the Popes in mosaic.

For over five hundred years the Vatican has been the Papal residence. Its ten thousand and more

rooms, with its Museum, Sistine Chapel, Library, etc., afford much of instruction to all who have leisure and desire for knowledge.

We eagerly descend from the Capitol on the south side to examine in the light of college teaching, or better, by actual observation, the ruins of the Forum, Colosseum, the Arches, the Pantheon, (Raphael's Tomb), the Baths, etc. One needs also to see the many treasures of art taken from the débris of the Caracalla Baths and now exhibited in the museums of Rome and Naples, to comprehend fully the size and elegance of the Baths which could accommodate 1600 bathers. The Romans evidently were not strangers to John Wesley's thought, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." Modern Rome occupies the plain of each side of the Tiber and the slopes of seven hills. A few days in Rome sharpens the mind for months of study. Rome in 1870 became a portion of United Italy under Victor Emmanuel.

A night's ride brought us to Naples, or as the Italians, who work for us in Ohio, say, "Napoli". A colony of several hundred Italians from Central Italy and near Naples have of late years come to Lake View, Cleveland, and they work on our roads, farms and vineyards. They are very clannish, cling to the Catholic church, and to gaudy colors for their garments. They beget many children, and to their credit save for homes most of the money earned.

Much of poverty is seen in all the cities of Italy.

Laboring men get from twenty-five to forty cents per day. The wages in America are four times this amount, and the American Italians work hard, save money and are happy.

Naples is chiefly interesting as the metropolis of a region beautiful in itself, and of much historical interest. We economized time enough by taking an early train, fourteen miles south, to visit the chief objects of interest at uncovered Pompeii. Before dawn we saw the molten red lava creeping slowly from the cone of Vesuvius down its slopes.

From Rome to Pisa is over 200 miles, and many prefer to go by rail only to Civita Vecchia and thence take steamer, with fine sea views, to Leghorn, as the coast is flat and uninteresting ; thence eleven miles by rail takes one to Pisa, which is forty-nine miles west of Florence.

The Cathedral, Leaning Tower, Baptistery and Campo Santo are just outside of Pisa and are very interesting. The great bronze lamp, that suggested the pendulum to Galileo, still does duty in the Cathedral. The tall Campanile leans about fourteen feet, and you fear that the ringing of its bells will give gravity another victory. The Baptistery is almost faultless, and its far-famed echo is unsurpassed. A vast corridor encloses the "Holy Ground", which is adorned with sculptures, paintings and monuments. For six centuries the ashes of Pisa's foremost citizens have here mixed with many shiploads of earth brought from Jerusalem.

The journey of a hundred miles by rail to Genoa

is charming. Old towers are seen in several way-side towns, and on the left are the open sea, exquisite bays and coast effects. En route one longs to visit the studios and white marble quarries of Carrara.

Genoa, the Superb, is a famous fortified seaport city of Northern Italy. Crescent shaped and beautiful as seen from the Mediterranean; white houses, imposing churches, rich palaces and picturesque villas stand on ground gradually rising from the shore. Genoa, older than Rome, rival of Pisa and Venice, and mother of colonies, honors herself to-day in claiming Columbus as her child. Near the railway station stands a fine statue to his memory.

I remember as we left Genoa for Milan, the beautiful frescoes that adorn the exteriors of several palaces. When the Southern States recover their wealth, perhaps our American homes and public buildings in the southern climate may likewise be decorated. It is less than a hundred miles north to Milan, capital of Lombardy, a great manufacturing city of 250,000 inhabitants. The cathedral is magnificent and is second only to St. Peter's at Rome. It is 500 feet long and half as wide, with a central spire, 350 feet high. In fact, it is the world's largest Gothic church. It would contain two cathedrals like that of Canterbury. Germany furnished the architect for this Cathedral of pointed style, and France gave 3,500,000 francs to aid in its completion.

As viewed from the central spire, the exterior of

this marble cathedral appears bewildering. Small spires are countless. Three thousand statues and bas-reliefs fill niches every where, and yet there is room for 1500 more. The poet says:

> " 'Tis only in the land of fairy dreams
> Such marble temples rise, bright in the gleams
> Of golden sunshine. Truth here now repeats
> What fancy oft has pictured forth in sleep,
> And gives substantial form to airy flights.
> How bright; how beautiful! The turrets peep
> In snowy clouds, while statues crown their heights.
> Oft does the night these towers in moonshine steep,
> Stirring the soul to poetry's delights."

To the north, east and south the snowy Alps and Apennines fill three-fourths of the horizon. In sight are the lofty peaks of Monte Rosa, the Simplon and St. Gothard, Magenta and other battlefields. Nestling among the hills and not far to the north are the lovely lakes of Maggiore, Lugano and Como. Due west on the sky is outlined Mt. Cenis, beneath which, *via* Turin, we hasten our return to London and Liverpool. On the Mersey River I took leave of Mrs. Bolton, and her face disappeared in the fog as the tender bore her with other passengers to the *S. S. Baltic*, which sailed on Tuesday, November 26, for New York.

Business delayed me in England for over two months, when I started for America, sailing on the *S. S. Adriatic*, Tuesday, February 4, 1879, with good Captain J. W. Jennings.

CHAPTER VIII.

Off Again. A Panacea for Mal de mer. A Judge Its Victim. The Vastness of London. The Museum, where Books are Written. Trafalgar Square. The Old Lady of Thread-needle, St. Wren's Masterpiece. Most Costly and Busy Quarter of London. England's Temple of Fame. How I Lost My Watch. The Lungs of London. Dead a Century. Washington in Tobacco Trade. Lakes Windermere and Grasmere. A White Feather in the Cap of Joseph Chamberlain. Dale, the Beecher of Birmingham. Cardinal Newman, and His "Lead, Kindly Light." Bradlaugh and His Opponent in Baskerville Hall. My Loyal Scotch Friend.

MY second journey to Europe began July 26, 1879, when I sailed from New York on the then fastest steamer afloat, the *Britannic*, of the White Star line. Souls aboard, all told, numbered 427.

The year before I had suffered much from sea-sickness, but believing that I might take several ocean trips, I resolved, if possible, to find a cure for the much dreaded mal de mer. The final remedy was very simple, *viz.*: Exercise on ship-board about as one is accustomed to do on shore. A tape line told me that sixteen times around the promenade deck of the Britannic was a mile. So I took one mile of exercise before and after each meal, or six miles daily, a total of about fifty-four miles for

the voyage. Most passengers walk some each day, if able and the weather is fair, but flee to their staterooms and surrender to Old Neptune, if the "stiff breezes" are entered on the log book. My good friend, Judge B——, was delighted with the salt air and the smooth waters of the Atlantic. On the first day out, as we walked, he said, "It has been the mistake of my life, this permitting business to absorb all my time, and so not see more of the world." Looking out on the soft, blue waters, he again said, "I shall now visit Europe every year." But the breezes came, the odors of soup made him deathly sick, and he became a victim of mal de mer and was confined for days in his berth. Another friend of mine, a merchant from Hartford, sent for me and begged that I would have the Purser order all those who passed his room to wear slippers, as steps in the passage-way, and the gongs for meals made him weary of life.

It was some days before the Judge would permit the steward to help him on deck. His was a doleful story of "the pounding of the ship on the bottom of the sea," and he added that if he "could not return by land he would sell all his American possessions and live and die in Europe."

The *Britannic* homeward bound averaged 333 miles per day, and landed her passengers at Liverpool on August 3 or 4.

My trips here and there in England were made largely in search of orders and new ideas connected with our business, but it afforded me some leisure

and great opportunities to study Shakespeare's " Isle set in a sea of silver."

You feel like rebuking yourself that you understand so little of English history. A college friend, when asked on his return from England, how he liked the British Museum, replied " that he did not know about it." What a loss! For the British Museum contains a vast collection of rare and priceless treasures and curiosities from all ages and parts of the world. Most interesting is the Rosetta stone with three inscriptions, found on the Nile. By means of this stone, Young deciphered the hieroglyphics or picture language of the ancient Egyptians. Here are many galleries devoted to Egyptian antiquities and to Assyrian, Grecian and Roman sculpture. Its great reading room is beneath a glass dome, one hundred and forty feet in diameter—larger than St. Paul's or St. Peter's. Here is mental food for the world. On shelves, in sight, are 80,000 encyclopedias and books most frequently consulted. On 160 miles of shelves, near at hand, are 1,350,000 volumes. The center is occupied by the Superintendent and his assistants. Beneath the counters are the catalogues in over 500 volumes. Little iron cars bring in the books desired. Any person over twenty-one years of age, introduced by a householder of London, can here have a desk, chair, pens, ink and blotting paper free. I know of no place in the world where so much is furnished for so little.

The cab takes us to Trafalgar Square, one of the many fine places in London. From this Square

start the Strand, Pall Mall with its many club houses, and White-Hall that leads to the Parliament Buildings. The Corinthian Column, 140 feet high, is surmounted by a statue of Lord Nelson. At the base are Landseer's celebrated lions. Fronting the Square is the National Picture Gallery, in Grecian style. Its score or more of rooms contain excellent paintings by Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Landseer, Reynolds, Turner, and others.

We took a most enjoyable ride past St. James's Palace, occupied as chief royal residence from William III. to George IV. We witnessed the parade of the Foot Guards, thence along St. James's Park to Buckingham Palace, occupied in 1837 by Queen Victoria as a town residence, and where the magic ceremonies of the Queen's Drawing Room occur, usually in May. After an English young lady has been presented to Her Majesty, she can then enter upon a round of balls, concerts, and other gaieties.

Passing on the right of Green Park of seventy acres, Constitutional Hill leads us to Hyde Park, through which we drove, enjoying magnificent groups of trees, and broad expanses of grass, characteristic of all English parks, well kept flower beds, and especially the brilliant scenes on Rotten Row, near the Serpentine, where the fashionable world in fine weather rides, drives, or walks.

In the Drive are seen handsome equipages which contain beautiful and exquisitely dressed women from all parts of the world. Before admiring

crowds ladies and gentlemen ride their glossy and spirited steeds.

To the west of Hyde Park lie Kensington Gardens with fine avenues and majestic old trees, that lead to the Palace, where May 24, 1819, Queen Victoria was born. Further west is Holland House of historic interest, and near by is the South Kensington Museum, an outgrowth in part of the Industrial Exhibition of 1851. The object of this Institution is the promotion of art through the training of competent teachers, the exhibition of objects of art, the establishment of art libraries, and the foundation of schools of art, the results of which are seen in the recent great progress made in British manufactures.

To the south of Kensington Gardens stands the famous Albert Memorial. On a broad platform approached by many granite steps rises, 175 feet in height, a beautiful Gothic spire, surmounted by angels and a gilt cross. A canopy beneath, supported by clustering granite columns, shields a bronze gilt statue of Prince Albert, late husband of Queen Victoria. The whole is embellished with gems, colored stones, mosaics, and gilding. One hundred and sixty-nine portrait marble figures, of heroic size form a girdle about the base. These represent those who in all ages have excelled in poetry, music, sculpture, painting, and architecture. Other groups of marble represent Agriculture, Commerce, Engineering and Manufacture. On a gold ground, in letters of blue, is the inscription "Queen

Victoria and her people, to the memory of Albert Prince Consort as a tribute of their gratitude for a life devoted to the public good."

The next day we made a delightful excursion on the penny boats, or swift little steamers that ply on the Thames, under the bridges down to the vast docks and ware-houses, that extend for several miles below London Bridge. These docks occupy many hundreds of acres, and cost more than $100,000,000. This constitutes the Port of London, the center from which the enormous commerce of England radiates over the globe. Nothing conveys so good an idea of the great activity, and wealth of London as a visit to her docks, which are occupied by thousands of ships of all nations, that bring home to London foreign and colonial products of every description.

The penny boats continue the journey to the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich on the Thames. The Arsenal covers one hundred acres, and affords work for 10,000 mechanics, who are busily engaged making cannon of wrought iron bars, projectiles, cartridges and other materials of war. For a mile along the Thames extend magazines, which contain enormous stores of war. Of much interest also is the trip up the Thames, either by boat or rail to Hampton Court, which by railway is three-fourths of an hour's ride from Waterloo Station.

You leave London on a viaduct above the streets, and pass through busy Clapham Junction, near Epsom Downs, where the great races, 'The Derby',

and the 'Oaks' take place annually, and finally arrive at Hampton Court. Here the celebrated Cardinal Wolsey built in red brick with battlemented walls, his palace, which finally he presented to Henry VIII. It was occupied as a Royal residence till the time of George II. The gardens are embellished with tasteful flower beds and shady avenues, and the maze, or labyrinth affords amusement to the uninitiated.

Bushy Park is a Royal domain of 11,000 acres, where may be seen the white thorn in beautiful blossom. The chief glory of this park, in early summer, are the blossoms of the horse-chestnut, which are here unequalled in England.

We stopped at Richmond, a park of 2255 acres and a favorite summer resort. The omnibus took us to Kew, where are situated fine botanic gardens, with ferns, orchids, cacti, lilies, and immense palms in large tropical houses. We also paid a visit to the famous Crystal Palace on Sydenham Hill seven and a half miles south of London. The ticket, including return and admission, is only fifty cents. This vast structure of iron and glass is the building used in the first International Exhibition of 1851. The 200 acres and buildings cost $7,500,000, and the expense of this continuous exposition is $1000 per day. A gigantic toy for the English people to play with, said Hawthorne.

The grounds are finely terraced, and everywhere most tastefully embellished with broad walks, shrubberies, flower beds, balustrades, statues, cas-

cades and fountains. The central transept is a third of a mile in length, and the vaulting of glass overhead is fairylike and flooded with sunshine, The enormous roof covers halls used for plays and pantomimes. The Handel Orchestra has seats for 4,000 singers, and the audiences sometimes number 50,000. Roomy corridors contain a series of courts. illustrative of architecture of all ages, and objects of rare interest from round the globe. On the grounds are aviaries, archery grounds, bear pits and curiosities enough to satisfy the most exacting.

The vastness of London reveals itself best, perhaps, by riding down the Thames, or from Greenwich to Chelsea; then by a ride north, south, east and west on the top of an omnibus, in the box-seat with the driver, if possible. A ride takes one through the busy Strand, Fleet Street and Cheapside; and then to the Bank of England, one of the six great centers of life and architecture in the metropolis. The Bank of England is a one-story triangular building with interior windows only, and covering four acres. More rooms are below than above ground. This is a private corporation, founded in 1691 by William Patterson, a Scotchman. Capital $70,000,000. One hundred millions of specie are often on deposit, and as much more of crisp bank notes are in circulation; the average amount daily negotiated is about $10,000,000. The Bank receives for managing the National debt $1,000,000 annually. One thousand clerks are employed. This is the only London bank that may

issue paper money. The bank is guarded at night by one hundred red-coated soldiers. Real estate in this vicinity has sold as high as $4,500,000 per acre. The Bank is lovingly called by the Londoner "The Old Lady of Thread-needle Street," and is revered next to his Queen.

Near by is the Royal Exchange. Its busy hour "on Change" is from 3 to 4 p. m. Across from this busy mart is the official residence of the Lord Mayor, the Mansion House, and in King Street is quaint Guildhall where the Lord Mayor's dinner is given and state policy often made known.

St. Paul's Cathedral, the masterpiece of Sir Christopher Wren, is surpassed only by St. Peter's, and the Cathedral of Milan. It was built two centuries ago in the heart of London. Streets and buildings, however, so hem it in that its colossal proportions cannot be fully realized. Its majestic dome, 404 feet high to the top of the gilt cross, is considered very fine. The gilt ball supporting the cross will hold ten persons. Beneath the dome are buried Lord Nelson and the Duke of Wellington, both winning decisive victories over Napoleon; here also are the tombs of Sir Joshua Reynolds, West Turner, and Howard the philantropist. Above the north door is an inscription in memory of Wren the architect, "Lector Si Monumentum Requiris Circumspice." "If you seek his monument, look about you."

Sidney Smith once said to his vestry, in reference to a block pavement proposed to be built around

St. Paul's, "All you have to do, gentlemen, is to put your heads together, and the thing is done."

It often affords pleasure to go about London without a plan or guide-book, in an aimless and vagabond way; or to follow Hawthorne's frequent habit of plunging headlong into London, and so lose and find yourself unexpectedly among things you have read about.

A most enjoyable walk is out on Westminster Bridge, where is obtained a fine view of the Houses of Parliament, the Cradle of Constitutional Liberty. A hundred plans were offered at the time it was built, Sir Charles Barry's being accepted, and later he was knighted. The architecture of these buildings is of the richest Gothic, and so much of British history has bean carved into the stones, that, if the printed histories of Great Britain were destroyed, most of the British story could be read in the statues and carvings of the exterior and interior of the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey.

How grand is Victoria Tower! It is 70 feet square and 340 feet in height. The Houses of Parliament cover eight acres on the left bank of the Thames. Beyond the huge Clock Tower is historic Westminster Hall, a vestibule of the Houses of Parliament. Beneath its ceiling of wonderfully carved oak, Charles I. and others were tried and condemned to death, and here Cromwell in royal purple was saluted as Protector. Later even Cromwell's head was exposed for thirty years on a pinnacle above, till a high wind carried the bleached skull

to the ground. Surely "Ill blows the wind that profits nobody."

Within the Houses of Parliament are eleven courts, one hundred staircases, and eleven hundred apartments, requiring an expenditure of about $15,000,000. Passing through Westminster Hall, and up a broad flight of stone steps, we enter St. Stephen's Hall, adorned with marble statues of celebrated English statesmen, Hampden, Walpole, Pitt, Fox and others.

Standing in the Central Hall, one can see the Speaker of the House of Commons, who, as he occupies his seat, can behold Queen Victoria sitting on the British throne beneath a richly carved and gilded canopy in the House of Peers, when she opens or closes Parliament.

The House of Peers is larger than the American House of Representatives, and it is one of the most sumptuously finished and decorated halls in the world. Its ceiling is a mass of carving and gold, its walls are beautiful, and the light is admitted through a dozen richly stained glass windows.

The red leather benches are occupied by over four hundred Spiritual and Temporal Peers; most of whom, strange to relate, wear their hats when in attendance. The Lord Chancellor in his three-cornered hat and powdered wig, wearing a crimson and ermine mantle, occupies the large red cushioned ottoman, the famous woolsack, which is placed immediately in front of the throne of Great Britain.

The Tower of London is the most ancient and noted group of buildings in London. It covers fifteen acres on the left bank of the Thames, and originated eight centuries ago with William the Conqueror. The Tower has been fortress, palace, and prison. Here royalty dwelt till Queen Elizabeth's time. Here six Kings and Queens, and others of royal blood met their death. Half of the Tower's terrible history was over before a stone was laid in the Escurial, the Vatican, or the Kremlin. The many sad scenes within its walls have been immortalized by historians and poets.

Within the fortress in Wakefield Tower, a strong iron cage protects under glass invaluable scepters and crowns, which are ablaze with diamonds and brilliant stones. Here the famous Koh-i-Noor, Mountain of Light, is exhibited. Queen Victoria's crown contains pearls, sapphires, rubies, 300 emeralds and 2783 diamonds.

At the foot of a winding staircase were found the bones of the Princes, Edward and Richard, two lovely children of twelve and eight. On the death of their father, King Edward IV., their regent uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, swore allegiance to the elder prince as Edward V., and then threw the helpless princes into the Bloody Tower. Tradition has it that the Duke hired some assassins to smother Edward and Richard in their beds. When their bones were found, Charles II. had them tenderly put in a marble urn, and placed in Westminster Abbey, which spot to-day is called "Innocents Corner."

Westminster Abbey is the only National place of sepulture in the world,—the only spot whose monuments epitomize a people's history. It is a magnificent Gothic church. Westminster Abbey is also called the "English Temple of Fame," and here the aristocracy of brains is enshrined. For many centuries the highest ambition of an Englishman has been to merit a burial within these walls. Nowhere, more than in this grand mausoleum, is the soul so thrilled as one beholds the tombs of royal personages, renowned warriors and statesmen, authors, poets, and celebrated men.

The nave of Westminster is 573 feet long, and the transept is 200 feet. Clustered marble columns support a lofty roof over nave and transept. The harmony of proportion, the richness of stained glass, and exquisite music, fill the soul with delight. Marble statues crowd every aisle. In the south transept is the poets' corner, a shrine sacred to all nationalities. Here busts and statues recall the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer, The Fairie Queene of Spenser, beloved Gray, rare Ben Jonson, melodious Handel, and "myriad minded" Shakespeare. A bust of Longfellow, recently unveiled, makes the "Poet's Corner" doubly dear to every American. The burial of Gladstone here is a fitting testimonial to England's wonderful financier, who opposed war, was an eloquent speaker, a far-seeing diplomat and a Christian gentleman to the end.

The pulpit is built of delicately carved, variegated marbles, and tasteful mosaics. Figures of St. Paul,

St. Peter and the Four Evangelists face the audience, which is always cosmopolitan. The effect of scripture, prayer and song is intensified by the fact that about you are gathered the illustrious dead of centuries.

A bronze tablet in the floor of the Abbey arrests your attention. Underneath it reposes Livingstone, one of the world's most devoted missionaries in the once Dark Continent.

The Coronation Chair was built by order of Edward I. to enclose the Black Stone, which he brought from Scotland, and on which the Scottish monarchs had been crowned since the time of Kenneth II. in 513. All English sovereigns have been crowned in this chair since his time. At the coronation, the chair, covered with gold brocade, is placed in the Choir of the Abbey. Thirteen Kings and fourteen Queens are buried in the nine royal chapels. Near by are the tombs of Mary Queen of Scots, and Elizabeth; both are large marble figures under a canopy. Within the Abbey walls Plantagenets, Lancastrian and Yorkist, Tudors, Stuarts, Catholic and Puritan lie side by side in a league of peace.

The tomb of Henry VII. is in the Henry VII. Chapel, one of the richest examples of florid perpendicular gothic architecture in the Kingdom. The stone roof, with its fan tracery and heavy pendants, is exquisite.

In the highly wrought enclosure of brass are effigies in robes of state, of Henry VII. and Eliza-

beth his Queen, a red dragon supporting their heads. Within black marble coffins repose in peace the ashes of the rival Houses of York and Lancaster. Shakespeare makes these royal Houses challenge each other. The Yorkist says: "Let him that is a true born gentleman from off this brier pluck a white rose with me."

The rival Lancastrian responds: "Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer, pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me."

I recall my experience with Scotland Yard, headquarters of the London police. It was near the close of a sunny day, and I had been walking through the beautiful gardens of the Victoria Embankment when I passed up through Savoy Street to the Strand in search of a cup of tea. A throng of excited people blocked the way. Cabby was in conflict with his passenger, whose face was soiled with blood, and humanity was in sympathy. I, too, became interested, till suddenly I felt my watch chain dangling against my vest, and it flashed through my brain that I was robbed. Sure enough, a valuable gold watch, a gift, had been stolen in broad daylight, on a leading thoroughfare in London. So I hastened to Scotland Yard and told my story to the officer of the day. He promised to include a description of my watch in the police circular sent regularly to the 3,000 pawnbrokers of London. The polite official said that the incident I described was of frequent occurrence in London, and it baffled the police. He added that probably

cabby and the passengers were partners, and that their associates in the crowd relieved a dozen or more sympathetic tourists and passers-by of their valuables. Then the official told me that the day thieves of London were a clever set, and that their ingenuity was surprising. For example, he said, "A very thin old man will lean against a lamp post on a thoroughfare, and suddenly he falls, seemingly in a faint, and the crowd that gathers around to render assistance to the old man affords another rare opportunity for the light-fingered gentry. These methods are only two of many practised in London." Mrs. Bolton found her lost watch in Ireland. I was less fortunate. Twenty-five cent knives and dollar umbrellas are better to lose than more costly ones.

The lungs or breathing places of London are many. St. James, Green and Hyde Parks are three links only in a chain of beautiful pleasure grounds throughout the metropolis. A ride or walk through them for a half day is most enjoyable. Between 5 and 7 p. m., if the weather is fair, the roads of Hyde Park are thronged with carriages and the paths with a fun-loving crowd.

Busy British go up to, and down from, London, and respect the laws of their kingdom. I recall one day seeing in Oxford a crowd of people waiting in front of a fine government building. A showily dressed English official appeared in the door as a carriage drawn by black horses pulled up. All heads were uncovered as the man left the carriage.

I inquired who the two persons were. "The gentleman on the steps is the High Sheriff of the County of Oxford, and the one leaving the carriage is the Judge who comes down from London to hold Court."

Great value is also placed upon profitable business concerns, for often it takes many years to bring a mercantile or manufacturing establishment to a point where the profits for the future are reasonably guaranteed. Then the business goes from father to son, or successors, and is carefully protected. I remember visiting Bristol, and called upon the largest chocolate and cocoa company in England. Entering the office of J. S. Fry & Sons, I inquired for Mr. Fry. "Which Mr. Fry?" was asked. "Mr. J. S. Fry, please." The good nature of the office confused me. Then a clerk replied, "Impossible, sir, for Mr. J. S. Fry has been dead for a century;" but the chocolate and cocoa business went on all the same.

I called upon another firm, one that for several generations had been engaged in the tobacco trade. I was shown an invoice of tobacco made out and signed in the handwriting of George Washington of Virginia. In the back office of this same firm I was also shown many good-sized paintings of very old men hanging on the walls, and was told that these were pictures of their laboring men who had worked for the firm for fifty years. Every employee of fifty years' service was thus honored.

From London we took the Great Western Rail-

way at Paddington Station for Windsor, stopping at Slough, where the Herschels made their important discoveries, and thence drove two miles to Stoke Pogis where beneath the ivy-mantled church tower lies buried the poet Gray, whose elegy has given this spot an immortal charm.

The famous English school, Eton College, built in two large quadrangles, is near Windsor, and here the aristocracy of England in part get their early education. Only a few, however, of the thousand scholars wear black gowns.

Queen Victoria has four Royal residences; Buckingham Palace is her London home, Osborne House on the Isle of Wight is her winter home, and Balmoral in Scotland is occupied by her in the summer. Windsor Castle, built with its many towers, turrets and gateways on a hill, is the most magnificent royal residence in the world.

William the Confessor gave this castle away as a fee for the full remission of his sins. It was soon possessed by William the Conqueror. In Windsor Castle the relentless Barons forced King John to sign the Magna Charta. King John of France, and King David of Scotland were imprisoned in the big Round Tower. Each succeeding British Monarch has made more or less additions to this majestic residence.

From the battlemented Round Tower unsurpassed views are obtained of the vast Royal park filled with ancient oaks that give shelter to thousands of tame deer, of the Thames that waters

three sides of the well kept grounds, and of immense forests and pretty villages in a dozen adjacent counties.

The North Terrace is a third of a mile in length, above which rise the superb State Apartments, and historic rooms. Along the East Terrace stand four imposing towers, which guard the Queen's private apartments, and from which broad stone steps lead into sunken gardens, embellished with shrubbery, flowers, fountains, and statuary, the latter wrought in marble and bronze.

The Queen's private rooms are cheerful and inviting. In Windsor Castle General Grant and family were cordially entertained. Here also came Emperor Nicholas of Russia, Louis Philippe, and Napoleon III. of France bringing costly presents to her Majesty.

The Royal collection of gold and silver plate is guarded by strong vaults. It includes a gold service for 140 persons, which was ordered by George IV.

Visitors when shown through the Castle, see the crimson, the white, and the green rooms, the Royal Library containing 50,000 volumes, the Audience Room, the State Drawing-room, the grand Banqueting Hall, and the Throne Room, all finished and furnished with rich rugs on the floors, carved and gilt furniture upholstered with costly silks, fine pictures by the old masters on the walls, rare vases and other works of art, pottery, marble and cunningly wrought bronze.

Beneath the wonderfully chiseled stone roof of

St. George's Chapel, the Prince and Princess of Wales were married. In this Chapel are installed the Knights of the Garter. Their motto is Honi soit qui mal y pense. Here also lie buried Henry VIII., Lady Jane Grey, George III., George IV., and William IV.

The Albert Chapel was embellished, by command of Victoria, with colored marbles, mosaic figures and richly stained glass, all of great elegance, in memory of the much loved Albert, the Prince Consort. When Albert breathed his last, the Queen sorrowfully said, "There is no one living now to call me Victoria." Both the Duchess of Kent the Queen's mother, and Albert her husband, rest near each other in magnificent tombs, surrounded by shrubbery and trees of large growth.

Queen Victoria was crowned June 21, 1837, and in 1876 she was made Empress of India. For over sixty years this noble woman has honored the British throne, and her Jubilee, celebrated June 21 1887, told how the world honored her. Millions of loyal citizens lined the streets in London as Her Majesty proceeded to Westminster Abbey, drawn in a magnificent chariot by eight beautiful horses, and surrounded by a mounted escort of her sons and grand-sons in brilliant uniforms. Many bells were ringing, and guns were firing, as she entered the historic Abbey, and ten thousand persons, England's aristocracy, rose and sang, Te Deum Laudamus, set to music composed by Prince Albert. At the close of the service the Royal Family kissed her hand, and

she cordially embraced her many children. The reign of few rulers if any, has been so long, so prosperous and so remarkable.

Queen Victoria has ruled over one-third of the land of the globe, and one-fourth of its population. Under her benign influence, slavery has been abolished, the franchise greatly extended, commerce and manufacture increased to an amazing extent, and science and invention developed as never before in the world's history.

During all of Great Britain's late wonderful prosperity Queen Victoria has constantly affirmed that commerce and trade alone will not make a nation great and happy; that England has become happy because of a knowledge of the true God, and of Jesus Christ. The late Cardinal Manning at the time of the Queen's Jubilee paid her a deserving compliment in saying, "that Queen Victoria's home and her court are bright and spotless examples for all who reign, and a pattern for all people."

Senator George F. Hoar graciously said, "Queen Victoria is a type of gentlest womanhood, model of mother, wife and friend, who came at eighteen to the throne of George IV. and William; the Royal nature that disdained to strike at her kingdom's rival in the hour of our sorest need; the heart, which even in the bosom of a Queen beat with sympathy for the cause of constitutional liberty; who laid on the coffin of our dead Garfield the wreath fragrant with a sister's sympathy; to her our Republican manhood does not disdain to bend.

WINDERMERE LAKE.

"The eagle, lord of land and sea,
Will stoop to pay her fealty."

It is less than nine miles from Liverpool to the English Lake District. Windermere Village is a mile or two back from the Lake and on elevated ground. Peeping out of the woods on every hand are pretty cottages and mansions. Orrest Head commands an extended view of Windermere Lake, with its wooded islands, pretty bays, and undulating hills. In the distance are seen many villages and wild peaks. Few spots in England have richer and more varied scenery. From Bowness, a lake port near by, steam yachts and pleasure boats take you down the lake to Newby Bridge. Its Swan Inn was praised by Hawthorne. Tourists walk nine miles, or sail to Ambleside, another favorite center of excursionists. One finds in the English Lake District a labyrinth of delightful trips. Writers pay pilgrimages to Dr. Arnold's lovely cottage, and to Rydal Mount, the home of Wordsworth. Along the roadside are the daisies he liked so much. The poet, his sister and his daughter and Hartley Coleridge are buried at Grasmere at the head of Grasmere Lake. This round lake duplicates in its smooth waters the trees and shrubbery along its banks and up the steep sides of the craggy Loughrigg Fell. It mirrors perfectly Grasmere's single green isle with black firs and gray barn, and the pretty cattle that graze in the green meadows along its shores.

I was so delighted with this beautiful spot, with the tall, sweet grass and field flowers, that I begged to aid the farmers in the hay field, and with coat off I worked, talked, and part of the time slept on new-mown hay till the workmen quit, and the sun had almost set over a wooded peak. No wonder that Scott, Wordsworth and Southey tramped these regions in sweet fellowship. De Quincey, too, lived near Grasmere Lake. This whole country, tumbled roughly together, abounds in scores of lovely vales and zigzag lakes, Ullswater, Derwent water, Coniston water, etc. The people of England, Scotland and Ireland are justly proud of the respective merits of their own Lake Districts.

For some weeks I was busy in Central England and came to know fairly well the city of Birmingham and her busy people. The Cadburys and Steers were very kind to us. The Secretary of the Nettlefolds sent me a ticket to the aristocratic Triennial Musical Festival held at Birmingham. The Nettlefolds, too, dined us at their elegant homes, and gave me a letter to their famous cousin, the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, who was then Secretary of the Board of Trade in Gladstone's cabinet. During an evening spent with him in London, at his request, I said, "Mr. Chamberlain, already you have many feathers in your cap, but I think I can add a small one." "Tell me how," he said earnestly. I replied, "Mr. Chamberlain, it is a shame that it costs $1,000 at least to obtain a British patent, while in the United States it costs

less than $100. (I had just completed papers for an English patent.) And poor men in your country who have inventive brains and no money, lose their rights to patents. Why not copy the Patent Laws of the United States?" "Capital!" he answered. "Can you send me all needed information on the subject?" "Yes," I replied. And on my return to America I went to the Patent Office in Washington and had forwarded to him all the helpful papers possible. Later he urged and succeeded in amending the British Laws, so that to-day the expenses are not much, if any, above those in our country.

In Birmingham I often went to hear Rev. Robert William Dale, the Beecher of Great Britain. Since 1859, till his death in 1895, he was the pastor at Carr's Lane of a splendid Congregational Church. He was a clear and forcible preacher, and everybody in his large audiences seemed to respond earnestly in the readings, and all sang the good old orthodox hymns. We dined at his cultured home, and on retiring to his superb library he smoked a big pipe and talked well. He objected to the "Rev." attached to his name. He wrote much and was an earnest and practical Liberal in politics.

On May 12, 1879, John Henry Newman was made Cardinal, and officiated at the Cathedral in Birmingham. I remember that red carpet was laid for his feet from the carriage to the altar. I recall an oldish man, with red cap, slowly walking up the aisle, and all the people rose and bowed low as the

Cardinal entered the pulpit. His voice was low and sweet, and every word came as from a father to his children. England was alarmed that so clever a Protestant should leave the Anglican Church, and become a Roman Catholic prelate. His "Tracts of the Times" were read far and wide. These may be forgotten, but not his sweet hymn sung by all people, "Lead, Kindly Light," which was written during a Mediterranean voyage, 1832-1833.

My English landlord, Mr. Whitworth, who took me to hear the great Catholic Cardinal, said to me, "Now you have listened to our famous Protestant and Catholic preachers; will you go with me next Sunday to Baskerville Hall to hear my preacher, Mr. Charles Bradlaugh?" "Yes," I answered. "When we go," he added, "I want you to put in writing one or more questions for Mr. Bradlaugh to answer, as he desires this of the people." "All right," I answered.

Mr. Bradlaugh was a radical politician and a strong advocate of secularism. From 1880 to 1886 he was elected several times to Parliament from Northampton, but on atheistic grounds he refused to take the Parliamentary oath, and so was not allowed to sit on affirmation. Finally, however, he took the oath and was admitted.

He lectured all over Great Britain, and prided himself on his ability to confuse and defeat his opponent, or a questioner, especially on religious matters.

I consulted with a Scotch Covenanter, stopping

at the same hotel, about Bradlaugh and our three questions. Finally we decided to fortify ourselves with a single question. We went to the Hall, which was crowded. The service began without Bible or hymns. Mr. Bradlaugh was a tall and powerfully built man. He talked vigorously for an hour or more, giving his reasons for atheistic beliefs. At the close he called for oral and written questions. A slender youth rose and tremblingly asked "Does Mr. Bradlaugh believe the Bible?" "What part of the Bible?" he asked. "Limit your question to some definite book, or chapter, or verse." The boy replied, "How about the Book of Genesis?" Then Bradlaugh told the boy that the first chapter states that God created man, and the second chapter says that "there was no rain upon the earth, and there was not a man to till the ground." "Which chapter tells the truth?" Of course the boy was confused; Bradlaugh with loud voice commanded the boy to answer, but he could not. Next he made a show of reading the written questions. He fumbled a certain piece of paper and laid it down with the sarcastic remark, "Evidently the man who wrote that question does not know the English language." This for me was bluff enough from a big Englishman. I whispered to the Scotchman, "Stand by me now and we will have some fun." Mounting my chair, I said, "Mr. Chairman, (Whitworth, my landlord), I need not tell your people that I am from America. Shall I have fair play in this Hall?" Everybody shouted,

"Hear! Hear!" for Englishmen pride themselves on their love of fair play. Then I added, "Why does Mr. Bradlaugh ask for questions and push them aside with a sneer? This last paper he failed to read is my question, and perhaps I too have thumbed the Greek and Latin Lexicons. Please let me repeat the question." And I gave it as follows: "Has not the Bible for centuries given the best account of man as defective? If not, please state the book that has?" Now came Mr. Bradlaugh's chance. The Scotchman in the hotel had told me that his strongest line of attack was to catechise his opponent. So at once he asked me, "What do you mean by the word 'defective'?" Immediately I answered, "Mr. Bradlaugh, select your own definition of the word; go ahead and give an answer." Had I used the word "sinner", he might have asked me what I meant by "sinner" and soon put me in deep theological waters. He talked loud and long, but he neither answered the question nor satisfied the much excited audience. Whereupon I again mounted my chair, and said, "Everybody is witness to the rude treatment given the slender and pale lad. The Saviour would have gently led the inquiring boy into the light, but not so with Mr. Bradlaugh. He demanded emphatically of the innocent lad a Yes or No." The audience for a time drowned my voice with "Hear! Hear!" I now imitated Bradlaugh's tone of voice used with the boy; "Come, Mr. Bradlaugh, the question is still unanswered, and I demand

WORDSWORTH'S HOME AT RYDAL MOUNT.

GRASMERE CHURCH, THE SITE OF WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE.

emphatically a Yes, or No." He got angry, using both his tongue and arms, windmill style, and said, "No." Then I said: "State the book which has, for our question is still unanswered." Had he answered "Shakespeare," I was forearmed with a book, found in an old London bookstall, which quoted scores of pages from Shakespeare, and on opposite pages the Bible verses which had aided the great poet. But the big agnostic again swung his arms and brought his fist down on the table (forgetting the meeting had a chairman), shouting, "I declare this debate and meeting closed." A howl of disapproval went up from lusty English throats. Next morning Birmingham papers had long racy accounts of "How the Young American Worsted Bradlaugh." Our success perhaps lay in the fact that we confined ourselves to one carefully worded question, and demanded an answer.

CHAPTER IX.

En route to Berlin. Rotterdam and the Hague. Whence the Pilgrims. The Prince of Orange. Queen Wilhelmina. The Happy Bathers. A Flower Mania. Windmills for Dowry. They Dwelt like Rooks. Cruel Duke of Alva. A Master of Light and Shade. Off for Hanover. Leipsic and Books. The Madonna, aud Green Vault at Dresden. Ancient Prague and Rich Garnets. Hero Radetzky. Intelligent Berlin. The Royal Arsenal, and Von Moltke. The Hohenzollern Ghost. The German Throne Room. Prince Bismarck. Frederick the Great. His Palace and Dogs. The Famous Windmill. A Royal Wild Boar Hunt. Emperor William in his Study. Heroic Louise, and her Exquisite Mausoleum. The Genius of Germany.

WITH business and sight-seeing in mind, on October 14, 1879, at 4:45 p. m. I took the London, Chatham & Dover Railway for Rotterdam, and Russia *via* Berlin. We came thirty-five miles to Queensboro by train, thence on the new side-wheel steamboat "*Princess Marie*," across the Channel and up the Scheldt River to Rotterdam, arriving at 4:45 a. m. The gorgeous sunrise seemed to set on fire all the river shipping and spires of the Dutch City. Rotterdam, with 160,000 population, second only to Amsterdam, is a clean city, and full of busy people. They are proud of the statue of Erasmus, a man who filled all Europe with his fame in the 15th

and 16th centuries. Left an orphan at thirteen, and later in abject poverty by indiscreet guardians, yet he became the most learned man of his time. He was a lecturer in Cambridge, England, and was invited to all parts of Europe because of his scholarship. His works are preserved in eleven large volumes.

En route to The Hague we stopped at Delft, once famous for its pottery, to look at the fine monument to William the Silent, the Prince of Orange. He was scholarly, rich and noble. He took command of the Army against the cruel Duke of Alva who acted for Philip II. of Spain, conquered the Spanish, and became the "Father of the Dutch Republic," which flourished till the time of Napoleon. The Republic of Holland had been a grand teacher, however, for the little company who received the blessing of their pious minister, John Robinson, as they set sail for the New World, to suffer and triumph in giving religious liberty to a mighty Nation.

The Hague, originally the hunting-seat of the courts of Holland, is a beautiful city with broad, handsome streets, elegant business blocks, fine homes, and spacious squares. For centuries it has been the favorite residence of the Dutch princes. Besides its beautiful park three miles long, with its lakes and flowers, its picture gallery is the chief attraction. Here are some of the masterpieces of Rembrandt, who was born in a windmill, poor and unknown.

In the northern part of the city stands a bronze statue of William I. Prince of Orange. On the pedestal are the arms of the seven provinces. He was assassinated in 1584, by a man who received 25,000 gold crowns from Philip II. for his dastardly act.

Beautiful Queen Wilhelmina, when eighteen years old, was crowned Queen of Holland. She was born at The Hague August 31, 1880. The young Queen speaks several languages, is fond of music and pets, but best of all, her subjects are very fond of their lovely and loyal Queen.

Thousands annually visit not far away the noted watering place of Scheveningen with its sandy beach and strange bathing wagons. The fishermen here are quaint in dress and independent in spirit. The railway for twenty-six miles north to Haarlem parallels the sea, and it passes through Old Leyden, famous among other things for the fierce siege of the Spaniards in 1574.

Haarlem is clean and attractive. Its defense, against the Spaniards, though a failure was heroic, even the women earnestly aiding. The slaughter of prisoners was terrible. The city is famous for its horticulture. The trade in flowers has been a specialty in Haarlem for centuries. Whole fields of hyacinths, tulips, crocuses and lilies, with their brilliant colors, are seen on the south and west sides of the town. Two and a half centuries ago the flower trade became a mania with the people, so that a rare bulb sold for 13,000 florins. One town

gained 10,000,000 florins in a single year by the sale of tulip roots. A century later this mania for speculation in flowers repeated itself. Each time everybody speculated, some made fortunes, while others were ruined.

We find Holland picturesque with windmills, used for grinding corn, sawing timber, and pumping water from the low ground into canals which carry it to the sea. Often they occupy ramparts and seem to afford defense with their gigantic arms. Some of these windmills are very large, each sail exceeding sixty feet in length. Some are of stone, some of wood, most have a thatched roof, and windows with white curtains and green doors. A man's wealth is often measured by his windmills, and they say of a girl that "she has one or two windmills for a dowry." "Pleasure and Repose," "Without Care," and other mottoes appear on their doors. In area and population Holland, like Great Britain, is the center of a large outlying Kingdom. The Netherlands are only one-fifteenth in area, and contain less than one-sixth of the population of the Dutch possessions.

Northeast, and we come to Amsterdam, the first city in Holland. Late at night we stopped at the Bible Hotel. The name indicated at least that it might be a temperance house. In the morning I was surprised that liquors at the hotel bar were being sold in great variety, and still more surprised, when, standing on the opposite side of the street, I saw a big gilt Bible used as a sign by the proprie-

tor. One could read, " Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities." I. Timothy, Chap. V. ver. 23.

At the Gallery in Amsterdam is the Night Watch, considered Rembrandt's greatest work. Amsterdam is justly proud of the great Rembrandt, whose statue in the city is fine. He was the son of a miller, and when about twenty years old he fitted up a studio in his father's mill. It is thought that by observing the light in his lofty chamber, which came from one small window, he became a master of light and shade, and excelled in vigor and realism. Pupils came to him from all parts of Europe, and he taught them for $50 a year. He died in comparative poverty. Long after his death London paid $25,000 for one of his 640 paintings. The Flemish artists represented the religious life, and the Dutch the home life and everyday manners of the people.

We reached Hanover on October 17, and found a thriving city, which was formerly the capital of the Kingdom of Hanover. But Bismarck abolished the Kingdom, and now it is the chief city of the Prussian Province of Hanover. Since 1866 its growth has been rapid, and the city is proud of her buildings, parks, and schools. From Hanover I journeyed *via* Cassel to Leipsic, about the size of Hanover, and the center of the German book trade. Here are nearly a hundred printing-offices and three times as many booksellers' shops, whence books are forwarded to all parts of the German Empire,

WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS.

Europe, and to more distant countries. Here is a very old and important University, and handsome theatre, museum, etc.

The Michaelmas Fair was in progress, and the town was crowded with thirty or forty thousand traders from all Europe, and from the East came Armenians, Bulgarians, Greeks, Jews and Turks. Sometimes $5,000,000 worth of furs annually change hands, and many millions worth of leather, cloth, linen, woolen goods, and glass are bought and sold. I enjoyed mingling with the peasant people from the mountains, who were at the Fair to sell their humble wares, and I made a few purchases.

From the tower of Pleissenburg we had a bird's-eye view of the Battle of Leipsic, or the "Battle of Nations," which lasted from the 16th to the 19th of October, 1813. Napoleon's forces probably numbered less than 150,000, and the Allied troops twice as many. The Allied armies lost about 50,000, while not more than 90,000 of the French army on October 19 began their retreat to the Rhine.

On October 20-22 I visited both Dresden, and Prague. Dresden, the capital of the Kingdom of Saxony, is sometimes called the "German Florence." It is separated by the River Elbe into the Old City, and the New City, which are connected by arched bridges. Dresden is also called the cradle of Rococo Art, its essential features being chiefly a revival, or an exaggeration perhaps, of the style of the age of Louis XIV. and XV., in respect to architecture, exterior and interior, furniture, landscape

gardening, etc. Two leading events in the history of art in this city are the founding of the Zwinger, and the invention in 1709 of porcelain by Böttcher.

Near the old bridge on the left bank of the Elbe is situated the favorite Bruhl Terrace or promenade, the Palace Museum, the Zwinger, the Green Vault with valuable jewels and curiosities, and the Picture Gallery with the Sistine Madonna and other precious paintings.

In the New City, on the right bank the Royal Library and the Japanese Palace are of interest, as also is the Grosse Garten, a royal park southeast of the city. The suburbs of Dresden are beautiful.

The ride of 118 miles south to Prague is through Saxon Switzerland. The sandstone mountains assume the most grotesque shapes, partially clothed with ferns and mosses, the gorges are wild and wooded, and the lofty abrupt peaks resemble gigantic castles.

Prague is the ancient capital of Bohemia, and is located midway between Berlin and Vienna. The Kingdom of Bohemia, the northwestern division of the Austrian Empire, is about half the size of the State of Ohio. This extensive upland valley is surrounded by mountains, which furnish valuable minerals and precious stones. The population of Bohemia is about five millions; of Prague, about two hundred thousand, over half being Bohemians. The city boasts of many interesting mediæval buildings. Above all, like a capitol, is seen the venerable castle of Hradschin, with its tall cathedral tower and

series of palaces. Here the Bohemian kings lived for centuries. From one of its windows, 80 feet above the ground, members of the Imperial Government were thrown by Bohemian nobles, an act which virtually began the Thirty Years War.

We cross the Charles Bridge, which is one-third of a mile in length. It has sixteen arches, and was built over 500 years ago. Ancient towers of defense stand at each end, with statues of rulers. For ten years, heads of Protestant Noblemen were exposed to view on the tower at the east end. Thirty statutes and groups of saints adorn the buttresses. A bronze statue of Bohemia's patron saint, St. John Nepomuc, is noticed. Five centuries ago the priest's body was flung from the bridge for refusing to betray an Empress' secret confided at confessional, and according to a legend, five bright stars for some time hovered over the body. Later he was canonized by the Pope. Thousands of devotees perform pilgrimages to this bridge on May 16th, the saint's festival.

You rarely tire of wandering in these quaint streets, and without urging, you buy artistic Bohemian glass, exquisite laces made in the mountains, and beautiful garnets famous over Europe. Huss and Jerome, by their vigorous protest against some beliefs of the Catholic church became harbingers of the Reformation; they were here burned, and their ashes cast into the Rhine, which bore them on to the ocean, and became a symbol of the truths which they uttered, and which have blessed

the whole world. Early in the 17th century, three fourths of Bohemia was Protestant. In the very year the Pilgrims landed in New England, Ferdinand V. gained a victory at Prague, brought persecution unparalleled, and three thousand Protestant families were driven into exile. In later years, under a more liberal system, Bohemia is advancing in prosperity.

Near St. Nicholas' Church is the Radetzky Monument, erected in 1858 by the Bohemian Art Union to the memory of Joseph Radetzky, a Bohemian general, who was chief of the staff of Field Marshal Swarzenberg, and helped to plan the battle of Leipsic, where Napoleon Bonaparte was overwhelmed. Most of the military orders of Europe honored this hero, who died in 1858 at Milan, ninety years old. The Marshal, in heroic size, with flag in hand, stands on a shield borne by eight soldiers.

We left Prague at 10:45 p. m., and arrived at 8:30 a. m., next day in Berlin, city of intellectual development in Northern Germany, and capital of the German Empire. Though built in the midst of a sandy desert, Frederick the Great planned that it should be a worthy capital. We visit the Thiergarten, an attractive park west of the city, which abounds in small lakes and lovely drives. Along this roadway on March 17, 1871, marched Emperor William and his victorious army returning from Paris. In sight stands the Monument of Victory. Doric columns support a roof decorated with lions' heads, beneath which is the Hall of Victory. On

the walls are bronze reliefs, and mosaics which commemorate the victories and restoration of the German Empire 1870–71. From the hall rises a column of yellowish gray sandstone, in the twenty flutings of which are three rows of Danish, Austrian, and French cannons, sixty in all. The capital is formed of eagles and crowned with a Borussia. We pass beneath the Brandenburg Gate, made a century ago, in imitation of one at Athens 70 feet high and 200 feet wide. The middle passage is reserved for Royalty. It stands at the head of the Avenue Unter den Linden, 165 feet in width, and shaded with lime trees. This Avenue is flanked with handsome palaces, hotels and shops. The Car of Victory that rides this splendid gateway is of copper. It was taken to Paris by Napoleon, but properly returned in 1814.

Berlin is growing rapidly, having a population of 1,300,000 (1885). The city is three times the size of Boston, and is not inferior in well-equipped schools, well paved streets, and benevolent institutions. Taxes in Berlin are low, and the city is mainly governed by forty-eight capable committees of the city council. The Germans are conservative, but thorough in what they undertake. "Don't jerk the strap that way, it rings the bell at both ends of the car," said the angry conductor to a German, excited because the horses didn't stop. "I rings him dat vay, because I vants him to stop at both ends."

"Berlin is one of the best cities of Europe in

which to study Art," said our Ambassador, Andrew D. White, late President of Cornell University. Everything in art in the Museum and elsewhere is most orderly in arrangment. The University has thousands of students; the Royal Library nearly 1,000,000 volumes. Technical and other valuable schools are carefully encouraged.

The Royal Arsenal stands opposite Emperor William's Palace at the east end of the Unter den Linden. It is 213 feet square and one of the finest in Europe, and within are 100,000 fire-arms, French cannon, two battlefield pieces, captured flags, etc. The streets of Berlin and other German cities abound in military men. Every German is subject to military duty, and cannot perform it by proxy. He must serve three years in the standing army, and four on the reserve. For pay he receives clothes, breakfast, dinner and about thirty cents per day. Every soldier is a thinking machine. Cavalry regiments are drilled in the art of swimming rivers. The annual cost of the German army and navy is over $100,000,000. The genius that presided over the War Department was Count von Moltke, "The Silent," who held his tongue in seven languages. He was born in Mecklenburg October 26, 1800, and died in Berlin, April 24, 1891. He was tall, slender and erect, and had gray eyes, a beardless face and auburn hair. He wore his cap and long military coat until he died. People often met him unattended in his walks through Berlin. Though saluted by every soldier he met, he retained

a mysterious manner which was not broken even at Sedan.

Young Von Moltke was schooled in military at Copenhagen, and later at Berlin, and was made captain. For several years he served under the Sultan, and while in Turkey he wrote a series of letters to his only sister, who had married a Mr. Burt. Burt's daughter, only sixteen, was so delighted with these that on Captain von Moltke's return, although he was over forty, she loved and married him. She is buried at his summer home; Von Moltke designing the tomb, the key of which he always carried. While alive he visited the place daily. In his sleeping room, furnished only with an iron easy bedstead, are two pictures of his wife. He rose regularly at five, and came to his study at seven. He made his own coffee over a spirit lamp, and wrote till nine. His motto was "Erst wages dann wagen." "First weigh then venture." "Father Moltke," as the soldiers called him, planned the Franco-Prussian War. He was made Marshal in Chief, received the Orders of the Iron Cross and of St. George, the latter the highest in the gift of the Czar. When praised he said, "I have but done my duty."

The Royal Palace is opposite the old Museum and was built two hundred years ago, 1716. It is 552 feet long, has 600 apartments, and is entered by five portals. We pass through one of the five grand entrances, and climb the Staircase of Honor, which is embellished with candelabra, and marble

statues of the German Emperors, Constantine, Charlemagne and others. This staircase leads to a Hall with full-length portraits of all the Kings of Prussia, and Queen Louise's graceful figure in white and gold. Passing through several rooms we enter the historic White Saloon, which is the largest room in the Palace, 100 feet by 40 feet high. Two ranges of arcades rise one above the other. The silvered capitals support white marble statues of the twelve Electors of Brandenburg. Above these is the vaulted and richly decorated roof, from which are suspended many brilliant chandeliers. It is said that here, before the death of any member of the Hohenzollern Family, a ghost appears. The Countess Agnes of Orlamunde was in love with Albert of Nuremburg. He could not marry, he said, "because four eyes stood in the way," meaning his father and mother. She supposed he meant her two children, and so had them suffocated. Stricken with horror, Albert told her of her terrible mistake, and of course could not marry her. The Countess sank into her grave in keen remorse. Now her spirit, it is believed, haunts the Halls of the Hohenzollerns.

We pass into the Throne Room, which is decorated in white and gold. The silver throne and shield are seen against the crimson, which is profusely covered with tiny golden crowns; above is suspended a heavy silvered quartz chandelier, and against the wall is a music balcony. In this Palace the Emperor dines annually with all who wear for

bravery the Order of the Iron Cross, which was founded on the first anniversary of the death of heroic Louise. This Order is much sought after by the Germans.

For a long time a greater power than even Emperor William was Prince Otto von Bismarck, who was the real power behind the throne. He was Chancellor of the German Empire, in fact, its creator, and in some respects the greatest man in Europe. He was born April 1, 1815, and died 1898. He was tall, strongly built, and had large eyes. His thick mustache, spiked helmet and dignified movements gave him a decidedly military bearing. "Never mind," was his motto cut in an iron finger ring. Bismarck came from a fine family, but was not Gladstone's equal as a scholar or gentleman. Bismarck said that "the great questions of the day are to be decided by iron and blood." His oratory was like a sledge hammer, and with a smile or frown he filled all Europe with hope or fear. M. Jules Favre was astonished at the indemnity asked of France, 5,000,000,000 francs, and said of counting it, "even if a man had begun to reckon at the birth of Christ, he would not have finished at the present time." Bismarck, turning to a Jewish banker, coolly replied, "I have brought with me this gentleman, who counts from the time of Father Abraham." And France was compelled to pay even to the last franc. After the Franco-Prussian War an estate worth over a $1,000,000 was given to Bismarck. Most of his time till his death in

1898, was spent at Varzin. Bismarck was a large paper maker, distiller and timber merchant. His Berlin residence was at 76 Wilhelms Strasse. Bismarck said, "A really great man is known by three signs: Generosity in the design, humanity in the execution, and moderation in success." It was once said that the will of Bismarck was the voice of fate.

Near the Royal Palace is the statue of Frederick the Great. It is one of the grandest equestrian statue monuments in Europe. The pedestal is of polished granite; at the corners, and intervening, are spirited groups of Frederick's Generals. Higher up are scenes in his early life. He was dragged and kicked about by his father, and would have been killed had not Royalty interfered. We see the great King on horseback in bronze. He was ambitious, and said, "he desired people to talk about him, and so made war." He never minded libels. "My people are to say what they like, and I am to do what I like." He was an able soldier, good musician, and a tireless worker, rising at four and retiring at midnight. He wrote twenty-five octavo volumes in odds and ends of time, prized every moment, and made Prussia one of the "Five Great Powers." He sent his sword to Washington with the words "From the oldest general in the world to the ablest."

Our clever guide took us sixteen miles southwest to Potsdam, a garrisoned city of 50,000 population. About what Versailles is to Paris, that Potsdam is

to Berlin. The situation is charming, upon an island in the Havel, which expands into a series of lakes and is surrounded by wooded hills. Potsdam is greatly indebted to Frederick the Great for its modern splendor.

The new palace at Potsdam was built by Frederick the Great at the close of the Seven Year's War at vast expense, to correct a report that the war had impoverished his purse. The palace seems overloaded with costly statues. Its construction, however, nearly bankrupted Prussia. Pride and architects ruin many. Most of the 200 apartments are richly decorated and furnished. When completed, Frederick said that he had no further use for it, as he had demonstrated to the world that a determined will can accomplish much. He lived at the Palace of Sanssouci, a building of one story. His rooms are preserved almost unaltered. The fine upholstery was torn by his favorite dogs, whom he buried with his favorite horses just outside the palace.

Back of Sanssouci is the famous Windmill, which reminds one of Holland. The mill is historic. Royalty wanted the land, but the honest owner, a miller, would not sell the mill, saying that the just German laws would sustain his title; and though the King was plaintiff, the Court justly sustained the title as valid in the mill-owner.

Before setting out from Potsdam we attended a wild boar hunt in the Royal Pine Forests. The Germans are fond of hunting the wild boar, as the

Russians are of following the bear, or the English the fox. Carriages soon brought us into the beautiful forests. The woodlands of Germany cover one-fourth of the Empire. Greatest attention is paid to forest culture, while Americans criminally waste their supplies of wood. At 12 o'clock a brilliant assembly of Royalty and nobility had gathered. Fine music was furnished by a military band. The wild boar, with tusks cut short, was allowed to escape from a log pen, and given ten minutes the start. I saw a hundred hounds, that sat in a circle on their haunches. Suddenly, a blast from the horn, and away flew the hundred hounds, followed by a hundred eager hunters in hot haste. Within an hour the wild boar was brought back, maimed and dead.

I am glad that most Americans are too refined to engage in the sport of torturing innocent animals, and that we are busy building up a grand and free Nation.

Again we return to Berlin. When the Emperor William was twelve years old, though in delicate health, his mother one day said to him, "William, you see me weep; when I am no more, be not satisfied with tears, but deserve the fame of a hero, and under God you may deliver your suffering country." William had spent his life in uniform. He was a man of twenty-five years when General Grant was born. On the seventieth anniversary of his military career, the officers of his army presented to him a

FOUR GENERATIONS IN THE GERMAN IMPERIAL FAMILY.

golden sword, and engraved thereon were the names of his many battles.

We visited the late Emperor William's study. He daily consulted a calendar of Bible texts and proverbs. His first visitor was the Doctor, who prescribed for the day. On his desk was a lapis-lazuli paper weight, and often his favorite blue corn flowers, which were once made into a little crown for him by his mother when a broken carriage delayed the Royal family escaping from Napoleon's victorious arms. His work-table faces the Linden. In sight are army papers and books, one the Bible, photographs of his family, statuettes and busts of German heroes. On the wall is a large painting of the Empress, the "Dear Augusta" of his pious telegrams sent from France. Though on her knees Augusta besought her husband not to heed Bismarck's suggestions for a reunited Germany, yet as the war began she penned patriotic appeals to the women of Germany to send succor to the Rhine. On the wall also hangs a painting of beautiful Queen Louise, mother of Emperor William, and wife of Frederick William III. whose statue is at Cologne.

When Frederick William III. first saw Louise, he said mentally, in the words of Schiller, "'Tis she or none on earth." Louise was a woman of remarkable beauty and heroic character. Goethe said of her and her sister, both dressed in white at their marriage, "I could only compare them to two celestial beings." She was sympathetic, cheer-

ful, frank, intelligent, a model of punctuality, had the sweetest smile, and was as gentle as a child. Through her influence Alexander of Russia, and Frederick her husband, at the tomb of Frederick the Great, grasped hands, the midnight stars acting as witnesses, and there she had them swear everlasting hostility to Napoleon, who seemed to play with the thrones of Europe as a pastime. In the war that followed, Louise inspired her timid husband with unflinching courage; she even appeared in uniform at the head of the troops, by whom she was idolized. Her touching words often to the soldiers were, "My children, fight like Prussians." But Napoleon conquered and humiliated Prussia, even capturing several standards embroidered by Louise, whose beauty Napoleon said "was as fatal to Prussia as that of Helen was to the citizens of Troy." Napoleon caused scandalous things to be published about Louise, because she hated him, while he was infatuated with her. He met Louise at Tilsit; she had but one theme, "Prussia, Prussia!" Yet the great indemnity fixed on Prussia sadly impoverished the Kingdom and the Royal Family. Her son, Emperor William, was noble, came to be a very old man, strong and reliable. The Emperor lived to know seven generations. He was born March 22, 1797, and from the land of tall men, was much above the average height. A bristling mustache concealed his thin lips, and his shaggy eyebrows half concealed his bright gray eyes. His checks even in old age were tinged with

red. As was his custom, he slept, till he died, March 9, 1888, on an iron cot-bed, at the head of which stands an exquisite marble of his mother, Louise.

Retracing our steps west through Berlin, we visited the Park at Charlottenburg; an avenue of stately pines leads to a grand Mausoleum built in Doric style, and one of the most beautiful royal tombs in the world. Here rest the remains of Queen Louise, and Frederick William III., who, after the first victory in 1814 of the Prussians over Napoleon, laid a laurel wreath on the tomb of his wife. In an ante-room are seen the wreaths brought here by her seven children on the first anniversary of their mother's death. The timber cutters, coal heavers and amber workers felt that what Louise touched was holy; she "loved us all," they said. When Napoleon III. declared war, King William knelt in his mother's tomb for inspiration and approval, and the German banners bore into France their constant prayer, "Gott Mit Uns." Emperor William, returning to Berlin at the head of his victorious army, again hastened to this sacred spot and placed a wreath of laurel over his mother's brow, and thanked God for a reunited Germany.

Beautiful Louise, whom every German round the world honors, seems in a quiet sleep, but she has ceased to suffer for the wrongs of Prussia; the heart beneath those shapely hands of marble is silent, but her spirit lives. Queen Louise, more than any other woman in history, has, through her son William

controlled the destinies of a mighty Empire. A soft blue light bathes the exquisite statue. How lovely the face!

"They made her young and lovely;
The sculptor would not trace
A single line of pain or tears
Upon that sweet, sweet face.

Rest, thou Genius of Germany;
Full sixty years have passed,
But thy boy, the gray haired Emperor,
Has kept his word at last.

CHAPTER X.

The Start from Berlin. Through Eastern Prussia. Passport Demanded. A Few Russian Words. Arrival at St. Petersburg. Ride in a Drosky. Peter's Paradise. His Wonderful Energy. Builds Boats in Holland. Studies London. Peter's Glory is Petersburg. Canals and Bridges Everywhere. The Grandfather of the Russian Navy. Elegant Palaces, Churches, Monuments, etc. Catharine the Great. Her Superb Palaces aud Museum. Magnificent St. Isaac. The Imperial Library. Alexander I. Column. The Russian St. Peter's. Fine Interior. Alexander II., the Liberator. The Freed Serfs. The Fata Bomb, and the Burial of an Emperor. The Theatre and Drama. Alexander III. and Queenly Dagmar. His Silver Calling Card.

WHILE in Berlin Augustus Müeller was my faithful guide. He had served in Berlin as Guide to the late active Emperor of Brazil, Pedro II., who was famed for the protection he accorded to science and literature, and who was greatly respected at home and abroad.

On Saturday, October 25, I sold forty English pounds for 808 German marks (the mark, equivalent to the English shilling, is divided into 100 pfennigs), and bought 200 Russian rubles for 435 marks. The ruble is a silver coin of Russia equal in value to 100 copper copecks, and worth from seventy-five to eighty-six cents.

In my journey thus far I had made several small purchases, and to be relieved of them I expressed a box back to London. No doubt my guide got commissions. He was urgent that I should buy a thick fur-lined overcoat for protection in my journey through Russia. He would see me off at the railway station. The Ostbahn depot was bright with a dozen arc lights, and we said adieu to our guide at 11:15 p. m., and the long journey of 2,000 miles began through Russia.

It was past midnight when we crossed the Oder River, and late the next day we breakfasted, 287 miles east of Berlin, at Dirshak on the Vistula River. The railway bridge over the river is 2600 feet long, and cost about one million dollars. At 12:30 we dined on the Pregel River at Königsberg, 338 miles northeast from Berlin, formerly capital of both East and West Prussia. In 1385 this city was a member of the Hanseatic League. During the Seven Years' War Königsberg was occupied by both the French and the Russians.

En route we talked with a seed merchant from Posen, and a lumber merchant, who bought logs 1500 miles up the Vistula River, so far away that it took two summers to float them to market. A Russian lady, with a poodle dog, taught us a few Russian words: Da, yes; Nyet, no; also the words for, What cost, quick, stop, waiter, rolls, coffee, butter, etc.

At the little Polish town of Wirballen we crossed the Memel River (Niemen) from Germany into

Russia. Near by, at Tilsit, on the left bank, a treaty between France, Russia and Prussia was signed on the 7th of July, 1807, on a raft in the river.

On the West side of this river stood the Lutheran Church, and the helmeted soldier in defense of the German Empire, while East of the stream was the quaint Russian Church, and the Cossack soldier with gray overcoat, helmet and black plume, his sword dangling, on guard for the Russian Empire.

My passport, which was signed by our Secretary of State, Hon. Wm. H. Seward, had been called for only once before and registered at Police Headquarters in Berlin. Here again it was carefully examined. No foreign passport was valid in Russia, unless it was countersigned by the proper Russian official in London, or some large city, and nobody without a passport could enter Russia.

In the Russian station was a room about sixty feet square, and a half dozen slow officials were near a big table. I inquired the duty of these officials, and was told that here suspicious persons were examined. In my valise I had a dozen or more small paper boxes, all nested. It was amusing to watch the official's anxious face, as he suspiciously separated each box, till he came to the inner and tiny box. Then he carefully opened it, and in disgust threw the whole lot upon the table. In repacking my boxes I nearly lost my train.

As I recall the journey to St. Petersburg, it was about 810 miles, and Wirballen was midway. The

farming country through Eastern Prussia was not unlike that in New York State, but much of the soil seemed sandy and poor, and some low and marshy, pines and birches growing everywhere. The little villages look poverty stricken, and the Russians at the stations were stolid and shabbily dressed.

We arrived at St. Petersburg at 6 p. m. and took a drosky to the Hotel de Europe. My mail, opened as I sat waiting for tea, was a sad one, for it brought news of the death of my good friends, Mr. H. Thane Miller, of Cincinnati, and Mr. Orville D. Ford, of Cleveland who died en route from Colorado.

A drosky is characteristic of Russia; a low wagon with two or three horses attached, by yokes high over their necks. The merry bells delight you even in summer. The drivers are veritable Jehus, and the rule in Russia is always to divide any prices they may ask. The shop signs afford an opportunity to study the Russian language, which is almost as difficult to learn as English. There are thirty-six letters in their alphabet; possibly eight of them are Greek characters. We drove through several fine Boulevards, passed public and uniform buildings; two and four rows of shade trees line many of the avenues, and church domes in blue and gilt were seen here and there. The streets called "Prospects" are usually long, wide and shaded, but badly paved. In an early day every ship and wagon entering St. Petersburg was required to bring an offering of white paving stones.

The many canals, watercourses and islands recall both Amsterdam and Venice. The city has over 150 bridges, one third made of iron and granite. Peter's first palace near the Fortress on the banks of the Neva is carefully preserved. It contains dining-room, bed-room and kitchen. Here Peter lived while superintending the construction of his capital. He assembled 40,000 Cossacks and Tartar soldiers and peasants as laborers, and they dug the soil with their hands and sticks. Peter often lacked food, and 100,000 men died in the marshes. He watched the growth of the capital with great pride, and often said "he seemed in Paradise." He piloted into the new harbor the first Dutch ship and often gave chase to hostile Swedish vessels. He brought merchants from Novgorod, and to attract masons he forbade, on pain of exile, any stone building to be constructed outside of St. Petersburg. All who owned 500 serfs must build a two story stone house in St. Petersburg. His Court was approached only by water, and every inhabitant must have his boat.

Peter the Great was fifth in the line of Romanoffs. He was stately in form, had piercing black eyes, and an impetuous temper. He was born at Moscow in 1672, and succeeded to the crown at ten. Sophia, a half sister, as Regent, gave him a defective education, and sought to supplant him. The boy Peter loved banners, drums and toy guns, and played soldier with his mates. His youthful energy and good sense soon made him a power in the Empire.

Azof on the Black Sea was captured from the Turks. He explored the White Sea, and gained European ideas from English sailors, which only made him long for more knowledge of Europe. With intense curiosity he traveled through Germany, and visited England and Paris. At Zaandam in Holland he dwelt in a blacksmith hut, boiled his own coffee, and received wages at ship-building, that he might master the *art* of the sea. He was interested in everything, in grist mills, hospitals, museums, and iron works; he studied fortifications, government and science. A wandering dentist taught him dentistry, and at home for variety he practiced it on his friends. In Paris he took the child Louis XV. in his arms. He was delighted with what London had to exhibit. He visited Woolwich Arsenal, attended naval displays, and Quaker meetings, even studying religious creeds. At Westminster he was told that those persons wearing gowns and wigs were lawyers. He looked astonished and said, "I have but two lawyers in my whole Empire, and I believe I shall hang one of those on my return."

Peter's new capital of Russia is 1550 miles northeast of Paris, and is situated on both banks of the River Neva, at the head of the Gulf of Finland. The river is 1500 feet wide, and only about forty miles long, and connects the Gulf with Lake Ladoga, one of the largest lakes in Europe. The Neva entering the city bends north, then west, and divides into several branches, forming marshy islands, a series of flats, the whole oval shape, and

exposed to frequent inundations. Here the energy and genius of a single man built a city, which in magnificence and in splendor ranks among the first of European capitals. Twenty miles west is the great naval station of Cronstadt.

Several bridges of boats in the summer season span the river Neva, and many ferry-boats of fantastic color ply to and fro. Peter was ambitious to make Russia a European nation, and he gave a system of foreign laws to each Province. He regulated taxes, allowed foreigners to work mines and factories. He made a new alphabet, founded schools, colleges, and the Moscow Gazette. He created a regular army, built hospitals, canals, and sent out exploring expeditions. But Peter's chief glory is St. Petersburg, the new capital.

The Admiralty, on the river bank, is 1350 feet long, and 630 feet wide. A gallery-like tower is decorated with statuary, and terminates in a graceful golden spire. It is occupied by the Navy Department, and cadets. In a brick building across the river is shown Peter's first boat, which bears the proud title of "The Grandfather of the Russian Navy." Lower down the river vessels of war are built. South of the Admiralty dwell the Court, nobility, and half the six or seven hundred thousand population. The enemies of reform at Moscow called St. Petersburg a German town and predicted that some day it will disappear beneath the floods.

In sight is the Holy Trinity Church, with dark

blue cupola bespangled with stars. Much money is raised by nuns as you attend service and by beggars, who usually go about in old sheep-skin coats, the coats mended in many places. Scores of deformed, ragged and blind cripples, stand on either side of the church doors to beg. This church stands on the site of the chapel where Peter the Great was married in 1712 to his second wife Catharine. In the war with Sweden, Peter's army took prisoner a woman peasant, called Catharine, who was betrothed to a Swedish dragoon. Peter became fascinated by her vivacity of mind, good sense and adventurous spirit. The nobles objected, but he married her notwithstanding.

A visit to the Fortress was of great interest. The walls are covered with military trophies. Peter in 1703 laid the foundations of this Fortress. In the Cathedral lie buried most of the later Sovereigns of Russia. The Fortress is especially memorable as the scene of a great tragedy. Peter with 60,000 soldiers had met the proud Charles XII. of Sweden with 20,000 soldiers; intoxicated with success the Swedish King was terribly defeated at Pultowa, being borne away wounded on a litter. During the conflict the army of Charles XII. was well nigh annihilated. When Peter after twenty-two years of war, had at last conquered a peace the great sorrow of his life came. His only son Alexis, by his first wife, revolted against him, promised to cede St. Petersburg to Sweden, and then take the government back to Moscow. The

son having fled to Vienna, he was arrested brought back and placed in this Fortress, while later his associates were put to death in horrible ways. One had a stake driven through his body while alive, and others were burned. Alexis himself was twice beaten with the knout, and when near death sent for his severe and autocratic father. The meeting was pitiful, but it did not prevent a third knouting, during which his lacerated body found relief in death. He was buried in a velvet coffin covered with gold tissue, in great state, and Peter and Catharine carried small wax tapers in the funeral procession. Broken in spirit by remorse at his treatment of this son, and the death a year later of his only son by Catharine, Peter built a summer palace at Peterhoff, 24 miles from St. Petersburg. From the Palace to the sea the grounds are terraced with picturesque waterfalls. A canal 500 yards long, abounds, in fountains, which throw water horizontally and vertically and has not its superior for beauty in Europe.

The Palace, built on an elevation of 60 feet, is a long yellow stuccoed building, three stories high, with white pilasters and five gilt towers. On the grounds Peter built a little house where he could look out upon his growing fleet at Cronstadt, near by, and visitors are shown a Dutch summer house where his slippers and dressing gown are still exhibited as precious relics. Here, also, is Peter's carp pond where the fish came to the surface at the ringing of a bell, to be fed on rye flour. Peter

lived frugally, without ostentation, his great fault being an excessive use of stimulants.

Some five years after Peter built Peterhoff, the end of his remarkable reign suddenly came. The man who had said to his soldiers, "You must not think it is for Peter we fight; it is for the Empire confided to Peter; it is for the country; it is for the church of God," was to cease his wonderful career at fifty-three. Impetuous to the last, he plunged into ice-cold water to save a crew of shipwrecked sailors, and dying suddenly in the arms of Catharine, he did not even speak or write his last wishes. The funeral ceremonies were so grand and imposing that six weeks elapsed before the body was placed in its tomb in the Fortress.

Russia, justly proud of the conquests of Peter, and of his wonderful courage and skill, erected to his memory one of the world's finest equestrian monuments. It is situated opposite St. Isaac's Cathedral, and represents Peter reining in his horse on the brink of a precipice. His face is toward the Neva, which he loved; his hand is pointing out toward the great city his iron will had built as if by magic. His fine head was modeled by a woman. A serpent is trodden under the horse's feet, emblematical of the obstacles which Peter met and always overcame. The pedestal is a granite boulder and alone weighs 1500 tons; it is said to have been the rock on which Peter stood watching with eagerness a great naval victory over the Swedes. It required the labor of five weeks of 500 men to

bring the boulder four miles to St. Petersburg. It was brought on cannon balls over an iron tramway.

Catharine the Great was the sixth to reign after Peter. When told of her accession to the throne she hastened from Peterhoff in a peasant wagon, and her horse, falling dead, she went to St. Petersburg on foot, lest another secure the crown. For more than thirty years she governed Russia with an ability that was scarcely surpassed by Peter the Great. She helped to crush Poland. When any of her generals shrunk from war, she said, "The Romans did not concern themselves with the number of their enemies, they only asked, where are they?" She carried on two bitter wars with Turkey and annexed the whole of the Crimea. Tsarskoye Selo, 15 miles from St. Petersburg, was her favorite summer residence. The floor of one room is ebony, inlaid with large flowers of mother of pearl. Another has its walls panelled with amber, given to her by Frederick the Great. On the extensive grounds about the Palace are statuary, a Swiss house, and a Chinese village. Her bedroom had walls of porcelain, and the walls of her banqueting room, nine feet high, were overlaid with gold.

Wedgwood made for Catharine II. a celebrated china dinner set, 365 pieces, lemon color with purple border, a green frog on each piece, the set decorated with paintings of 1800 of the finest country homes of England.

Catharine the Great entertained the leading scholars of her time, and was the correspondent of

Voltaire ; she wrote history, dramas, and was the earnest patron of Russian literature.

The Hermitage is a great repository of art. She spent a million dollars for pictures in a single year. She founded schools of art and science, and looked especially to the education of women. The grand stairway of the Hermitage is of marble, and leads past twenty monoliths of gray polished granite to the gallery of Peter the Great, where is shown Peter turning lathes, his heavy iron staff, sword, gilt chariot, and stuffed horses and dogs, and a wax figure of himself in pink stockings and embroidered white coat. The Hermitage also contains twenty galleries of fine paintings. Here are twenty paintings by Millais, and sixty by Rubens. We enter a Gallery of Sculpture, and where are there such large vases of malachite, jasper and lapis lazuli ?

Catharine not only aided in the culture of her country, but she formed a new code of laws, built foundling asylums in St. Petersburg and Moscow, welcomed back the expelled Jews, and founded 200 cities. The Russian proverb that " Cities ruled by women endure not, and walls built by women are never high," certainly proved untrue in the case of Catharine, who was well called the Semiramis of the North.

The Cathedral of St. Isaac was begun in the early part of this century, 1819, and is built on a forest of piles sunk in the swampy soil at a cost of $1,000,000. It stands in a large open place surrounded by fine

buildings and monuments. The whole structure cost $15,000,000. This church, in the Renaissance style, is the largest in St. Petersburg. Its magnificent proportions excite admiration. Its four equal sides form a Greek cross; one hundred and twelve highly polished granite pillars from Finland form noble porticoes. The Corinthian capitals are of bronze. Thirty gigantic columns support the immense central dome, which is surrounded by four small ones. The cupolas are first covered with copper and then overlaid with 200 pounds of gold. These five gilded domes seen in the evening assume fantastic colors, gold, bronze, green and of the color of fire.

The Greek church of Russia has three Metropolitans, or Bishops, whose sees are old Kief, Moscow, and St. Petersburg. These high priests are very rich. The whole system of worship in the Greek church, with its processions of banners, pictured saints and relics, has so impressed the rude people with holy awe that the Czar and church seem identical. In fact the Czar is the head of the Greek Church. Genuine piety is evident among rich and poor who make frequent pilgrimages. Gifts and alms are liberally bestowed. Shrines of the Virgin are everywhere, and people in passing are constantly making signs of the cross. The worst feature of the Greek Church is the one hundred fast days, which lead to idleness and drunkenness. The Russian Church is antagonistic to Romanism. It does not recognize the Pope, rejects purgatory, and

all massive images of Christ or saints as idolatrous, though pictures, mosaics and bas-reliefs on flat surfaces are used. The white clergy must marry, the black clergy must not. Immense sums are paid to be buried in holy ground.

The Imperial Library, supported by government, one of the richest in Europe, contains more than a million printed volumes, over 25,000 manuscripts, and the finest collection of Hebrew manuscripts in the world. The most interesting is that discovered by Tischendorf in a monastery, and probably written in the fourth century. Russia is proud of her authors. Kriloff is the Esop of Russia, and is widely read by the people, especially by the children.

The Column of Alexander I. is one of the greatest monoliths of modern times. It is a single shaft of red polished granite, 84 feet high. The total height of the monument is 154 feet. Captured Turkish cannon were melted for the capital. The inscription is, "To Alexander, grateful Russia." Alexander I., grandson of Catharine the Great, in 1801 came to the throne at the age of twenty-four. Jointly with Austria and England he fought Napoleon in 1805. Three years later he was in alliance with France. In 1812 he joined a new coalition against Napoleon. After Napoleon's awful defeat at Moscow, Alexander with other monarchs marched into Paris at the head of his troops. He was universally beloved, both in Russia and in other countries, for his kindness, moderation, and liberal-

ity in his early reign. But overworked, he became despondent, conservative, and retracted most of the reforms which he had begun. His lust for power became a disease, and he strove for gigantic impossibilities. On December 1, 1825, Alexander I. died in the arms of Empress Elizabeth.

Kazan Cathedral built in imitation of St. Peter's, is named after the Virgin Mary. Her miraculous image, 300 years old, is covered with gold and precious stones, and is valued at $100,000. Soldiers guard it all the time, lest the faithful steal rather than worship. The Imperial Family worship here, occupying a purple velvet throne. The tomb of patriotic General Kutuzoff is pointed out; he was buried on the very spot where he went to pray before setting out to meet Napoleon in 1812. After Napoleon's fatal defeat at Moscow, he tried to negotiate with Kutuzoff, the commander of the Russian army. His reply was, "Not so long as a foreigner remains on the Russian frontier." Napoleon requested that Kutuzoff should send his letter to Alexander I. "I will do that provided the word peace is not in the letter." To Napoleon's third proposition the heroic and fearless Kutuzoff replied, that this was not the time to entertain an armistice, as the Russian army was about to open the campaign. The discomfited Napoleon ceased his correspondence.

Not until one enters the churches of Russia can the wealth and gorgeousness of the Empire be fully understood. The walls and floors are of

polished marble. Paintings decked with costly jewels are at the various shrines. There is much of gilding and stained glass everywhere. Beautiful green malachite columns and pillars of blue lapis lazuli form the screen, and the Royal Door is of bronze. No woman, not even the Empress, must profane by her presence the innermost sanctuary, where the priest is. The priests are dressed in robes of red velvet embroidered with gold, at great expense. The singing is very effective. Boys take soprano parts, and the best voices are everywhere sought and liberally remunerated. There are no seats in the Greek Church and all the people stand through the long service, often bowing almost to the floor, while rich and poor together buy wax candles, because they believe flame expresses the continued life of the soul. The forms prescribed are even more ceremonious than those in the Roman Catholic Church, of which the Greek Church is an off-shoot.

Alexander II. was the son of the haughty Nicholas I. and nephew of Emperor William of Germany. He came to the throne in 1855. His father's dying words were, "My son, serve your country, you will find the way difficult." And so it proved. After the bloody Crimean War, begun under Nicholas I. was ended, Alexander turned his mind toward reforms, and became the idol of the people. Six years after he came to the throne, in 1861, he liberated 24,000,000 serfs, a measure long contemplated by Nicholas I. and his predecessors, but a

grand act for which nobody previously had the courage. These serfs belonged to the owners of the land, and were bought and sold with it. They could be separated from their families, whipped, sent to war, or to Siberia. A prince made at one time a present of 4,000 serfs to another. It was actual slavery. By the edict of Alexander II., the government bought the land of the proprietors, who were mostly nobles, paying four-fifths of the value, while the peasants attempted to pay one-fifth of the price to the owners, and six per cent. for forty-nine years on the money advanced by government. The authority of the master was replaced by that of the commune, with a village elder or head, and an assembly. The land is redistributed periodically, so that each able-bodied peasant has a share sufficient to maintain him. In the commune the family cannot be deprived of its house and necessary agricultural implements, nor the commune of its land by importunate creditors. The commune is liable for taxes and debts. If a peasant becomes a drunkard, all can complain to the head, because all the families are responsible for his taxes. No peasant can permanently leave the commune without its consent. While the execution of the plan has met with obstacles, usually from the aristocracy, the results have been most encouraging. The peasantry now own several hundred million acres, being the largest land owners next to the Crown. Women do not have a high place in the peasant mind. A proverb says,

"Woman's hair is long, but her mind is short." Among the higher classes, women attend college the same as the men.

As Alexander II. grew older he became less liberal, and began to control the press. Among the educated especially, a band of Nihilists was developed who asked for free speech, a free press and political representation under a constitution. These things the Czar positively declined to give, and as a result the taking of his life was three times attempted. The last time a bomb was successfully exploded under his carriage, and he died in the Winter Palace on March 13, 1881. His funeral was of royal magnificence. A long line of officers bore on colored cushions the gifts of foreign monarchs. In advance of the procession a knight rode clad in golden armor to symbolize the brightness and purity of the reign of Alexander II. His bier was of ebony and silver, covered with a gold canopy, which was held by sixteen high officials, his son, Alexander III. walking behind the casket.

St. Petersburg has five large theatres, and the upper classes are fond of the opera and balls. Sunday afternoon and evening are much given to theatre going, after their devout worship in the morning. Masked balls are given on a large scale. Large sums are devoted yearly by the government to the cultivation of the drama, and a school is maintained for the education of actresses and ballet dancers. Usually the ground work of a Russian comedy is the vices of the official system, which

leprosy has spread over the whole body and seems incurable.

Alexander III. was ambitious to be Emperor also of Asia. He was a trained soldier, bearing scars of the Turkish War, and a man of remarkable physique. The story is told of him that, when crown prince, as a joke he would leave when calling, instead of his card, a silver ruble twisted by his fingers. Alexander III. was crowned at Moscow, May 27, 1882, with great splendor. He entered the city on a white charger, in advance of his generals and the State carriages, amid the firing of seventy-one guns, and the deafening cheers of hundreds of thousands. Receiving the iron crown from the hand of the Metropolitan, imitating Napoleon I. he placed it upon his own head, being anointed with holy oil, and then he crowned his lovely wife, Dagmar. Great hopes were entertained by the Russians and by the world that he would grant to his people a constitution, but he did not attempt it, and consequently his life was also several times attempted. He spent much time at his summer Palace at Gatchina, near St. Petersburg, an elegant home purchased by Catharine the Great for her son Paul. The grounds are extensive, with large kennels for packs of hounds, of which he was very fond. He was an early riser, gave much time to the gymnasium, and was a man of strong will and temper. His yearly income was ten million dollars from his personal estate alone. Alexander III. died in Southern Russia while yet a young

Emperor, and was buried with the giant Romanoffs in the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul within the fortress at St. Petersburg.

Dagmar was the betrothed of Nicholas, eldest son of Alexander II., an accomplished and able prince, who at twenty-one on his deathbed at Nice exacted a promise from Dagmar that she would marry his brother Alexander III. Dagmar is slight in form, a great walker and reader, and is said to be one of the best informed women in European politics. While fond of social life, she is also devoted to charities. Her four children are Nicholas II., George, Xenia and Michael. She is ardently loved by the Russians, and like the Princess of Wales was the strongest factor in her husband's popularity. Dagmar lives to see her son Nicholas II. ascend the throne.

CHAPTER XI.

The 400 Mile Ride to Moscow. Russian Villages and Peasants. The Red Gate. The Russian Head and Heart. Petrofski Palace. Coronation of a Czar. Grandeur within the Famous Kremlin. St. George's Hall. Russia 1,000 Years Old. The King of Bells. The Czar's Cannon. Napoleon Reaches Russia. Burning of Moscow. St. Saviour's Church A Memorial. St. Basil. Interesting Foundling Asylum. Russian Fairs. Count Tolstoi and Nicholas II. Founder of the House of Romanoffs. A Map of Russia. The Dream of every Russian. A famous Englishman's Opinion. An Intricate Problem. Odessa. Exportation of Wheat, and Russians. Peter's famous Will and Russia's Aim.

THE journey of the four hundred miles from St. Petersburg southeast to Moscow is about fifteen hours by railway. The line is straight, the country being flat and monotonous, and is diversified by a few small villages, set in extensive forests of birch, elm, fir, lime, oak and sycamore. There is a saying, that a squirrel could make this whole journey without lighting on the ground. The houses of the peasant class are usually built of pine or fir logs, with projecting roof. North of Moscow they have picturesque balconies often adorned with beautiful carved wood, and the houses are often thatched with straw. If color is used, a dingy yellow, or dull reddish brown, is preferred. In some localities the

shingles are painted red and the walls green. The common dwelling is often raised ten feet above the ground, and is approached from the outside by a covered stair-case. The space below is used as a fowl-house or cow-shed. Often there are seen three little glazed windows in the gable, and in the gable is the small room devoted to the young maidens, so often mentioned in the popular songs of Russia. In the springtime the Russian maidens, hand in hand, sing and dance in the streets of the villages, and are met by young men dancing forward in file, from the opposite side of the squares. These simple hearted people have songs for every season, and in unfavorable weather celebrate their festivals in each other's houses. Opposite the entrance door usually hangs the Icon or family Titulary-Saint. On cold nights many families sleep on top of immense brick stoves, the temperature being carefully tempered.

Chay! Chay! shouts the uncouth Russian at every station. Chay, or hot tea, is served from a brass urn in glasses, with a slice of lemon on the surface. The Russians are great tea drinkers. The poor use a home-grown herb, the rich the choicest brands brought overland from China. Another popular drink is Vodka, a species of coarse gin distilled from rye, or potatoes. The ordinary diet of the peasant is black bread, buckwheat porridge with onions, and soup of fermented cabbage.

In winter the Muzhik wears a black fur cap and sheep-skin clothes, the wool next the body, bound

A RUSSIAN VILLAGE.

at the waist with red scarf or rope. In summer he wears blue and pink shirts loose about the body, with shoes of basket-slits fastened criss-cross to the knees with strings.

We reached Moscow at 10:15 a. m. on November 2, and obtained rooms at the Hotel Billo.

The Red Gate of Moscow is approached on the way from the Nicholas railway depot. It was erected by the merchants of the city, when Elizabeth the daughter of Peter the Great, was crowned. At the coronation of Paul, the son of Catharine the Great, food and drink were spread for the people all the way from the Red Gate to the Kremlin.

Moscow is situated in the center of the Empire in Europe and is called the heart of Russia, while St. Petersburg is the head. Here center Russian ideas, Russian faith and a net-work of railways. The city has a mixture of great palaces, and little yellow houses, nearly all of wood, with 300 or more churches on irregular streets. Many iron roofs are painted green, and many domes are gilded. The whole scene when glittering in the sunlight is one of unequaled splendor. Moscow has a population of over 600,000, and is often called the "Manchester of Russia."

In the suburbs is Petrofski Palace, with attractive gardens and parks. In the park cafés gypsies, often in jeweled dresses, sing with fine effect. Here grand reviews of Russian soldiers take place, and here, when the Kremlin in 1812 was burning, Napoleon retired.

On May 22, 1885, the firing of artillery, precisely at noon, was the signal for Czar Alexander III. to leave this palace for the Kremlin where he was to be crowned. Thousands had sat up all night to secure available seats for observing the Royal procession. Tens of thousands thronged the streets. Balconies, Venetian masts, spires and domes displayed countless Russian colors. The gorgeous procession was a strange mixture of Oriental splendor with Western refinement. At the head of the procession appeared the Police of Moscow in force, next squadrons of Cossack and Chevalier Guards, followed by Asiatic, Russian and Western deputations, and State carriages filled with Duchesses and Princesses. All approached the Redeemer's Gate, one of several entrances to the Kremlin. The Czar, in handsome uniform, rode a splendid white horse, in advance of four generals of the army. Mounted members of the Imperial Family, and grand Dukes, formed a brilliant group. Wild enthusiasm greeted the Czar at every turn. Pages and grooms followed a State carriage drawn by eight cream-colored horses in which rode Empress Dagmar, and her little daughter Xenia, who threw kisses to the people, and they in turn, with uncovered heads bowed, and so returned their most loyal greetings. Their Majesties were received by the Archbishop with cross and holy water at the steps of the Cathedral of the Assumption, within the walls of the Kremlin. Gilding adorns the interior walls, and rich frescoes the five domes. In the

holy temple beneath, made beautiful with the most sacred pictures of Russia, are buried many of the Archbishops of the Greek Church. Jewels adorn the single picture of the Holy Virgin of Vladimir. Behind the altar screen stands Mount Sinai of gold.

At the crowning the Czar recites the confession of faith, offers up prayer for the Empire, crowns himself, and enters the innermost sanctuary for bread and wine. The climax is reached when the Czar in resplendent robes of State proceeds down the nave to receive the anointment of sacred oil, which confirms his ecclesiastical power, making him both Emperor, and Patriarch of all the Russians.

In St. Michael's Cathedral are the tombs of Russia's sovereigns down to the time of Peter the Great. The white embattled walls of the old Kremlin, with five gates and eighteen towers, enclose within a triangular space four Cathedrals and thirty-two churches.

The Palace of St. Nicholas within the Kremlin, was built by Nicholas on the spot where the ancient Czars lived. The apartments are very richly hung in red and blue satin. Here is the gold court, where the Metropolitans are installed, and the red staircase, where many persons have been killed. In the Treasury is shown the captured thrones of Poland and Persia, brilliant with diamonds and rubies, also a double throne with a hole in the back, that the Czar might be prompted on State occasions.

St. George's Hall was founded by Catharine II. and dedicated to the military Order of St. George.

It is 200 feet in length, and on the walls, in letters of gold, are inscribed the names of soldiers who have been decorated. The furniture is orange and black, and 3000 candles burn in the chandeliers. St. George on a white horse forms the arms of Moscow and Russia. St. George is popular in Russia, owing to his supposed influence over wolves and serpents. The Russian peasant will not turn his cattle out to graze before the twenty-third of April, the day dedicated to St. George.

In 1862 a huge globe on a circular stone pedestal, around which cluster historical figures, was erected in the center of the Kremlin, or citadel, of Novgorod in Northwestern Russia to commemorate Russia's thousandth birthday. In 862 the Slavonian Clans quarreled, and to promote order they sent a commission to a tribe called Rus, beyond the sea, to say, "Our land is great and fruitful, come and reign over us." The invitation was accepted by three brothers from the tribe of Rus. Hence the name of Russia. These three men were Normans from Scandinavia, it is thought, and they became in a certain sense founders of the Russian Empire. Ruric survived his brothers and ruled over the principal towns of the Novgorod district near the Baltic Sea. From this dates the rapid expansion of the Russo-Slavonians. The supreme power resided in the Assembly of Citizens, called together in the market place by a bell. The people had a proverb, "If a prince is bad, into the mud he goes." Though thirty abdications took place in a century,

yet the Republic of Novgorod, under the descendants of Ruric, gaining in strength and riches, became an outpost of the Hanseatic League, and during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries proudly styled itself "Lord Novgorod the Great." In 1570 the soldiers of Ivan the Terrible came here and butchered 60,000 citizens. This tragic scene closed the history of Novgorod, as an independent state. Increased power now centered in Moscow, a vigorous state ruled by crafty princes, who were freeing the country from the Tartar yoke.

A flight of steps at the end of the hall of St. Vladimir is called "the Red Staircase" where Ivan IV. transfixed with his pointed staff the foot of a trusted messenger of an enemy. The dynasty of Ruric reached its zenith of power in the person of Ivan the Terrible, who became distinguished in history. Ivan was left an orphan, and was highly gifted. He resembled Peter the Great. His nobles or guardians were lawless, and Ivan early learned to be cruel to all who were cruel to him. He had the chief of the aristocracy torn to pieces by dogs as an example. He killed his own son, and slew many high born citizens in Novgorod and elsewhere. For three centuries the Tartars had overwhelmed Eastern and Southern Russia, but Ivan assumed the title of Czar, captured Kazan and Astrakhan, drove back the Tartar hordes and in 1462 forced a place for Russia amongst the nations. Like Henry VIII. Ivan had many wives. By his marriage with the Royal House of Greece, and adoption of the

double-headed eagle, the well-known emblem of Grecian power, he established a prima facie claim for himself and descendants as the rightful successors of the old Greek Emperors to the coveted city of Constantine with its gilded minarets. Ivan sleeps in a pine coffin covered with red cloth in St. Michael's Church within the Kremlin. He protected printing, read and thought much, and if cruel at times, he was humorous and humane.

At the foot of the Tower of Ivan the Terrible stands the King of Bells. It was cast in 1733 by command of Empress Anne. The bell is twenty-six feet, four inches in height, sixty-seven feet in circumferance, two feet thick, and weighs 222 tons. On its surface are figures in relief of Czar Alexis, of Empress Anne, the Saviour, the Holy Virgin, and the Evangelists.

Hundreds of bells hang in the Tower of Ivan, and in the Churches of Moscow, some of silver, and very sweet toned. On Easter morn when all the bells of Moscow ring out the whole Empire seems glad that a Saviour has risen.

Near the Great Bell is the Czar's Cannon. This historic gun weighs forty tons and was cast 300 years ago. When Peter ordered the church bells to be recast for his wars, he spared this huge bell by a special decree. Near the arsenal are piled about 900 cannons, largely captured from Napoleon. His campaign against Russia was begun because Alexander prohibited the importation of French goods, and would not join in a war against England.

Napoleon's army of 500,000 soldiers was half French, and half foreign allies. "An army of twenty nations," say the Russians. History can never record a tithe of its bravery and sufferings in the march of 2000 miles to Moscow. The Russian army defeated at Borodino retired east through Moscow, its wise commander Kutuzoff, weeping for the fate of the "Holy Mother Moscow." This city, with its ecclesiastical treasures, was the idol of the Greek Church and her people. On September 14, 1812, the French army 100,000 strong caught sight of the glittering domes of Moscow. Napoleon, standing on Sparrow Hill, said to his troops, "All this is yours." Then the whole army shouted "Moscow! Moscow!" and it entered the city singing the Marseillaise. Napoleon rode forward to the Palace of the Czars within the Kremlin. Thrice he had sent letters proposing peace to Alexander, but no answer came. A legend relates that Napoleon stood on Ivan's Tower looking towards the rich convent of St. Sergius when suddenly he saw a white-bearded man, with cross in his hand, come out of the Monastery, and behind him in the clouds swept forward a mysterious army, a vast array of the dead heroes of Russia advancing to defend their beloved land. Napoleon, in affright, covered his eyes, and when again he looked, the noble city of Moscow was in flames. Napoleon then fled in safety to Petrofski Palace. Immense volumes of smoke, pierced with flames, rolled upward to the skies. Soon loud explosions, and then

scores of buildings were thrown into the air. The fire spread rapidly, and soon the whole city was wrapt in a fierce ocean of flames. Multitudes, encircled by fire in narrow streets, were burned. French soldiers bayoneted the incendiaries, and tossed them into the seething flames. Finally Napoleon, excessively agitated, said, "What a frightful sight, the most sublime the world ever beheld. The burning of Troy could not have equaled the destruction of Moscow." Four-fifths of the buildings were burnt. Relentless winter was now approaching, and no food or shelter remained for the army. Therefore Napoleon ordered that fatal retreat. Now had come Kutuzoff's chance, and battle after battle was fought, and the Russian army was triumphant at last. His ally was the frost of winter. Thousands of French soldiers, with little to wear or to eat, perished. Half starved troops fought for carcases of dead horses. Frozen and dying soldiers lined the roadsides, and choked the streams. Napoleon finally hastened back to France to raise another army. Of the half million soldiers who started out to conquer Russia, only 40,000 returned to recount the greatest military defeat in history.

Outside the Kremlin stands the Cathedral of St. Saviour, which was erected as a memorial of the deliverance of Russia from Napoleon Bonaparte in 1812. Alexander decreed that the Church should be built, and the style is Graeco-Byzantine. The building is granite and faced with marble. A

striking feature of this beautiful church is the five copper cupolas the gilding of which cost nearly $1,000,000. 900 pounds of gold were used. Gilded crosses surmount all the domes. The bronze doors are ornamented with Biblical subjects. The floor, 220 feet square, and the walls, are lined with exquisite varieties of marble. Rich frescoes illustrate events in the history of the Russian Church, and great paintings commemorate the battles of 1812 with Napoleon. The cupola is 230 feet high, and is surrounded with two rows of 1240 candelabra, containing 3,000 candles. In the immense vaulting are colossal paintings of the Apostles, Fathers, and blessed Trinity. The altar alone cost $150,000, the whole church costing $12,000,000. Within, 10,000 worshipers can comfortably worship, if their souls permit.

The invasion of the French in 1812 also vividly reminded the Russians of the events of 1612, when the patriotism of the people freed their country from hostile Poles and Swedes. In 1613 the Church of St. Basil was built over the remains of Basil, a worker of miracles, who in the language of the Church was "Idiotic for Christ's sake." It is grotesquely irregular and has eleven domes, all of difficult designs and colors, which surmount as many chapels dedicated to various saints. Within are shown the relics of another saint, John the Idiot, who seems to have been a beggar, probably like the present beggars, so highly esteemed in Russia. The architect was an Italian, and tradition reports

that Ivan the Terrible had his eyes put out, that he might never make another church so beautiful. The exhibition of the Icon or picture of the mother of God sometimes nets $50,000 annually from its worshipers, of which the sum $35,000 is used to pay the Metropolitan. Frequently the Icon is conveyed with much formality to houses of the wealthy to aid in restoring the sick to health.

The Sheremètief Foundling Hospital is visited by most tourists. It bears the name of a great family, friends of Catharine II. They used to entertain 2,000 guests at a time in their mansion. Both Moscow and St. Petersburg have similar hospitals supported by the State; and the system is so perfect that it is carefully studied by other countries. Foundling Asylums in Moscow and St. Petersburg are the largest and finest in the world. They were founded by Catharine the Great in 1772. These Hospitals have an annual revenue from the government, and private sources of over $5,000,000. When a new babe is brought in, a cord is fastened about its neck, with a number on it, and a similar number is given to its cot and to the mother, that she may come and visit it, or claim it at any time before it is ten years old. Each nurse has the care of two babies, and the nurse receives her board and eighteen cents a day. All the children are educated, the boys entering the service of the State, and the girls becoming nurses, teachers, etc. About 25,000 foundlings are annually received at these Foundling Asylums.

The bazaars of Moscow are interesting. Russian household linen very finely embroidered is much sought after. In Russia many fairs are annually held for the sale of goods. In July and August the Grand Fair is held, at Nijni Novgorod, 265 miles southeast of Moscow in the angle of the Volga and Oka Rivers. In the valley when the Fair is in progress are miles of streets of tents, booths and shops, filled with merchandise from all countries. Here sellers and buyers from Asia and Central Europe meet. Sometimes 300,000 persons attend; their dress and individual characteristics are often very amusing. In sight are long piles of Siberian iron, malachite and lapis lazuli, jewelry and silks from Persia, teas of delicious fragrance from China, ivory, skins and furs from the Arctic Circle. The sales amount to $100,000,000. In the future the railways, however, will change all this.

Count Tolstoi, whom Howells calls the greatest living novelist, is a resident of Moscow. He is a man of the highest social position, and possibly worth 500,000 rubles, yet living in the greatest simplicity, working at his summer home, in the fields like a peasant, and helping his peasant neighbors with the labor of his hands. In the evening he makes shoes, and teaches trades to others. His books in many volumes are sold by the tens of thousands, and his Tracts for the People have had an enormous sale. Anna Karenina, his famous novel, is a tragic picture of Russian life. In later years My Religion and Confessions show his change

of religious views to the teachings of Christ, but his books are largely forbidden to be read in Russia. He believes in living solely for others, and would probably carry out his ideas, save that his family do not altogether share his views of abnegation, preferring to enjoy wealth and the fame which the great author has rightly earned. In January, 1899, at Toola in Central Russia, Emperor Nicholas II. sent a message expressing his desire to see Count Leo Tolstoi, who accepted the invitation and appeared at the railway station in his peasant garb. Emperor Nicholas kissed him on the mouth and both cheeks, Tolstoi readily responding. The Czar asked his guest for an opinion upon the proposal for the limitation of armaments. Count Tolstoi replied that he could only believe it when the Czar should set the example to other nations.

Mikhail Romanoff is the ancestor of the present reigning Romanoff House of Russia. He was unanimously chosen to fill the vacant throne by a great National Assemby held at Moscow in 1613, the dynasty of Ruric having ended with the death of Ivan the Terrible. The restored birthplace of Mikhail is shown in Moscow. It is a three-story stone house, and to-day is used as a Museum of Ancient Art. The clergy and people nobly supported their newly elected Czar, trade everywhere revived, and Russia has since greatly prospered under the Romanoffs. Mikhail and his son Alexis, Father of Peter the Great, are buried in the Kremlin, while most of the Romanoff Family are buried

in St. Petersburg, Russia's new Capital on the Baltic.

A map of Russia in Europe discloses a coast line about one-third of Western Europe. The Baltic, White, Black and Caspian Seas mark well the corner boundaries of the Empire in Europe. Mountains girdle an immense plain which is penetrated by a great system of navigable streams. The Neva and Volga Rivers are to Russia about what the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi Rivers are to America. Three zones of production cross the Empire from the northeast to the southwest, The north third is a zone of resinous and other trees. Across Central Russia extends a second zone of deep fertile mould, about the size of France, which is called Black Lands. On these lands large quantities of the finest wheat are raised. Southern Russia forms the third zone, which includes extensive arable and barren steppes, not unlike the Dakotas and the American prairies.

The late Mr. Walter of the London *Times* once said that "the two great Nations of the future were America and Russia." Russia is a country of constant geographical expansion. The Czar rules the eastern half of Europe and one-third of Asia. His territory sweeps in unbroken continuity half round the globe. In attempting to connect the more civilized portions of Western Russia with Siberia and Eastern Russia, by a railway built through East Siberia and Manchuria to Port Arthur, the

Government has shown most commendable courage and wisdom in a gigantic enterprise.

The Flag of Russia, a red, white and blue, signifying not liberty, but despotism, floats over one-seventh of the earth's surface. The Czar's Empire in Europe is about two-thirds the size of the United States, and his possessions in Asia are thirty times the size of England; Russia has absorbed eight distinct nationalities. To unite elements so unlike into an harmonious whole has been the intricate problem for each successive sovereign of Russia to solve.

We left Moscow on the noon (12:30) express for Odessa. The journey from Moscow *via* Kief to Odessa is about 1100 miles, and costs about forty-four rubles. Odessa is a city of about 200,000 population, on the northwestern coast of the Black Sea, and was founded by Catharine II. The city is built on a broad plateau, 80 feet above the sea, and is strongly fortified. Steps 100 feet wide lead up from the lower quay or sea to a magnificent terrace lined with palatial mansions and stately hotels. The streets of Odessa are well paved and planted with acacia trees. Here the morning is devoted to business, the heated middle hours to repose. At dark all the clubs and cafés are crowded. Here are seen the money-changers of the East, with their little green tables along the curbstones. Curbstone brokers indeed! We exchanged English gold at one of these tables with a woman who was one of Odessa's wealthiest bankers. Here are Armenian,

THE CZAR AND CZARINA OF RUSSIA.

Jewish and Turkish merchants, and here come annually hundreds of vessels, many being British vessels, for the finest wheat raised in the world.

Thousands of emigrants annually leave Odessa for other countries. Often the scenes are pathetic. They take beds and bundles of clothing, a tin cup to drink out of, and usually rough boxes filled with their household goods and gods, and things needed in the long journey, perhaps of 5,000 miles or more to America and the Great West.

Czar Nicholas II. married Queen Victoria's favorite grand-daughter, Princess Alix of Hesse-Darmstadt. She is bending every effort toward the higher civilization of Russia, while Nicholas hopes to make the Russian Empire the most powerful political and military country in the world. Every year about 280,000 conscripts are added to the Russian army. In times of peace it numbers 1,000,000 men, and is the largest standing army in existence. In the event of his death, his eldest brother George, a man of many accomplishments, would be heir to the Russian throne, for the children of Czar Nicholas II. are all girls. The eldest of these, the little Grand Duchess Olga, is the object of much Russian affection. Nicholas II. Czar of Russia, and George, Duke of York, who may be king of Great Britain and Ireland, are two royal first cousins. They are fond of each other, and look much alike.

The young Czar Nicholas II. is much alive to the wish expressed in Peter the Great's remarkable will, a voice which leads Russia on to destruction,

or to the highest pinnacle of power in Europe. The task bequeathed by Peter to his successors is to subjugate Central Asia and India and to make Constantinople the capital of the Muscovite Empire. For over a century this has been the dream of every Russian. The weapon with which Russia expects to achieve this tremendous task is her gigantic army, which in times of war numbers 4,000,000 of well trained soldiers, half regulars, half militia. Russian subjects are each liable to at least twenty years of military service. The Russian soldier under fire is steady, and he obeys with blind instinct, and enjoys a simple faith that God and the Czar are one. The brave Cossacks, the Russian Highlanders, in battle always perform deeds of daring. The Emperor's Guards, of 60,000 tall men of fine physique, inspire the army as they march, and they sing:

> The Turks and the Swedes know us well,
> The whole world has witnessed our power;
> 'Tis the white Czar who leads us—alike
> In the flight or in victory's hour.
>
> Huzzah, brethren, huzzah,
> Whither he leads we'll follow the Czar.

Catharine the Great wrote on one of the gates to Moscow, "The Way to Constantinople," expecting in her time to make this beautiful city her own capital. For this reason she named her grandson Constantine.

On November 8th we took boat and steamed across the Black Sea to the "Cradle of Nations," a distance of about three hundred miles.

CHAPTER XII.

Breakfast on the Black Sea. The Bosporus Bristles with Guns. Robert College. Scenes on the Bosporus. "The Cradle of Nations." Caiques, and Turkish porters. Nameless Dogs. The "Minaret" Gate. Home of Embassadors. The Golden Horn. Dark Cypresses. "By Water Everything Lives." Turkish Women at the Sweet Water. Turks are Tartars. The Fire Towers. Crowded Bazaars. Aqueduct of Valens. A Turk's Ideal Heaven. Whirling Dervishes. Mosques and Minarets. The Muezzin. Historic St. Sophia. Abdul Hamid II. The Sultan's Palace. Circassian Beauties. Hospitality in the Harem. Florence Nightingale.

WE left the Odessa wharf at eight o'clock on Saturday morning on a French steamer for Constantinople, about 200 miles south. The fare was one hundred francs.

Breakfast was served at nine-thirty with eight courses, as follows:

1. Bologna sausage with radishes and bread.
2. Russian Fish.
3. Fresh water crabs.
4. Ham with omelette.
5. Beefsteak and bacon.
6. Crackers and cheese.
7. Apples, grapes, English walnuts, etc.
8. Black coffee.

The officers and passengers had wine, if desired.

The 8th of November, 1888, was a perfect day, and the waters of the historic Pontus Euxinus were as smooth as a mirror. The Black Sea, like most large bodies of water, is liable to frequent storms, and mindful of the destruction of British vessels in the Crimean War, we had our fears of black clouds and waves. The Black Sea is a great inland lake between Europe and Asia, about 1000 miles long and 380 miles in width. It is possibly 1000 feet in depth. About one third of the running waters of Europe, including a dozen large rivers, flow into this great sea. It has no tide, one seventh less salt than the ocean, and suffers great evaporation, for much less water passes out the Bosporus than is received.

It was one o'clock p. m. on the ninth when we sighted the several islands and rocks near the entrance of the Bosporus, or Strait of Constantinople, which connects the Black Sea with the Sea of Marmora, a distance of seventeen miles. The entrance to the Bosporus bristles with Krupp cannons. Here Europe and Asia join hands under the loveliest skies in the world. This unique waterway, which varies in width from half a mile to one and a quarter miles, was opened in 1829 to the merchant ships of all nations. The Turks west of the Bosporus are a foreign enemy encamped in Europe. They believe in slavery and polygamy, twin relics of barbarism, and are alien in blood, language and religion.

The total area of Europe, held more or less under Turkish control since the Berlin Treaty, 1878, is about twice the size of New England, with a population of 10,000,000. Robert College, with nearly 300 students, representing a score of nationalities, crowns the heights above the west shore of the Bosporus.

Both shores are aglow with white marble palaces, gilded kiosks, villas and terraced gardens. There are six imperial residences on the European shore, and a dozen on the Asiatic, besides picturesque cliffs and streams. The scores of pretty villages on the Bosporus are hourly visited by swift tiny steamers, which are loaded with passengers who speak many languages.

We approach Constantinople, "Cradle of Nations." Here Constantine lived in the fourth century after the reunion of the Roman Empire. We drop anchor at the entrance of the Golden Horn, and in full sight of Seraglio Point. The Turk's red flag with star and cresent, is flying from huge ironclads, within a cable's length of the Sultan's Palace. Beyond are seven low hills crowned with cypress groves, clustered domes, lofty minarets, fantastic houses, and shattered walls that have often baffled the bravest soldiers. The Palace of the Seraglio, occupied by Royalty for fifteen centuries, is now used only on State occasions by the Sultan. A thousand caique boats dart here and there over the clear waters, with Turks and veiled women. Scores of boats surround our steamer, and we are

really puzzled to decide how we can safely reach the shore. Finally at the landing a Turkish porter takes our trunk, hat-box and umbrella to the hotel. We stumble over groups of lean, hungry, nameless dogs, whom nobody owns; thousands of whom live on charity. Each dog has his own district, and a most rigid police is observed. Friday is the dogs, feast day, when charitable Turks give them meat and bread. In return, the dogs guard the streets by night.

Formerly this Oriental City had twenty-eight gates, and many towers of defense, now mostly fallen, and they are overgrown with shrubs, trees and occasional flowers. Constantinople occupies a triangular promontory, washed on the north side by the Golden Horn, and on the south by the Sea of Marmora, while on the west triple, castellated walls of Constantinople, fourteen miles in length, connect the golden inlet, and the Sea.

Extensive and beautiful views of Constantinople and varied waters are had from Galata Tower. An amphitheatre of cities is spread out before us. At our feet lies Galata, the largest suburb. The business quarter is a long street parallel with the Golden Horn. Here much business is done with the European nations. Pera, beyond, crowns the summit above Galata. Here are the headquarters of diplomacy, the homes of the English and German Embassadors especially, which are elaborate affairs. Bridges of boats connect the shores of the Golden Horn whose banks are lined with masses of wooden

TURKS AND THEIR DOGS.

houses. These bridges are crowded with soldiers, dervishes, mules laden with barrels and boxes, and people of all nationalities. Lovely bits of color are discernible everywhere on the streets and bridges.

The shores of the Golden Horn afford desirable quarters for the better class of residences. The form of this land-locked harbor suggests its name. It is a deep inlet, half a mile wide at its mouth, and gradually curves north like a horn of plenty, to the sweet waters. The harbor is deep enough for the largest warships, and will float 1,500 vessels.

The cemetery of Eyoob is at the upper end of the Golden Horn, and takes its name from the standard bearer of Mohammed, who is buried here. Some of the tomb-houses of the Royal families are enclosed by mother-of-pearl railings. A turban, or fez, is seen on the monuments of men; a palm branch on those of women. Cypresses abound in all Turkish cemeteries, as it was formerly the custom to plant a tree at the birth, and another at the death of each member of the family. The Turks believe the soul to be in torment till the body is buried, hence persons are interred quickly. It is said that at death two angels ask the departed about his life here on earth, and he receives Heaven, or Purgatory, according to his own account of himself. A foolish soul, indeed, who does not answer discreetly.

It is a beautiful drive up the Golden Horn to the Sweet Waters' Fountain, which is a fashionable resort. Fountains abound throughout the city,

some in public places erected by benevolent people, and others in the courts of mosques, which are used for purification before prayers. Water is to the Turk the symbol of the principle of life. "By water everything lives," is from the Koran, and is inscribed generally upon their fountains. Even the tabooed Christian may behold the faces of the Turkish ladies as they drive to and from the Sweet Waters and elsewhere, though in wraps and misty veils of crape lisse, and so adjusted that enameled complexions and dark eyes possess a mysterious beauty. Their bonnets, made like Scotch caps, are of colored silks or satin, often adorned with jewels or tinsel ornaments. Diamonds or beads encircle their necks, and wide bracelets and costly rings their wrists and fingers. The ladies of the Harem are not held captives as some suppose, but they freely drive about with their Eunuchs or slaves, and are often seen in the bazaars purchasing embroidered slippers, bags of musk, sandal wood, or sweet scented gums.

The Turks came from Central Asia, and the name signifies Wanderers, and they are identical with the Tartars. They have round full faces, and jet black hair and eyes. Their dress is very picturesque. The men wear the red fez or cap with tassel, loose trousers, close fitting at the ankles and waist, with a jacket and scarf of tinsel ornamentation. You never see a drunken Turk. They are brave, they love children, are kind to animals, fond of gossip, and are always courteous.

Constantinople has three fine towers, similar to Serasker's Tower, which is one of the three from which extensive views are had of the city, the sea, and the Bosporus. On these lofty towers watchmen are stationed, and fires are indicated by hoisting flags and red balloons, or by firing cannons. Fast runners notify firemen, four of whom bear a box engine on their shoulders, and they run headlong, shouting "Fire! Fire!" Soldiers with axes, and long hooked poles, tear down the buildings, and so try to assist in stopping the conflagration. A fire among the old wooden houses is terrible. In Stamboul, part of the city, twenty mosques were burned, in 1865, and 8,000 houses. On one occasion at least 50,000 houses were burned in a few hours. The streets of Constantinople are narrow, crooked, and poorly paved. The crowded bazaars are rows of shops grouped together and are miles in length. They may have suggested our modern Expositions, for the bazaars contain the world's varied productions; Cashmere shawls, Chinese silks, Morocco leathers, Persian goods, amber mouth-pieces, diamonds, gold and ivory. The merchants, wearing fur-lined robe and white turban, drive their trades as they sit cross-legged among their goods, on faded carpets, or leopard skins. The varied colors, the strange costumes and languages, and novelties, perfectly bewilder the stranger.

From the Fire Tower one sees the Aqueduct of Valens, which was begun by Hadrian, the Roman

Emperor, fifteen centuries ago. It is a picturesque ruin, with its forty Gothic arches, and is still used to convey water in pipes laid on the top. It was rebuilt by Sulieman, the Magnificent. At sunset in the fall, when the vine-covered arches are radiant with color, the ancient aqueduct is indeed a thing of beauty, and a joy forever, to man and beast that drink of its cool waters.

The Arsenal and Admiralty are on the Bosporus, east of Galata. A single costly ironclad has been built here with imported iron, imported skilled labor, and borrowed money. Turkey has a fair navy, a dozen armor-clad ships, besides monitors, and gun-boats. Every Turkish subject, eighteen years old, must serve in some form for twenty years in the military. Every Turk believes he is a born soldier, and that if he dies while fighting for his country, he will go immediately to Heaven, where he will spend Eternity with fifty-two beautiful wives. No wonder the Turks are patriotic. New and approved army measures are expected to raise the Turkish forces to a million or more men.

The Whirling Dervishes resembles brotherhoods of monks. Their devotions consist largely of prayers, and whirling or dancing to music. These people whirl with their eyes partly closed, mouths open, until intoxicated with visions of Heaven, or prostrated by nervous exhaustion, they fall to the floor.

The mosques of Constantinople are many and

beautiful. Bayazid's Mosque, commanding a fine view of the Sea of Marmora, was built by the son of Mohammed II. and is elegant with its columns of porphyry and verd-antique. Here, every Friday, bread is given to dogs, and hundreds come from long distances. Crowds of pigeons also flock here, as at St. Mark's in Venice. Beneath Bayazid's head is a brick, made it is said, of dust from his shoes and garments, for the Koran says, "He who is soiled with dust in the paths of Allah has nothing to fear from the fires of hell." Poor people sleep near the Mosques, because they think that Allah will there protect them.

Chief of all the mosques, and the center of great religious ceremonies and of the Court, is the Mosque of Ahmed. It is located on one side of a square celebrated in days of Roman power, when one of the famous Egyptian granite obelisks was brought from Heliopolis. The mosque was built by Ahmed I., a very pious Sultan. It was to have six minarets, more than any other. To this the priest of the Holy Church at Mecca objected, but Ahmed obviated the difficulty by building a seventh minaret at Mecca, and then had his way and completed his own elaborate structure. Near by, Ahmed rests in the midst of his favorite wives, and thirty children. His coffin is covered with precious stuffs from India and Persia. The Moslems are noted for their zeal in prayer. Muezzin, or public crier, from every mosque invites the faithful to prayers. In the morning the Muezzin cries

"Prayer is better than sleep." And five times a day the Turk kneeling on his carpet, and facing the sun, says his prayers. Mohammedism was embraced by the Turks in the tenth century. In 1453, Mohammed II., after a two months' siege with 300,000 soldiers, captured Constantinople.

Mohammed in 632 was an orphan boy. He became a shepherd, a linen trader, then married a rich widow, and wisely retired from business. His wife was his first convert, and he had only forty converts during his first three years of labor, but he soon learned that his sword was a most effective missionary. Exiled, and sometimes discouraged, he lived on dates and milk, and died the leader of a great host, whose creed was, "There is but one God, and Mohammed is his Prophet." Mohammedism is to-day the accepted belief of 150,000,000 only 7,000,000 of whom are Turks.

Of all the mosques of Constantinople, St. Sophia is the most interesting. It was built many centuries ago, and has been burned, and has fallen in several times, but has always been rebuilt with increased splendor. It was a Christian church for 1000 years, and it has been a mosque for nearly 450 years, or since 1453. It is believed that an angel furnished the plans to the one hundred architects, who superintended the 10,000 masons. Golden crescents glitter from the four minarets, while the great central gilded dome, 180 feet high, is seen for many miles at sea. The interior of St. Sophia is grand in dimensions, and in its history.

Gigantic specimens of Turkish penmanship cover indistinct sketches of Madonnas, and Saints of the Christian Church. The doors leading to the altar are of ivory, amber, and silver gilt. The wood-work is believed to have come from the planks of Noah's Ark. The block of red marble used for the Saviour's cradle is shown. In the cupola, in Arabic, are the beautiful words taken from the Koran, "God is the light of the Heaven, and the Earth." Historic columns, of white, black, green and blue marbles, some beautifully veined, and every kind of granite and prophyry, are included among the more than a hundred gigantic columns. Eight prophyry columns were brought from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec, and four columns of green granite came from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus.

The Sultan passes through the beautiful Gates of the Palace en route to one of the many mosques, on every Friday, the Turkish Sabbath. Immense crowds of people gather at these gates and line the streets. Thus they learn positively that their ruler is alive, and that he has not met secret assassination. Of thirty-eight Sultans who have ruled the Ottoman Empire since the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks thirty-four have died violent deaths. This immemorial custom of weekly visiting some mosque is usually attended with great display. A glittering guard of thousands of soldiers, horse and foot, surround the Sultan's sacred presence, who either rides horseback, or sits in a gorgeous State carriage accompanied often by Said Pasha his powerful

adviser, or Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna At the mosque he puts on sandals, and for twenty minutes listens to passages from the Koran, and then returns perhaps to the Dolma Baghcheh Palace. It is built of white marble with wings, columns, sculpture, arabesque everywhere, wreaths of flowers and foliage carved with the nicety of jewelry, and the whole resembles gigantic goldsmiths' work. This white palace as seen between the blue sky, and bluer water, is superb. Here Abdul Aziz on May 30, 1876, was dethroned, and he and his harem of fifty-two boat-loads of women were taken to the Old Palace where soon after he died, probably murdered. When Servia and Montenegro asked for independence, Aziz took sides with Russia against Great Britain, and he was at once deposed by his ministers. His nephew Murat V. was put upon the throne, but soon he was declared insane, and the present ruler, his brother Abdul Hamid II., became Sultan, and now occupies the Turkish throne. He is the fourth in male descent of the House of Ottoman, the founder of the Turkish Empire. He is slender, and now nearly sixty years old, (born 1842) has dark hair and eyes, with full beard, is mild in manner, and the father of seven children. His income is from five to ten millions per year, which is reported to be insufficient to provide for the Court and the harem, which number several thousand persons. The eldest son succeeds the Sultan only in case there are no older uncles or cousins. General Lew Wallace regards

TURKISH CEMETERY, SCUTARI, ASIA.

Abdul Hamid II. as one of the most intelligent European Monarchs, and very humane, having never signed a death warrant in his twenty-two years' reign (1876). The existence of Abdul Hamid II. on the Bosporus is evidently a present necessity for the peace of Europe.

The ceilings of the Palace are showily painted, and the doors are of cedar and mahogany, and exquisitely carved. The door of one room is of colored glass, extremely beautiful in the sunlight. The Sultan's bath-rooms are of alabaster, the air being perfumed.

The women of the Turkish harem are mostly of the Circassian race, and are purchased, or they come of their own free will. The Turks, in speaking of the Circassian girl, say that "She is as beautiful as the moon," and often they pay a thousand dollars or more for her. Syrian and Nubian girls sell for less. The Circassian often is slight in form, with lily-white skin, light wavy hair and blue eyes. Since time immemorial it has been a blonde who has reigned as the favorite, and often she has had great influence in affairs of State. George Eliot says, "The beauty of a lovely woman is like music." It is droll that Circassian freckles should be considered one of the highest marks of their beauty.

The Turkish women, as well as the men, smoke the fragrant narghile, a pipe six or eight feet long. The women of the harem live in the inner courts, shut out from the world by lattice work, while no man visitor is allowed to enter their apartments.

Foreign ladies occasionally are received; the hostess herself half reclines on a divan, about her are portieres and rich rugs. Delicious coffee is offered to guests in tiny jeweled cups, and sweetmeats are presented on golden trays. Music and dancing are the special delight of the harems whose inmates, of course, live in luxury and idleness. The Turks have a National dance, formed by joining hands in a ring, while the feet are not moved. The size of the Turkish harems varies. Abdul Medjid, the elder, had five wives, and was waited upon by 2,000 slaves. The Beylerbeg Palace on the Asiatic shores of the Bosporus is the most charming of the residences of the Sultan. Beautiful terraces, hanging gardens with rarest plants, summer houses, fountains, yoke elms, and clusters of roses are here. At this Palace Abdul Aziz, with delicate gallantry, once entertained Empress Eugenie. The Sultan had copied in every detail Eugenie's sleeping apartments at the Tuileries. When the Empress entered, she saw her unfinished embroidery, a book left unread, opened at a certain page, and Eugenie transported to Paris, as if by magic, cried, "Ah, I'm at home." Formerly the Turks thought woman was without a soul.

Opposite Constantinople lived for a time Florence Nightingale, a refined and noble English woman, whose heroic devotion to the sick and dying during the Crimean War in the hospital at Scutari, over which she had entire control, has made her name immortal. She was firm but always gentle, and

had no fear of cholera or fever. She braved every danger and became the idol of the soldiers. These wounded heroes would kiss her shadow, and turn their heads back on the pillows content. Victor Hugo once said, "Good actions are the invisible hinges of the doors of Heaven." Exalted womanhood is surely the test of a higher civilization.

"The way to settle the Eastern Question," said General Grant, "is to drive the Turks out of Europe forever." But this vexed Eastern, or European question, seems no nearer a settlement to-day than fifty years ago. Recently this "sick man" of Europe has lost the valuable Island of Crete, and in God's own time intelligent Europe will push him and his hordes east of the Bosporus.

On the 10th we took tea with the American Embassador, Hon. Horace Maynard, who graduated from my own college at Amherst, and we had a most enjoyable visit with his family.

CHAPTER XIII.

Headed for Vienna. General Lucius Fairchild and Family. Across Bulgaria. Attar of Roses. Osman Pasha and Skobeleff at Plevna. A Threatened Conflict on the Danube. A Military Play at Bucharest. Generous Captain F. R. de Wolski. Buda-Pesth. Ferencz Deàk. Pressburg. Louis Kossuth. Wien, or Vienna, second only to Paris. Gateway between East and West. Star and Crescent versus the Cross. The Fashionable Ring-Strasse. Elegant Equipages, and Artistic Buildings Galore. The Koran. St. Stephen's Cathedral. The Palace of Maria Theresa. Emperors, Books and Crowns. Progressive Joseph II. Vienna's New Monument. Canova's Masterpiece. Royal Hearts in Urns. Fine Bridges and Palaces. Schwarzenberg. The Home of a Hero. Austria's Army and Arsenal. Austrians fond of Opera, and Park Pleasures. Viennese Women. The Unhappy House of Hapsburg.

RELUCTANTLY, on November 11th, we turned our back upon the Turkish Capital, for our visit was much too short to study intelligently Oriental character, dress, and a history linked with the varied people of the Mediterranean shores. Our ticket from Constantinople *via* Varna to Vienna on the *Galatea* of the Austrian Lloyd Steamship Line cost 220 francs, or about forty-four dollars.

Northeast winds across the Black Sea create a

strong current in the Bosporus that sets south to the Sea of Marmora. When the winds blow in the opposite direction, then the current is hardly perceptible. We had smooth water all the way up the Strait, and across the Southwestern quarter of the Black Sea, till we came to Varna, a fortified seaport town of Bulgaria. A few mosques and slender minarets told of Turkish occupation since 1392, and dry rot was written on the little city. At nine o'clock in the morning a small boat carried the passengers ashore. While huddled close in this little transfer boat I was introduced to General Lucius Fairchild, his wife, and two pretty daughters. He lost his arm at the battle of Gettysburg and was promoted Brigadier General in 1863. From 1878 to 1880 he was our popular Consul-General at Paris; then Governor of Wisconsin, and our U. S. Consul at Liverpool, the latter a lucrative position. General Fairchild was Minister to Spain 1880-82. Finally he was elected Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic in 1886.

Our journey took us across northeastern Bulgaria to Rustchuk. Sophia, the capital, is in southwestern Bulgaria on the great route from Constantinople to Belgrade. At every station were two or three soldiers with Astrakhan caps (pelts of young lambs) and light brown uniforms trimmed with scarlet. En route we passed ten miles north of Shumla, one of the keys of the Turkish Capital. Thrice its strong forts have resisted successfully the onslaughts of the Russian Army.

Further to the west is Plevna. My guide in Moscow was a body servant of General Skobeleff. This General had a handsome face, blue eyes and dark hair. He looked like an Apollo as he rode into battle on a white horse, wearing a white coat, as if dressed for a ball. Once he said, "Is not a battle the soldier's ball?" The Turks at Plevna called him the "White General." He was always in the thickest of the fight, cheering on his men, careless of himself, having had six white horses shot under him, but always careful of his men. No wonder that he was idolized by all Russia.

The surface of Bulgaria is mountainous in the south, whence many streams take their rise and flow north across level country into the blue Danube. The Bulgarians descended from a Slavonic tribe that crossed the Volga in the seventh century. They speak the Servian language, are adherents of the Greek Church, and seem to be an industrious people. For centuries they have been oppressed by the Turks. They do some manufacturing in addition to their rural occupation, but their chief industry is the raising of live stock, for the country abounds in rich pastures.

The principal source of attar or otto of roses is from the damask rose grown in Bulgaria, especially on the southern side of the Balkan Mountains. The yield is small, usually less than an ounce of attar (perfume) from 150 pounds of rose-leaves. The odor of the well-known perfume is more agreeable

when the concentrated attar is diffused. It is often employed in the scenting of snuff.

At six o'clock we came to Rustchuk, a fortified small city on the steep right bank of the Danube. Few if any public buildings or mosques of interest; in fact, it was a wretched place, so we gladly took a small steamboat across the Danube to Giurgevo. The Danube (1770 miles) is the largest river of Europe next to the Volga. Giurgevo is a small city, whose fortifications were levelled by the Russians in 1829. It is forty-five miles southeast of Bucharest, and its port, whence the city has some active trade with other ports on the Danube.

Our party numbered eight, including two messengers of the British and German Governments, and Captain F. R. de Wolski; the latter had been engaged by the British Government in running a line between Bulgaria and East Roumelia.

The messengers seized the first carriages and dashed off to connect with the Express going west. By the time that Captain de Wolski had secured carriages for the ladies, only a miserable apology for a rack wagon remained for General Fairchild and myself. A ragged Bulgarian had brought up the General's hand satchel from the boat, but would not surrender it, evidently because he thought the silver piece (about an English shilling) was not enough. He looked very savage, but the General snatched away his satchel and gave it to me. When the Roumanian attempted to retake it, the General reached back as if for his

pistol, and for a moment I expected the smell of powder in the air; I tried to check the hero of Gettysburg, who whispered to me, "that he never carried a pistol." The threatening action of the General's only arm and hand had the desired effect, and I lifted the bold Brigadier into the ramshackle wagon, and off at a canter went the half-fed Roumanian pony, the driver shouting, Alla! Alla! (To go! To go!) The General, always generous, said "that the silver piece was all the change he had. Our Avalah! Avalah! (Thank you! Thank you!) shouted back to the porter failed to bring any sunshine into his defiant face.

The rush of the messengers for the westbound Express was useless, as the train had just pulled out and all, greatly disappointed, spent the night at a hotel in Giurgevo. And the next morning we rode to Bucharest, or Bookaresht (i. e., "the City of Enjoyment)," a misnomer, however. We found a good table at the Hotel Brofft, but we paid for it. Bucharest is the Capital of Roumania, which was formed in 1859 by the union of Moldavia and Wallachia. The estimated population is 5,500,000, and the Government consists of a King, a Senate and a Chamber. Bucharest boasts of a University and Cathedral. It is also a Fortress of high order. In the afternoon we drove about the city, and visited the Government Buildings. The Parliament was hard at work on a new Constitution. In the evening we saw at the theatre a military play, that evoked from the people much patriotic applause.

On Thursday, November 14, at 8:10 a. m., we left this far away city for Hungary. At the station were a score of poor children dressed in thin white woolen cloth and no shoes. They all bore tiny jugs of water and glasses, hoping to sell. The older people wore coarse white woolen cloth gathered at the waist by a belt, with a square black lamb-skin cap. The women seemed fond of bright colors. Many of the cattle were gray, and peasant farmers were ploughing up the rich black soil in the wide valleys that extended back to the Carpathian Mountains. The houses were small, the roofs thatched, and all the villages gave evidence that the poverty of the East pinched terribly most of the inhabitants.

Captain de Wolski, when he learned that I was not to stop at Vienna, on the suggestion of General Fairchild, wished to know if either he or the General, could extend any favors? "They half suspected," he said, "that my funds might be low." "You are right," I replied, but I declined all assistance, till the General himself insisted that I should keep with their party, and stop at both Buda-Pesth and Vienna. Then the captain generously thrust ten pounds into my hand, saying "Here, use this money and when you reach London hand the amount to my sister, who lives at Abdonville, Kew Gardens, Surrey."

A journey of twenty-four hours by railway brought us to Buda-Pesth, a union of two jealous cities which was brought about by the use of the

little hyphen. In both American and European cities struggling newspapers, as well as cities, have learned that great saving is effected by the use of this short sign, and the people get much better journals. Hundreds of business firms also are learning the same valuable lesson of economy in the concentration of their works and business. At first the people petted this tiny and interesting cub, but now when thousands of millions are consolidated in a few giant trusts, the cub is lion-like in size and strength, and the end and results are not yet in sight.

Buda-Pesth is the Capital of Hungary, a country larger in area than New England, and surrounded on all sides, save the south, by mountain ranges. The fertility of the soil is extraordinary. The crops grown are not unlike those in America. Wheat is especially fine, and the recent prosperity of Buda-Pesth is due in part to its extensive grain trade. The hotels and public buildings are substantial. The blue Danube is spanned by an imposing suspension and other bridges, the former costing millions. Emperor Francis Joseph, since he gave Hungary a Constitutional Monarchy, has been a very popular ruler.

Our day in Buda-Pesth we enjoyed immensely. We stopped at the Hotel Hungary, which has three hundred rooms. The population of the city is fully half a million. Buda is on the right or west bank of the Danube, and Pesth is on the east bank. The latter, since the inundation in 1839, has been beauti-

fully rebuilt. Our party of six first drove for two hours in the morning. The streets are wide, well-paved, and built up with costly blocks and homes. We saw the King's Palace, the fine Gardens, the Museum, the Jewish Synagogue costing three-fourths of a million, and finally we looked in upon the Hungarian Diet. The guide, with much pride, pointed out the seat of Ferencz Deàk (died 1876), a Hungarian statesman, who was the chief instrument in the construction of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy on the dualistic basis in 1867. We saw several companies of Hungarian soldiers, who wore tight trousers, dark coats, and blue caps. A military dance and supper at our hotel kept things lively till past midnight.

Next day the ride of eight hours towards Vienna was interesting, as the daylight enabled us to study more in detail the country of Hungary and the towns, big and little, en route. Leaving Buda-Pesth, for some distance going north we skirted the left bank of the blue Danube, with herds of cattle in sight and boats on the river. Our journey ran westerly till we came to Pressburg, a city of four thousand inhabitants, and about forty miles east of Vienna. Pressburg is the old Capital of Hungary, where for generations the coronations of kings took place. Extensive and beautiful views are had from the Schlossberg above the town. Louis Kossuth (born 1802) was a member of the National Diet of Pressburg when he was twenty-seven years old, and later was imprisoned for high treason, because he

printed and circulated the Parliamentary debates among the people. In October, 1848, Hungary rose in insurrection. On April 14, 1849, the Diet declared the independence of Hungary and appointed Kossuth governor. The Austrians, aided by the armies of Russia, finally conquered Hungary, and Kossuth and his followers lived in exile in Turkey. In 1851-52 he traveled in the United States, speaking eloquently for his beloved country. Later he resided in London, and for many years he lived in retirement in Turin, hating the House of Hapsburg as ever, but powerless to free his land from Austrian rule. Like Bismarck, Louis Kossuth lived to be over ninety years old, dying in March, 1894.

It was two o' clock on Friday when our expectant party entered the railway station in the North-eastern part of Vienna. This station is an imposing structure, and would do credit to any city. It is connected by a loop line railway with many city and suburban stations. We drove to the Hotel Metropole on Franz-Josef-Quai.

Vienna, capital of the Empire of Austria, is the gateway to Constantinople, capital of Turkey. At Vienna the East meets the West. Here at the walls of Vienna the westward advance of the Mohammedan Star and Cresent was twice (1529-1683) successfully opposed by the triumphant Cross of the Christian. Since 1282 Vienna has been the Capital of the Hapsburg dominions. The Hapsburg House rules four distinct nationalities, which

are being welded into an Empire reigned over by Francis Joseph, a worthy descendant of Maria Theresa. In 1866 the claims of Austria to the leadership of Germany were settled in favor of Prussia by the total overthrow of the Austrian armies at Sadowa.

The Austrian Empire has a score of states, the people of which speak as many languages. Three-fourths of the population (41,000,000) are Catholics, which makes Austria the leading Catholic Power of Europe.

Vienna is located in a plain surrounded by distant mountains, on the southern arm of the river, called the Danube Canal, into which, on the east side of the city, falls the River Wien ; hence Vienna is called Wien by the Viennese.

Vienna is quite the rival of Paris. A girdle of antiquated fortifications in 1857 yielded to wide and splendid boulevards, which open new and varied enjoyments for those who live in, or visit the Inner or Old City, or the newer suburbs. The several boulevards, which are two miles in length and average 165 feet in width, collectively are known as the Ring-Strasse which, with Franz-Josef-Quai, encircle the Old City.

After dinner we secured the services of Ferdinand Sussenbok as guide, and for two hours drove past the lovely Stadt Park and along the delightful Ring-Strasse. We passed many blocks of handsome buildings, occupied as shops and flats. Other fine structures were the Imperial Palace, Theatres,

Picture Galleries, Churches, Museums, &c. The boulevards were crowded with equipages; one, drawn by gray horses, contained Baron Rothschild; while the wide walks were thronged with well dressed persons out shopping and sight seeing. A much higher civilization than that at Constantinople.

The Koran of the Mohammedans, in uplifting power for humanity, is grandly surpassed by the Bible of the Christians in its inspirations, and in its glorious world victories.

On November 17th we visited St. Stephen's Cathedral, which is the central point of Vienna, whence the numbers of the avenues and streets are reckoned. For generations a rule of health required that all who entered Vienna should first demonstrate their good health by driving a big nail in a tall post that stood by the Cathedral. The streets are narrow, but well paved, and almost shut in by lofty houses with countless dormer windows; and short cut passages or arcades are numerous. The Cathedral is a Gothic church of much beauty, built of limestone, five hundred years ago. Underneath are catacombs, three tiers of vaults one above the other, in which a few years ago a man lost his way and was starved to death. The Cathedral with its graceful spire is a masterpiece. The outlook affords extensive views of the City, and of historic battlefields in the distance. The Inner City is the center of gayety and fashion, where live the Court, and where is situated the Imperial Palace; this is

a great irregular pile of buildings which, since the thirteenth century, has been occupied by the Austrian princes. Here also lived Maria Theresa, her successors, and here also lives the present Emperor, Francis Joseph. Here are the vast Imperial Library, the Mineral Cabinet, the Treasury, where among countless objects of interest are shown the diamonds of Maria Theresa, one alone being worth $300,000; also the necklace and crown of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, daughter of Maria Theresa, and the golden cradle lined with white satin, in which was rocked the only son of Napoleon the Great.

In an adjoining square stands an equestrian statue of Joseph II., one of Austria's greatest rulers. Joseph abolished serfdom, and nine hundred convents with their 36,000 monks. He granted religious liberty to Protestants, established a free press, promoted education, and a protective tariff, and thus wonderfully helped Austria during the ten years of his reign. Catholic influence finally forced him to abrogate most of his reforms, and he died (1790) of grief, some say by poison. His mother was Empress Maria Theresa, the daughter and pride of Charles VI. Like Catherine the Great of Russia, she was a woman of wonderful executive power. She was educated with the greatest care, and was made the confidante of her father in matters of State. On the death of Charles VI. the reigning powers of Europe, disputing the title of his daughter, made war upon Maria Theresa. Young and

beautiful, she presented herself to her Hungarian subjects at Pressburg, with her little son Joseph II., and made an address to them, committing herself and her child to their care. They drew their swords, exclaiming, "We will die for Maria Theresa." And thousands kept their word. Then followed the War of the Austrian Succession, and later the Seven Years' War, both of which only confirmed her in the possession of her inheritance. She died in 1780. On May 13, 1888, a splendid monument was unveiled in Vienna to the memory of this wonderful woman. Emperor Francis Joseph, accompanied by all the members of the Imperial family, the Austrian and Hungarian Ministers, and the foreign diplomatic representatives, were present at the unveiling of this new monument.

In St. Augustine's Church is the tomb of Maria Christina, who was Maria Theresa's favorite daughter. It is Canova's masterpiece, and was copied by his pupils for his own tomb in Venice. In the adjacent Loretto Chapel are urns, which contain the hearts of the Imperial family, including the heart of Maria Theresa, while her body lies in the Capuchin Church not far away, surrounded by her numerous family.

South of the Ring-Strasse is the Elizabeth Bridge which spans the small river Wien which flows northeasterly through the city. This bridge is ninety feet wide, and is adorned with eight statues on the parapets, and leads to the principal fruit market on the right. The long building, with Ionic portico

on the left, is the Polytechnic Institute for practical science, industry and commerce. Beyond rises the noble dome of Charles Church, with colossal Corinthian columns. Here on Sabbath day may be heard some of the finest music in Vienna. Further down the River is the Schwarzenberg Bridge, from which is seen to the north the equestrian statue of Schwarzenberg. Nothing was too good to be given by the Austrians to their famous general. While Schwarzenberg lived, Austria conferred upon him vast estates and honors, as England did upon Wellington. He was made President of the Imperial Military Council, and died at Leipsic in 1820. In the suburbs southeast of Vienna is situated the Schwarzenberg Palace, the summer home of this brave Prince, who took part in the battle of Hohenlinden and Wagram against the great Napoleon. When Schwarzenberg was Embassador to France, he conducted the negotiations for the marriage of Marie Louise with Napoleon. At Leipsic he commanded the allied forces of Austria, Prussia and Russia, won a great victory and marched to Paris. He entered France a second time after the decisive battle of Waterloo.

Further southeast are the extensive Belvedere Gardens, between the upper and lower Palaces, with terraces and fountains in the French style. They are made beautiful with shady avenues and flower beds, fit home, indeed, for Prince Eugene of Savoy, hero of the Battles of Blenheim and Oudenarde. The famous Belvedere is now used in part

for antiquities, and part for pictures. In examples of Rubens and the Venetian School it is unsurpassed. Vienna has become an important art center, many famous artists, noted especially as colorists, having come here from Munich, while the increased wealth of recent years has greatly developed architectural talent.

Further southeast and we reach the Arsenal, with a statue of Austria above the entrance. The vestibule is borne by twelve pillars, and adorned with scores of marble statues of Austrian heroes. Wings extend to the right and left, and form an immense quadrangle of buildings, covering nearly seventy acres, which comprise a Museum of weapons, a cannon foundry, a gun factory, iron works, etc. In the Museum are seen cannon of every age and in great variety, and an extensive stock of fire-arms. Military service is obligatory, without substitution, upon all citizens of the Empire who have reached twenty years of age. The Austrian army on a war footing is nearly two millions of soldiers. The navy, however, is not correspondingly large.

On the evening of the 17th we attended an opera given in the Imperial Opera House. It is one of the handsomest buildings in the Ring-Strasse, built in Renaissance style, with several tiers of seats and a capacity for 3,000 spectators. The Foyer and adjoining rooms are richly embellished with operatic scenes, and busts of celebrated composers. Pauline Lucca, a noted German opera-singer, sang exquisitely. Her voice was a full soprano. The

large audience gave frequent and deserved approval. The Strauss brothers whom we enjoyed, are idolized by the Austrians, who seem more fond of music than any other nation. They attend the opera and theatres at the sensible hour of seven in the evening, usually in full dress, and by ten-thirty are back again at their home, if not detained at some charming café.

This part of Vienna is unsurpassed, in handsome architecture, by any Capital in Europe. Here are the new Exchange, costing $2,500,000, the superb Courts of Justice, Museum, Theatres, Academies of Art, University with 4,000 students, and palatial residences. Near by is the exquisite Gothic Votive Church with twin spires, completed in 1879, to commemorate the escape of Francis Joseph from assassination.

Viennese women are noted for their beauty. They are slight, delicate, and seem, like the Parisians, to live largely for enjoyment. They walk and ride in their Prater, which extends for four miles down the Danube and contains 4270 acres. Here thousands of chairs are arranged under the trees, where lovers of pleasure can take refreshments, watch the passing crowd, and listen to music. Here was located the World's Exposition of 1873. The public baths of Vienna are the finest in the world. Viennese women are especially good swimmers. Some of the handsomest men and women in the world are to be found on the streets of Vienna. All are polite, saying as they meet each other, in

German, "I kiss your hand." Who could be rude after such a greeting?

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, and King of Hungary, and Bohemia, is a direct descendant of the House of Hapsburg, which is centuries old. He came to the throne on the abdication of his Uncle Ferdinand V. in 1849. Francis Joseph is slight in stature, and has a bald head, with heavy side whiskers, light blue eyes, and a kindly face. This Emperor-King keeps three hundred carriages, and six hundred fine horses. When he appears in State, his carriage is drawn by six black Andalusian horses, nearly covered with gold trappings. His Empire, full of internal dissension, he pacifies by a wise admixture of kindness and firmness. He is brave, as shown at the battle of Solferino; also patient, devoted to the affairs of State, rising every morning at five o'clock and working at his desk with his secretary, often till late at night. He is the richest man in Europe, it is said, and devotes much money to art, literature, and the poor. He has done many things to encourage skill and industry throughout the Empire.

Francis Joseph's wife, the Empress Elizabeth, was said to be the most beautiful woman in Europe. She was the niece of Louis I., the art King of Bavaria, and the mother of three children, Sophia, Rudolph, and Valerie; the two latter have written each a book. The Empress was intelligent, noted for her horsemanship and other athletic sports, and an accomplished player on the zither, having taken

ELIZABETH, EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

lessons from the first masters in Vienna. She spent much of her time at Buda-Pesth, the capital of Hungary, and was greatly beloved by her people. Her sudden death at Geneva by the hand of a cowardly assassin shocked the world.

A short drive brings us to Schönbrunn Palace, the lovely summer residence of Royalty, a large yellow palace, the interior fresh and beautiful. It was the favorite home of Marie Antoinette in her childhood. One room is furnished in red, and was the bridal room of Crown Prince Rudolph, and Stephanie. Another room is in green velvet and kept as when Napoleon slept on its single iron bedstead in 1804, and again in 1809, after he had conquered Austria; and on this same bed his darling boy, Napoleon II., expired July 22, 1832. In the rear amid extensive gardens is a beautiful fountain. In the fountain is the nymph Egeria, who presides over the birth of children. She is said by Ovid to have married Numa Pompilius, and was so overcome by his death, that she melted into tears, and was changed into a fountain by Diana.

Rudolph was the second child and only son of Francis Joseph. He wrote a history of Hungary which was illustrated by the best artists.

Stephanie, the second daughter of Leopold II. of Belgium, became Rudolph's bride. She was beloved for her sunny and amiable disposition, and extreme courtesy to her people. Vienna gave the Royal lovers a magnificent reception, the streets being veritable bowers of roses. Gradually, however, the

Royal couple drifted apart till on one cold morning in February, 1889, in the isolated castle of Meyerling, Prince Rudolph's valet called at his master's door. It was locked, and all was quiet within. The door was broken open, and there on the bed lay the dead Crown Prince of Austria, his revolver near his right hand, and his left arm was clasped about the dead body of Baroness Marie Vetsera, who had taken strychnine. Marie was beautiful and belonged to a rich Austrian family. Rudolph became violently enamored of the Baroness. His father, Emperor Francis Joseph, refused to forward to the Pope a petition for divorce from Stephanie, whom the Crown Prince had come to dislike, and so the Royal lovers chose death in each other's arms. Unfortunate and unhappy House of Hapsburg.

CHAPTER XIV.

Fontainebleau. Geneva. Madam de Stael. Chillon. Mer de Glace. Mauvais Pas. Chamouny. Mont Blanc. Mt. St. Gotthard. St. Bernard Hospice. Monks and Dogs. Martigny. Rhone Glacier. Kandersteg. Gemmi Pass. Interlaken. Lauterbrunnen. Wood Carvers. Lucerne. Thorwaldsen's Lion. Mt. Rigi. William Tell and Gessler.

ON our fourth visit to Europe, we went from Paris to Switzerland, *via* Fontainebleau. Picturesque country homes, small parks, and busy mills were passed in rapid succession. Then came glimpses of the lovely valley of the Seine, and at length, extensive forests appeared, as the train bore us up the river towards Fontainebleau, which is thirty seven miles south of Paris.

Fontainebleau is a quiet little city with clean streets, which with its forests of over forty thousand acres, is the spot lovers seek, if they wish to escape inquisitive people. Here Napoleon and Josephine spent some of their happiest days.

Francis I. converted Fontainebleau into a royal residence of great extent and magnificence, and French and Italian artists made the interior beautiful. Here in 1809 the unjust sentence of divorce was pronounced against Josephine. Here also April 4, 1814 on a small round table, Napoleon

signed his abdication. He begged that he might resign in favor of his son, but the Allied Powers relentlessly told him "No!" Some friends once heard Josephine say to Napoleon, "It is not your lucky star, that controls events, it is mine." Surely enough after the fatal divorce Napoleon's lucky star sank forever below the horizon.

We drove where kings and queens had often driven through great gorges, and over the magnificent park of constantly varying character, returning at six o 'clock to the Gardens of the Palace.

In the Court Mrs. Bolton purchased, of an old woman under a blue umbrella, two papers of stale bread and we went across to a Pavilion, near which is the pond, famous for its large and venerable carp. Possibly French royalty and nobility inherited their love of fish ponds from the Roman patricians, who found joy in feeding the fish, called barbel, out of their hands. Wagon loads of fat carp tumbled over each other in hungry pursuit of the bread crumbs thrown to them. The carp has a large head, thick lips, small mouth, arched back, and often weighs twenty pounds or more. It was much esteemed as food by royalty.

Most of the land of France and Europe is farmed in strips without fences. Tillers of the soil are grouped in villages to-day as formerly, when safety of life required concentration; and the peasants go long distances to and from their labors in the fields and vine-yards on the hill-sides. It is a mistake to believe that the French are not lovers of homes,

We enjoyed the music, and moonlight rides on the peaceful lake. A steam-yacht took us up the west shore of Lake Geneva, which is bordered with cedars of Lebanon, sweet chestnuts, magnolias and vines. We landed first at Coppet, where Madam de Stael once lived and wrote. Through her social influence and pen, she made and unmade French ministers, and her home in Paris was called the Camp of the Revolution. Because she opposed Napoleon, he banished her. Her novels are brilliant, and her history of Germany is admirable. Madam de Stael wrote rapidly, much as she talked. Her vivacity, wit and elegance captivated everybody she met. She was ardent, her face full of tenderness, and her voice like music. She was somewhat severe on men, saying "The more I study men, the more I like dogs." Madam de Stael married for her second husband, an officer twenty-seven years old, and though she was forty-five it proved a happy marriage. One day a person said to her husband, "She is old enough to be your mother." "Thank you," he replied, "now I have another reason for loving her."

In full sight from her windows and writing table are seen tiny craft, graceful lateen-sails, and across the blue waters of the lake white capped Mont Blanc towering among the clouds. In a walled enclosure among the trees is shown her grave, covered with evergreen myrtle.

Lake Geneva is fifty miles long and crescent-shape, and on both shores are many delightful cities,

charming villas, and rich vegetation. This lovely Lake district has been the favorite theme of Voltaire, Goethe, Byron, and many others. Alexander Dumas likens Lake Geneva to the Bay of Naples. We stopped at several historic and interesting places along the shore. Near the upper end of the Lake, beneath rich foliage, and among luxuriant vineyards is Vevey, of whose scenes Goethe was so found, that he once said, "Ah, if I could only breathe out upon paper some of the glowing images which teem within, so that the sheet should be a perfect mirror of my soul!" Here Rousseau wrote his famous novel "The New Heloise", and here are buried the Regicides, Ludlow and Broughton.

We go as far as the rocks where stands the castle of Chillon, immortalized by Byron.

> "Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
> And thy sad floor and altar, for 'twas trod,
> Until his very steps have left a trace,
> Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
> By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface,
> For they appeal from tyranny to God."

Here within Chillon, which is a thousand years old, in the 15th century heroic François de Bonnivard was confined by the Duke of Savoy, an enemy of the Republic of Geneva. After many lonely years of imprisonment the victorious Genevese burst open the castle door, exclaiming, "Bonnivard, Arise! Thou art free." Bonnivard's first words were, "Geneva! what of Geneva?" and the answer came, "Geneva too is free."

On the pillars of this old time Bastile, converted into a Temple of Liberty, by the loyalty of a single lover of freedom, the names of Victor Hugo, Byron, George Sands, and a host of others are inscribed.

Next day as we rode out of Geneva on a diligence, we passed well kept grounds and villas through fertile valleys, and curiously built old towns, with occasional views of dazzling peaks of snow-clad mountains. We went through tunnels often with the torrent of the Arve at our feet, till gradually the glaciers became visible, and the bracing ride of fifty-four miles brought the coach into the lovely Vale of Chamouny, which is enclosed by precipitous peaks. Annually thousands of tourists find at Chamouny much sought for rest and a delightful peace of mind. Chamouny is near the source of the River Arve, where the murmur of its waters, the shepherd's flute, and the tinkling of the cow-bells lull you to sleep.

The valley twelve miles long, and a half mile wide, brought under cultivation early in the twelfth century by Benedictine monks, was considered unsafe for tourists till the middle of the last century, when the writings of adventurous travelers and naturalists, gave great impulse to the tourist public, ever anxious for something new.

We rose with the sun, and after a breakfast of coffee, eggs and rolls, began a vigorous zig-zag walk, up through the pine and larch forests of Montanvert on the east side of the valley to a height which affords a bewildering view of the vast sea of

ice that fills the highest gorges of the Mont Blanc chain.

We were guided over the Mer de Glace, with its deep crevasses, which seem like a frozen sea of blue billows. These rivers of ice combine to form the enormous glaciers of the Alps. Here Professor John Tyndall came to study for weeks the theory of glacier motion. Glaciers creep down as described by Shelley :—

> "Like snakes that watch their prey,
> From their far fountain,
> Slowly rolling on ; there many a precipice,
> Frost and sun in scorn of mortal power,
> Have piled dome, pyramid, and pinnacle,
> A city of death, distinct with many a tower,
> And wall impregnable of beaming ice."

The return is made by Mauvais Pas, bad pass. The path is hewn in steep rocks, and provided with iron rods or railing. Loose stones and debris of the moraine are piled up on both sides. The descent is made into the Vale of Chamouny ; renewed health, increased knowledge, and restored appetite repay the tedious effort. A few miles below Chamouny is seen the Glacier des Bossons with obelisks and icy crags ; and en route are pretty challets and waterfalls. With a graduate of Oxford for companion, we climbed the Glacier des Bossons. We lost the path, but struggled on and up, till a guide came to our rescue. A franc gained admission to a cavern hewn 260 feet into the glacier-ice

whence emerges a torrent. The head of the glacier slowly advances, or recedes with the temperature. It furnished ice for hotel tables, and ice-water for the wheel of a peasant's saw-mill.

Early next day we began the ascent of Mont Blanc, seemingly insurmountable. But trusty guides with ladders, ice picks and ropes promised to overcome all obstacles. By rocky paths, through steep forests, and pastures they reached a glacier, which requires two hours to cross. A monument recently erected in Chamouny, tells of Jacques Balmat, the first to ascend in 1786 this Monarch of European Mountains. Every step requires the greatest caution, as the difficulties constantly increase. Refreshments renew the strength, and guides stimulate the courage. In 1870 a party of eleven persons when part way up perished in a storm. Guides advise you not to attempt to climb Mont Blanc in foggy weather. In late years, the path-way discovered by pioneers a century ago, is annually trodden by scores of persons of many nationalities, and fully a thousand have accomplished the difficult feat.

The first day's journey ends at the Grands Mulets, where a hut is perched upon a ledge nearly two miles above the sea. Here a genial Swiss keeps a regular Inn, and weary climbers can pass a comfortable night, if deaf to falling avalanches. Near by a young English lady and guide, neglecting to use the rope, fell into a deep crevasse. The guides allow you but little sleep, as it is usual to start at

midnight for the summit. Compensation however, is found in the full moon, illuminating all the Alps, and for hours you travel on and up, as in a fairy-land; but gradually the scenes change. A worn party returning is met, and brave words are exchanged.

Finally high above we beheld the silvery dome of Mont Blanc all aflame with the rosy splendor of the early sunlight. On the way is seen the spot where in 1820, Dr. Hamel's three guides were lost, and forty years afterwards, they were turned up by the ice five miles from the scene of disaster.

Six hours more brought us to the last stage of the difficult journey, a slow and chilling task, as many steps had to be cut in the ice; but the slope lessens, a few more earnest strides, and the summit was surmounted. It is a narrow ridge three hundred feet long, and 15,781 feet or nearly three miles above the sea. Here Professor Tyndall spent twenty hours in scientific observations.

> "Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
> They crowned her long ago,
> On a throne of rocks in a robe of clouds,
> With a diadem of snow."

In sight immense Mount St. Gotthard forms the centre of a crescent shaped chain of mountains called the Alps, which are clothed with perpetual snows and glaciers. They cover southern, south-eastern and central Switzerland, or fully one-half of the surface of the country. The Alps are largely

of primitive rocks; rock crystals, and garnets are found, and sometimes particles of gold among the river sands. The drainage of Switzerland is by the rivers Rhine, Danube, Rhone and the Po, into the North, Black and Mediterranean seas respectively.

Switzerland abounds in clear and beautiful lakes, and though midway between the Equator and the North Pole, the climate presents most violent contrasts. In high Swiss latitudes, no week passes without a snow storm. The area is 15,261 square miles, about twice the size of Massachusetts.

The guides pointed out the Hospice of St. Bernard at the summit of the Pass leading from Martigny to Aosta, Italy. Near a pretty blue lake are two buildings belonging to this Hospice, which was founded in 962 by St. Bernard, who early devoted himself to the good of humanity.

The Monastery won celebrity and great wealth, and enjoyed the protection of Pope and Emperor. In 1480 it had lands in Sicily, Flanders and England, but finally political disputes and changes reduced its holdings to almost nothing. Its resources are now small, and in aid of the Hospice regular collections are made in the Swiss Cantons. Rulers of every age from before Christ down to Napoleon have marched armies past the Hospice of St. Bernard over the Alps.

The Brotherhood of St. Bernard now consists of forty self-sacrificing members, who labor in this high altitude from young manhood, each as long as he is able, none more than fifteen years, and then

find an asylum at a subsidiary house below at Martigny. The brothers can accommodate seventy-five persons with beds. They have a deep cellar for wine, meats and vegetables, which with hay, wood and other necessities are brought up several miles from the valleys below. Many horses are kept busy hauling wood, which is an expensive article. The monks prize highly a piano, which was a present from the Prince of Wales. From 15,000 to 20,000 travelers annually cross the St. Bernard Pass. No charges are made, but strangers give as they like. Here where gifts should be generous, it is astonishing to find what small amounts are placed in the contribution box of the Hospice.

Sagacious St. Bernard dogs guide strangers on their journey over this Pass of the Alps. Usually five or six great dogs live at this Hospice. In very stormy seasons travelers wait on either side of the Pass, not far from the summit for a man and faithful dog to come from the Hospice to conduct them safely. The St. Bernard dog, though often hidden in the deep snows, except his tail, never misses his way. He seems endowed with human reason. A keen sense of smell enables him to track and discover travelers buried in the heavy snows. So great is the labor and so cold the climate in the high Alps, that these noble dogs live but a few years, owing to frequent attacks of rheumatism.

If the travelers' feet are frozen, they are rubbed with snow or ointment, and when necessary a monk amputates them. Unfortunate victims of storms

and avalanches are placed in a low building, or morgue not far from the Hospice, their bodies being put in the posture found. The dead cannot be buried in the frozen and rocky soil. Because of the rapid evaporation at this height, these bodies do not decay but dry up. On some bodies after a score of years, the clothes remain. In a walled enclosure of the morgue is a great bed of bones, bleached and broken, the accumulation of centuries.

From Chamouny to Martigny is a day's journey. Leaving the Vale of Chamouny you come to a dismal mass of rocks covered with forest trees, over which a narrow carriage way is cut along ledges high above a torrent, and often through tunnels. This Tête Noire, black head or top, is an interesting Pass, and much frequented by tourists. A heap of stones indicates the summit, which affords fine views of distant snow-capped mountains. Thence the way leads past an occasional inn, and rapidly descends amidst scattered rocks, through dark forests, past cascades and finally, the road shaded with chestnuts, guides to Martigny, a busy little town in the Rhone Valley.

The deposits of the Rhone are slowly filling the upper part of Lake Geneva. We climbed the cataract-like Rhone Glacier. This and other glaciers, are embedded in high mountains, and form the sources of the Rhone River, which the ancients said "descended from the gates of eternal night, at the foot of the pillar of the sun."

By train and coach we visited the Baths of Leuk,

high up among the mountains. Leuk has small flat-roofed houses in the midst of green fields, and is sheltered by lofty lime-stone rocks. Thousands of invalids come here yearly for hot-water baths, the thermal springs being impregnated with lime. We laughed when we saw the bathers, in their long white flannel dresses, who pass four or five hours together in a common bath, tables floating before them on which they rest their books, write, play cards, or sip their tea and coffee.

Passing out of the village-gate opened by tiny boys, to each of whom we gave pennies, we began the ascent of the Gemmi Pass over most formidable rocks. We climbed for two miles along a spiral path skilfully hewn in the rocks at great expense. On the Gemmi summit, covered with snow, we stopped to blow the long Alpine horn, listen to its echoes, and enjoy magnificent views all about us.

On every side miles of snow-covered Alps glittered in the sunlight. Then we passed a lovely lake, and at sunset stopped at a little mountain-cottage, and bought goat's milk, biscuits and honey for our supper. After a walk of twenty miles from midday to nine in the evening both of us very weary, we reached the sheltered village of Kandersteg, where we rested for the night. For breakfast we had fresh brook trout, hot biscuits and honey.

The coach next morning traveled over a white hard road winding through a green valley to Spiez. The farms in the Swiss valleys are irrigated, and

well kept by the thrifty and economical inhabitants, who manage to make a living on very little soil. Scarcely a blade of grass can be found among the vines, or a weed on the farm, or a dry twig among the trees. The Swiss are still primitive in their ideas of tools for farming, using most awkward plows, and flails for threshing grain. The drive through the country reveals chestnut, walnut, cherry, plum, apple and pear trees. From the pear a national drink is made, not unlike American cider.

The journey from Spiez is by a small steamboat, six miles up Lake Thun, a lovely sheet of water, past pretty villas and gardens along the shore, which is precipitous and clothed with vineyards, while higher up are forests. Now and then you see a picturesque old Chateau. Double-decked tramway-cars hurry us from Därligen to Interlaken, between lakes, a pretty town between Lake Thun and Lake Brienz, which are two miles apart. Possibly both lakes were one sheet of water in former days, but the Arve to-day connects the two. Here is a most attractive Swiss valley and bright green meadows, and shade that does not overshadow. Scattered in the valley are neat little villages, and villas, perched on the hill-sides. The principal resort of Interlaken is the Hoheweg, a handsome avenue of walnut trees, flanked with convenient hotels, tempting shops, gardens and fountains. Often these hotels are illuminated at night. Interlaken attracts fashionable visitors in summer, chiefly English, Germans and American. The Whey-

Cure offers inducements to some, others discover here a place for rest, while many find Interlaken a convenient starting point for excursions in the adjacent valleys and mountains of the Oberland.

In the background is Jungfrau, with her shroud of eternal snow. In the foreground are green meadows with tall grass and flowers. Residents sometimes witness the magnificent phenomena of avalanches. Vast masses of snow and ice accumulate on the upper portions of these mountains, and as the summer advances, by their own weight, they slide down with irresistible force. The snow, broken ice, loosened trees, stones, and dirt, resemble a rushing cataract, and the echoing thunders arouse the denizens of the valleys.

Two hours walk from Interlaken brought us into the quiet valley of Lauterbrunnen, which is half a mile wide. On both sides of a glacier stream is situated the scattered and picturesque village of thirteen hundred inhabitants. We stopped to examine a Swiss house, the projecting roof of which was covered with big stones to hold the shingles in place, and wooden pegs were used instead of nails.

The Swiss never lay aside their habits of work and economy, and do not forget their love of homes and liberty. The rural architecture of Switzerland is a delightful study. In it we find the last vestige of the style employed in constructing houses in the Middle Ages. How delicate and artistic the taste often displayed by the Swiss on their rustic homes!

Wood admits of combinations not possible with stone, for both useful and picturesque effects. In Germany, Sweden, France and England, the number of chalets and villas is rapidly increasing, and a great architectural movement not easy to define is noticeable in America.

So high are the cliffs on either side of the valley that in winter the sun does not appear till near noon. On every side little streams flow from the brow of precipices, the loftiest of which is called Staubbach Falls, or Dust Stream, which makes a leap of eleven hundred feet. The stream is scattered by the breezes into spray-like dust, and in the sunshine reveals a thousand tiny rainbows. Wordsworth called Staubbach "a sky-born waterfall." When the clouds are low the dainty stream seems to spring from the sky itself.

We attended an Assembly at Unspunnen, at the foot of high mountains, to witness the national games in progress, such as wrestling, throwing stones, etc. It is said that in years gone by at a ruined castle at Unspunnen lived Burkhard, one of the lords, whose daughter Ida was beloved by a knight. A feud existed between her family and his, so the young knight after dark scaled the walls of the castle and carried off his ladylove. After years of family strife, the knight unarmed returned bearing to the castle the infant son of Ida. Burkhard seeing Ida's pretty baby was melted to tears, received her husband with open arms, and made him the heir of his vast possessions. This

day of reconciliation between the lord and knight was celebrated ever after by games.

We met milk-dealers with big cans strapped to their backs on their way to town. The wealth of many Swiss peasants is largely in their cows, which in summer they send high up the mountain sides to feed, where wives, or daughters watch the animals all day, knitting meantime. The best cows give from twenty to forty pounds of milk per day. Excellent cheeses are made three thousand feet above the sea. Cows at night are summoned home for milking by an Alpine horn, which is very melodious in the hands of a Swiss.

At Brienz a stop was made among the wood-carvers, of whom there are six hundred in this little village. Peasant women visit Brienz, to sell their wares to tourists. They offer for sale wooden bears, chamois, and tiny Swiss chalets, some containing musical clocks. Picture frames are adorned with edelweiss and other Alpine flowers.

The Swiss earnings are meager, a whole family barely getting enough for a scanty living. The Swiss are hard workers. Sometimes they gather at country balls for merry-making where groups of old people sip their wine in the gardens and shy lads chat with Oberland maidens.

At the quaint town of Brienz a diligence is taken for Lucerne. The coach drawn by four horses carries passengers inside and outside. A winding ascent brings the diligence beneath overhanging rocks which seem to threaten destruction, while in

fact they furnish safety and shelter. It is common for Swiss boys and girls along the route to emerge from crevices in the rocks and offer for sale flowers, fresh berries on cabbage leaves, or a cup of sweet milk.

The summit once gained, the crack of the driver's whip sends the horses at a rapid rate past quaint villages, and blue lakes for twenty-five miles to Lucerne on the Lake of the four forest Cantons. The population of twenty thousand is strongly Catholic. This locality is unsurpassed in Europe for scenery. To be able to spend the summer in Lucerne and the winter in Florence would be near the perfection of living. Well preserved walls and watch towers of mediæval times, and the slender twin spires of the Hofkirche, give Lucerne a picturesque appearance. The large hotels in the summer are crowded. Other public buildings skirt the clear lake. The city is built on both sides of the River Reuss, the waters of which are clear and green as they issue from the lake with the swiftness of a torrent. Here in little boats from up the lake come the peasants with farm products.

The situation of Lucerne, amphitheatre-like, is between the twin citadels, Rigi on the left, and Mt. Pilatus on the right; they invest it with a peculiar charm. The banks of the Reuss are connected by four bridges, one a new broad iron structure paved with stone. On the right stands the hoary water tower, Wasserthurm, where are kept the archives of the town.

This tower long ago was used as a lighthouse, (lucerna) whence Lucerne the name of the city. Two of the bridges are covered, and adorned with nearly two hundred pictures representing The Dance of Death, and events in Swiss history. On the summit of old Mt. Pilatus storms gather and brew. An old legend asserts that when Pontius Pilate was banished from Galilee he fled to Mt. Pilatus and in bitterness of remorse drowned himself in Lake Lucerne.

We walked outside the gates of the city to see the celebrated Lion of Lucerne. It was executed in 1821 in memory of twenty-one officers and 760 soldiers of the Swiss Guard, who fell in defence of the Tuileries, August 10th, 1792. The dying lion is resting in a grotto, transfixed by a broken lance, but defending to the last gasp, with his paw, the golden lilies of France. It was hewn out of the natural sandstone after a model by the Danish Sculptor, Thorwaldsen. The rock which bears the names of the Swiss heroes, with the inscription "To the valor and fidelity of the Swiss," is overhung with creeping vines. A spring at the top flows over the ledge and into a pool at the base, forming a mirror which reflects the colossal sculpture. It affords proof that in true art the simplest idea executed by a masterhand never fails to produce grand effect.

We took passage on a small steamer for the pretty village of Vitznau, a few miles up on the North shore of Lake Lucerne to climb Mt. Rigi. The

THE LION OF LUCERNE.

railway takes its passengers past the little church, up among gardens and fruit trees, and still higher up the famous Rigi. We pass through a long tunnel, then on frail bridges over deep ravines. The Rigi Railway is only four and a half miles long with a maximum grade of one in four. Like the railways up Mount Washington and Mt. Vesuvius, it is very steep. Between the outer rails are two extra rails close together, and provided with teeth, on which cogs of the locomotive work. The train has but one carriage, which is capable of holding fifty persons. This observation car is placed in front of the engine, unconnected by couplings, so that it can be stopped immediately in case of danger. En route up the mountain, which is a mile high, enormous blocks of conglomerated rocks are passed, which show the structure of the Rigi group. In the winter frosts cleave and split the rocks, and a century ago a torrent of mud and rocks descending from Rigi, covered acres of land, destroyed many homes, and the inhabitants barely escaped.

The summit of Rigi, Queen of Mountains, is finally reached, and one of the most bewildering views in Europe bursts upon the traveler. Beyond are the snow-clad Alps extending over a hundred miles, glittering like masses of diamonds in the setting sun.

Lake Lucerne below flashes back the sunlight as from a great silver cross, and fertile valleys enclose a dozen other lakes. Streams in the distance look like silver threads which disappear in the Black Forest that darkens the horizon.

We decided to spend the night on Rigi to witness the gorgeous sunrise over the Alps. When the mountain is free from mist all the guests are awakened an hour before sunrise by an Alpine horn, and like disciples of Zoroaster, or sun-worshippers, the tourists in negligée and blankets gather to adore. Streaks of light first appear in the far East, giving a pinkish glow to the Alps as the stars fade out of the sky.

> "Night tapers are burnt out and jocund day,
> Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops."

Forests, lakes, and villages are bathed in an ever deepening color, till all the Alps seem aglow with golden sunlight. An hour later mists have gathered about Mt. Rigi,

> "Through the parting clouds only the earth can be seen,
> Far down 'neath the vapor the meadows of green."

At times, when the vapors rise, a screen is formed opposite the sun, which reflects Mt. Rigi and its people in gigantic proportions, the whole encircled by a halo of rainbow colors.

From Mt. Rigi we looked away to Altorf where stands the Statue of William Tell, occupying the very spot, it is claimed, where the intrepid archer by command of the tyrant Gessler shot the apple on his son's head.

In 1307 Gessler lifted his ducal hat on a pole and commanded all who passed to do his hat reverence. This act fired the hearts of the heroic Swiss. The women said, "Must we mothers nurse beggars at our bosoms, and bring up maid-servants for foreign-

ers? What are the men of our mountains good for? Let there be an end to this."

William Tell treated the plumed-cap of Gessler with contempt, and the enraged governor ordered Tell to be put under arrest. Tell's liberty was offered if he could shoot the apple from his son's head. Fortunately the father's arrow hit the apple. When he told Gessler that had he injured the child, he had reserved an arrow for Gessler's own heart, Tell was detained in custody, and loaded with irons. The interior of Tell Chapel, on the shore of the lake, presents in frescoes the complete story of this famous patriot. Gessler fearing that the friends of Tell would liberate him, resolved to carry him across the lake to his own castle at Küssnacht. A violent storm on the lake compelled the tyrant to loose Tell's fetters, so that he might be employed to manage the oars. Quickly Tell brought the boat close to a rock that jutted into the lake, and leaped ashore. With one foot he pushed off the boat, and then fled into a mountain defile, where afterwards he lay in wait for Gessler and shot him.

Then the patriot peasantry flew to arms, and a band of fourteen hundred totally routed an Austrian Army of twenty thousand sent to conquer the audacious rustics, as Austria styled the rebellious Swiss. In the sacred Tell Chapel, once a year on Sunday, mass is performed, and a sermon preached to large numbers of patriots, who come from neighboring shores in gaily decorated boats.

The trip from Lucerne to Lake Maggiore, Italy is 108 miles, through the wonderful St. Gotthard Tunnel. Over twenty miles of the distance is bored through solid granite, the tunnel itself being nearly ten miles in length. In its construction the French contractor, M. Jules Favre, sacrificed his life. He harnessed the torrent of the adjoining river Reuss, thereby forcing into the tunnel compressed air for boring the granite. Workmen labored in this dark mountain for over seven years. The cost of the tunnel $13,000,000 was furnished by Germany, Italy and Switzerland.

CHAPTER XV.

Lands of the Midnight Sun. Sweden and Norway. Stockholm. Christiania. The University. King Oscar II. Norwegian Bridal pair. Carioles. Manner of Living. Dress. John Ericsson and Ole Bull. Saeters. Torghattan. Lofoden Islands. Lapps. North Cape. Midnight Sun. Viking Ships. West Coast of Greenland. Esquimaux. Polar Expeditions. Franklin. Greely. The Rescue. The North Pole.

IN July, 1882, on our fifth trip to Europe, we visited the lands of the Midnight Sun. The Midnight Sun is a most wonderful phenomenon of nature. At the Arctic Circle 1600 miles south of the North Pole, the sun is seen once every year above the horizon for twenty-four consecutive hours; at the North Pole for six months. Countries within these limits are called Lands of the Midnight Sun: the same is true of the Southern Hemisphere.

The Union colors of Sweden and Norway are red, yellow and blue. The Swedish flag has a yellow cross on a blue field. The Norwegian flag a blue cross on a red field. The Union colors appeared on both flags, in place of the stars on ours, when these countries were united in 1817.

We sail as did Sir John Franklin, from London. One hundred and fifty special expeditions have

been made into the higher northern latitudes, some to discover a shorter road to India, some to discover the North Pole, and many more to find lost expeditions. The North Sea that isolates, and the high latitude, make Sweden and Norway seem remote.

The sister kingdoms of Norway and Sweden lie side by side, Sweden on the east and Norway on the west, and form the Scandinavian Peninsula. It is the largest country in Europe, except Russia, though their joint area (290,327 square miles, Norway 122,280, Sweden 168,042) only equals the single state of Texas. Sweden on the east, is about three fifths of the Peninsular. Land gradually rises from the Gulf of Bothnia on the east to lofty headlands on the west. The country abounds in large clear lakes, rapid rivers, forests of fragrant fir and pine, snow capped mountains and grand glaciers. The north is rocky and treeless, inhabited by bands of savage Lapps and Finns who were driven there by the Teutonic race. Our journey extends from Upsala above Stockholm to Christiania, capital of Norway, and then 1100 miles along the coast to the North Cape.

Stockholm the capital of Sweden, has a population of 200,000. It is built on both shores of a strait connecting Lake Mälaren, with the Baltic. Picturesque homes cover bold and rocky islands, and their heights afford beautiful views of palaces and museums. Shipping fills the harbor, and canals remind you of Venice. Little steamboats

ply in every direction. The National Museum possesses the finest collection of antiquities of the bronze age, 1000 years before Christ, and the iron age about the time of the Christian Era. Statues of Swedish heroes, shrubbery and flowers adorn public parks and places of amusements. One park is eighteen miles in circumference. It has music every evening. In front of the National Museum is a famous bronze group, the "Belted Duelists" by the talented Swedish sculptor Molin. It represents the murderous Scandinavian duels in which combatants were bound together by their belts and fought with knives. As such duels usually terminated fatally for both parties, wives carried winding sheets to banquets where troubles were likely to arise.

In Stockholm you are shown the blood bath fountain where Nov. 8, 1520, Christian II. of Denmark had eighty-two nobles including Erik Johansson, the father of Vasa, excuted. On this occasion a beautiful boy who had seen his father's head cut off and the blood dripping, in childish accents said to the executioner; "When you cut mine off, please don't get my collar dirty, for mamma will whip me when I get home." The executioner's heart was moved, he secreted the child and sent him home but the ungracious king had him beheaded for such womanish tenderness.

June 24, in Sweden is a merry Mid-summer Festival Day. The sun rises before three o'clock, and delays its setting till after nine. Boughs of

birch decorate horses and wagons, and vessels at the docks. Green festoons hang on gates, porches and windows. On mid-summer's eve young men and maidens bring evergreens and flowers to adorn the May-poles, and about these the peasants dance and sing with glad shouts and merry-making. They come to their capital, wearing unique and pretty costumes. The Scandinavians are very fond of bright colors, scarlet, red, blue, yellow, and pink. In beautiful Dalecarlia, a province of central Sweden, live 200,000 peasantry, a manly and honest people. They are proud of their history and cling tenaciously to their old customs, and costumes. Usually in Sweden we see flaxen haired girls, with rosy cheeks and blue eyes. Dressed in becoming caps, with highly colored neckwear, dress and apron, their white waists with long sleeves appear in lovely contrast.

The feeding of birds, especially at Christiania, is a beautiful custom in Sweden and Norway. Bunches of oats are placed on fences and trees and roofs of houses, and he is poor indeed who cannot spare a farthing for the birds. On Christmas, horses, cattle, sheep, goats and pigs receive a double amount of food, which speaks volumes for the natural goodness of heart of Scandinavians. No race is more kind, courteous, and hospitable. The population of Sweden is over 4,000,000.

Our journey is now across Sweden by rail to Christiania, the capital of Norway, founded by Christian IV. in 1624. Population 125,000. Owing

to several destructive fires and rebuilding, the city presents a substantial appearance. It stands at the head of a picturesque fjord, enlivened with islands, and at the foot of sloping pine clad hills. In sight on an eminence is the palace of King Oscar, a plain building overlooking a very beautiful landscape.

The Norwegians are very democratic. The cities of Norway elect one-third the Storthing or parliament, and the country two-thirds. A bill may become a law without the sanction of the king if passed three times. In this way in 1821, the hereditary titles of the nobility were abolished.

The University in classical style of architecture was founded in 1811. Fifty professors lecture free to 1000 students. Education in Norway is compulsory and much prized. Christiania also has other educational and charitable institutions. Teachers after 30 years of service are pensioned in both Norway and Sweden.

Behind this building may be seen two viking ships taken in 1867 and in 1880 from ship graves or mounds of blue clay. The ship drawn on shore became a mausoleum for the dead chieftain with his personal effects, bronze belt and harness mountings, iron and copper kettles, wooden cups, tubs and bedsteads, the bones of horses and dogs, and the feathers of peacocks.

Near Christiania, is Oscarshall, English Gothic in style, eighty feet above the lake, and surrounded by a fine park. The interior is rich with paintings and statuary. By the treaty of Kiel which settled

the European quarrels growing out of the Napoleonic wars, Norway was taken from Denmark and given as a reward to Sweden. The Norwegians declared themselves independent, but Sweden easily took possession. The Swedes consider the Norwegians their inferiors, while the Norwegians claim that they who descended from the old Vikings are the peers if not superiors. Politically the union of these kingdoms is represented in the person of Oscar II., for each has a constitution, ministry and laws of its own. Recently the king wisely averted a crisis by making concession to the Norwegians, who long for a republic.

Oscar II., born 1829, crowned 1873, king of Sweden and Norway, is brother of the late King Charles XV. The two were sons of Oscar I., and grandsons of Charles John XIV., known as Marshal Bernadotte under Napoleon. King Oscar is an artist, musician, poet, the best educated ruler in Europe; on the whole a better scholar than politician, though he has displayed much tact in harmonizing the liberty-loving, and troublesome Norwegians. As King of Sweden and Norway he receives annually about $640,000. Of the four sons Gustave is heir apparent, and married to Princess Victoria, daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden. They have three sons. She is skillful as an artist, statuary of her making being shown in the royal palace.

The Swedes are exceedingly fond of blossoms. Many flowers were given to some young people leaving a Swedish watering place. We judged them

to be bride and bridegroom. The lady's hand and an inverted parasol were filled to overflowing. Later we learned that it was a Swedish custom thus to give largely of flowers. The Swedes wear little jewelry and cultivate simplicity of manners and dress. Politeness and amiability are national traits. Gentlemen lift their hats to each other, and usually hold the hat in hand while in the presence of ladies.

In peasant life, the dress of a Norwegian bridal pair is novel; the brides usually wear bright colors and beads. The men are honest and good, descended from Norsemen and Vikings, who were free in ancient days, when Europe was in slavery. As soon as a man is engaged the name of his lady is put below his own on calling cards. Bethrothal rings are exchanged and worn after marriage by both men and women. Hence you always know an engaged man or woman. Bridal parties are often seen crossing pretty lakes in gaily trimmed boats, or marching through the little villages, men leading the way to the church, and playing the Hardanger violin, which has extra strings, the music being like the Highland bag-pipe.

The silver crown of the bride used at the altar is exchanged for the graceful white cap, the bride's long hair being cut short after the marriage feast is over. Each guest makes the bride a present of money.

The best time for travel in Scandinavia is in the summer months. At Christiania we hire carioles, which, with harnesses, we charter for our entire

journey, across country 140 miles to the west coast of Norway. The cariole is a light gig with or without springs, with seat for one person. The baggage is strapped on behind. A boy or girl also usually sits behind and drives. Steamboats carry us across the many lakes.

The excellent roads are made by the government, and kept in repair by the peasants; frequently a heavy burden. We make the trip with little yellow ponies, changing horses often. Animals are treated very kindly; we recall a farmer at a depot, who put his overcoat over a cow attached to his cart. The expenses of traveling are moderate; for money they use crowns worth about one shilling each, an öre being one-hundredth part of this. The ride through the country is a delightful one. We stop at a Norwegian station. The peasants give us welcome. Some enquire after their friends in America, all expecting to go there sometime. One night at Nystuen a candle in a bottle guided us to our lodgings, with bed and pillows made of hay. Boiled salmon and flat-bread are common food. Home life is full of affection; everywhere the people are courteous and honest. Little boys raise their hats and girls courtesy as you pass them on the streets: this politeness is taught them in the schools. People never lock their houses. The turfed housetops are red with geraniums or white with daisies; flowers are in every window, and in iron urns on all of the graves in cemeteries.

One can often gather flowers with one hand, and

snow with the other. Near the village on the mountain side are seen cultivated patches of ground. Many villages in Norway nestle under the mountains. People raise barley, rye, oats, potatoes and grass on every valuable foot of soil. With continuous sunshine cereals ripen in less days than in lower latitudes. Laborers earn twenty-five cents a day, sometimes more. A common sight in Norway, when rains are frequent, is a lattice-work of sticks, among which fresh cut grass is interwoven, so the wind can blow through and dry it quickly.

A single snow storm and the earth becomes white and pure as if by a miracle. The people of high northern latitudes have winter months of semi-darkness where the days drag heavily. At school the children study by candle or kerosene light. At home the people are fond of music. Mothers spin and knit. In one corner stands the hand-loom on which the bedding and clothes were woven; in another corner is the cupboard painted bright red and yellow. Up stairs is an open barrel of Norsk beverage. It is sour milk replenished every day; fermenting, it will intoxicate. The hostess said "We clean our barrel twice a year; some people rarely ever." The taste was like moldy vinegar.

At Christmas an evergreen tree with fluttering ribbons and burning tapers stands in every home. As in the tropics nature surpasses art in her rich plant architecture and tinting, so in Arctic regions

the fingers of nature veil the earth with frost lace of exquisite patterns. Everywhere in the sunshine glisten frozen dew-drops and sparkling crystals.

Especially delightful in Norway are the thirteen days of Yule, following Christmas. At every farm house is a feast or dance, which neighbors attend. The young have their frolics, and betrothals take place. On these occasions, heir-looms of the family are in use, oddly carved wooden spoons and vessels, ancient tankards with Runic inscriptions, mounted with silver and gold, once used by Vikings.

One of the finest excursions in Norway is from Odde to the Skjaeggedalsfos. The roar of the water greets your ears before you reach these falls. The lake in the foreground is so high and cold that no fish or live thing can exist in it. Dwarf birch trees fringe the rocks, that shut in the lake over which you must pass to approach these falls, which are considered the grandest in Norway. The mist and foam rise in great clouds, and tiny rainbows are often seen in the spray. The mind better comprehends the great height of the fall, 500 feet, by comparing it with the farmhouse seen on the shore of the lake. Norway is called the "Land of waterfalls." Gaard is the Norwegian word for farmhouse. Frequently these gaards are so near precipices that little children have ropes attached to their ankles, the other end pegged down to keep them from falling over.

On the Hardanger Fjord a maiden of the Odde

wears no cap; unmarried, her hair falls down her back in two large plaits. The mother of the maiden also wears a picturesque dress. The large linen cap is only worn by married women. The bodice is often of bright scarlet or crimson; sometimes blue with embroidery and flower work. The bead belt is very pretty. A brooch of old Norwegian silver is worn at the neck. The Norwegian filigree work of silver wire used as jewelry was once much sought by tourists.

Among her distinguished men, Sweden and Norway may boast of John Ericsson, and Ole Bull. Ericsson, a famous Swedish engineer, was early in life a friend of Ole Bull. They drifted apart and did not meet again until each had become famous. Bull had charmed hundreds of thousands over the civilized earth. Ericsson had won the admiration of the scientific world, roused the North to enthusiasm, and startled the nations by inventions in naval warfare. Bull once invited Ericsson to attend his concert in New York. Ericsson declined, saying he had no time to waste. Later Bull pressed him urgently and said, "If you do not come I shall bring my violin here and play in your shop." Ericsson replied gruffly "If you do I shall smash the thing."

Here were two men the very opposite of each other. Bull's curiosity was aroused to know what effect music would have upon the grim matter-of-fact man of squares and circles. So taking his violin with him he went to Ericsson's shop. He

had removed the strings, screws and apron, so that the violin would seem to be in bad condition. As he entered the shop, Bull called his attention to certain defects in the instrument, asked Ericsson about the scientific and acoustic properties, passed into a discussion of sound-waves, tones and semi-tones, etc. To illustrate his meaning, he replaced the strings, and, improvising a few chords, drifted into a rich melody. The workmen charmed, dropped their tools and stood in silent wonder. He played on and on, and when he finally ceased, Ericsson raised his bowed head, and with moist eyes, said "Do not stop. Go on! Go on! I never knew until now what there was lacking in my life."

Ole Bull, one of Norway's famous musicians, was born at Bergen on the Atlantic coast. Sent to the University of Christiana, he was dismissed because he took charge of an orchestra at a theatre. Later he entered the University of Göttingen to study law, but fled the city on account of a duel. In Paris he was reduced to such misery that he threw himself into the Seine. Rescued, a kind lady enabled him to appear in public as a violinist. He won and lost several fortunes. This story is told of him. He once visited Berlin, with a letter of commendation to the King of Prussia from his daughter, the Duchess of Mecklenburg. He made his first call upon the superintendent of the Royal Opera House, who was offensively patronizing. An hour was appointed on the following day for another call at the Opera House.

LAPPS AND REINDEER.

Ole Bull presented himself promptly at the designated hour.

"Where is your violin?" demanded the superintendent.

"In the case," was the cool reply.

"And where is the case?"

"At the hotel."

"But did I not ask you to play for me?"

"Excuse me, sir," answered Ole Bull, "I could not think you were in earnest. I play either for money or for honour, and in this case neither is in question."

"But it is impossible for me to present you to His Majesty without having heard you," replied the man, annoyed at the artist's independent manner.

"If the request of the Grand Duchess," rejoined Ole Bull, "is not a sufficient recommendation to His Majesty, her father, I am content to leave the city"—and he did leave Berlin on that day.

On the road between Hardanger and Sognefjord is the hamlet, Gudvangen, in a narrow valley, so shut in that it is not reached by the sun's rays throughout the whole winter. On both sides are lofty precipices, down which leap a dozen waterfalls, some making single leaps of 500 feet.

Near the head of the North Fjord, within 200 miles of Bergen, and near the coast, lie many magnificent snow covered mountains, which are curiously intersected by arms of the sea, called Fjords (feeyords). In the Bergen district are Nord fjord, Sogne fjord and Hardanger fjord,

with average lengths of one hundred miles. Two fresh-water lakes are seen below, and a sâeter in the foreground. Here maidens pass the ten weeks of summer tending the cows and goats while hay is made in the valleys. The sâeter life is a happy one for the Norwegian girl. After her work is done, the leisure time is spent on some green knoll singing with companions of neighbouring sâeters.

The lake of Loen is in a valley at the head of Nord Fjord while all about you are snow-covered mountains. In the distance is a great glacier, which is the source of the water that forms this exquisite lake. No moving thing except the boat and a few water-fowls are to be seen for miles. The clear atmosphere, perfect reflection, and rich colouring of rocks and mountains is remarkable. Every square mile of Norway possesses its lofty mountain, clear lake or noble glacier. The best rivers for salmon fishing are leased at high rents mostly to wealthy Englishmen.

The route from Molde leads to the island Torghattan. As the steamer approaches, it resembles a hat floating on the sea. It is pierced half way up by an aperture, through which the blue sky is seen. The height of this curious natural tunnel is 60 feet at one end and 233 at the other. The view of the sea with countless islands and rocks is impressively beautiful. A Norwegian story goes, that a certain giant shot an arrow with great force against the enemy; the arrow missed the enemy, but pierced the mountain.

Among the famous Lofoden Islands, we find a small settlement, and the Norwegian flag, resembling the English Union Jack, gives us welcome. The chief attraction of Norway is above the Arctic Circle, the midnight sun, and the journey is made by steamboat, defended from the Atlantic storms by thousands of small and barren islands. Thus you sail on the clearest and smoothest waters, to the North Cape, as in a safe river, for 1100 miles along the west coast of Norway, with hundreds of snow-clad peaks about you.

The Lofoden Islands stretch west and south into the Atlantic like a horn, which are a maze of mountains, bays, straits interspersed with thousands of rocky islets, and excellent fishing barks. The rocks abound in a luminous green moss. The moon is no longer silvery, and the whole scene by midnight light, presents a strange and weird appearance. Picturesque Tromsö with 6000 inhabitants is higher up the coast, and opposite is the Lapps' encampment, by a stream in mid-summer, watching reindeer feed on grass and lichens. Their huts for winter are built of stone and sodded over; sometimes with ice. The Lapp is very short, and has low forehead, high cheek bones, narrow eyes, blunt nose, full lips and yellowish complexion. He is fond of tobacco. The Lapps number about 25,000 and the Finns 25,000 more. The latter are superior both physically and intellectually. The Lapp burns dwarfed birch and junipers under kettles of meat and coffee. The reindeer is his horse, his

food, clothes, shoes and gloves. The milk is very rich and much cheese is made. Sinews divided hold together the skins of reindeer for clothes, the hair being turned inside. Skins of reindeer and a few poles make the Lapp traveling tent.

Reindeer are gray, larger and more clumsy than the deer, and yet fast ones will travel 150 miles in a day. Their branching horns weigh forty pounds and are shed in the spring. Reindeer number 400,000. Rich Lapps own from one to five thousand each, and their mark is branded on the ears and recorded in court. A reindeer lassoed, trembled before us. Its joints crackled like electricity escaping from a dynamo. When loosened, he leaped the torrent and joined his companions on the mountain side. The shy Lapp maidens weave fancy garters on tiny bone looms. To purchase one of these primative looms required no little diplomacy.

Hammerfest is the northernmost town in the world. Population 2500. Its trade is largely with Russia, and Spitzbergen expeditions. Shops with bear skins, walrus tusks and Lapp costumes are attractive, but the smell of cod liver oil is offensive.

"And there uprose before me
Upon the water's edge,
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape
Whose form is like a wedge."

LONGFELLOW.

The North Cape is the northernmost point of land in Europe. Gjesvaer is nine miles behind us, and 1600 miles north west of London. And here you may telegraph to America. At Gjesvaer we hired four sailors and their boat was taken in tow. Here the Russian steamer put us ashore, having furnished provisions, wood and canvas. The dark gray slate rock before us is furrowed by deep clefts, and rises 1010 feet above the sea. Fragments of a glacier are seen clinging to its side. We encamp in the bed of an old glacier on the east side of the Cape for several days. One morning the broad bay was all ruffled with foam, myriads of little fishes leaping out of the water to escape wide opened mouths of shoals of fish below, while flocks of thousands of seagulls swooped down to capture the helpless fishes. In the midst of this severe struggle for life we dropped in our lines with splendid results.

Our only fear was after thirty minutes fishing, that we should sink the boat. We caught large numbers of turbot, a favorite fish with the English, and cod that weighed from ten to twenty-five pounds each. We saw at sea a whaling ship, capturing whales by shooting harpoons from cannons.

Part of the Gulf Stream which impinges against Gibraltar, moves northward, preventing the water along the coast of Norway from freezing. Everywhere cod and herring abound—especially off the Lofoden Islands. During the three months fishing

20,000 fishermen in graceful boats catch 25,000,000 fish. These are dried on wooden frames, or on rocks. Cods' heads are boiled with sea-weeds, and are useful for fodder for cattle—so much for a fish story. Professor Huxley says it would require 1,000,000 barrels of herring to supply the cod on the Norwegian coast with one breakfast.

July 31 is the last day of the season for seeing the sun at midnight above the horizon. As we climb slowly up the steep precipice, following a small stream fed by a glacier, we gather tiny English forget-me-nots, and butter-cups. When we reach the promontory a cloud hangs over the horizon; beyond the black curtain are the unknown regions guarded by a wall of ice, that bar all approach. The bleakness and loneliness of the cape and sea deeply impress you. Neither chirp of bird nor noise of insect is heard. The watch says fifteen minutes before midnight, and yet it is light as day. Instinctively you draw your coat about you, as the chill of a departing day is in the atmosphere.

As the sea captain watches the sun reach the zenith, so you look upon the same sun creeping lower and lower along the horizon till it touches the water, and ceasing to descend, you have the midnight sun. Like a huge ball of fire it bowles along the waves. Suddenly the rich glow of a sunset mingles with the brilliant coloring of a sunrise, that heralds a new-born day at the unnatural hour of midnight. To a believer in the Bible no

NORTH CAPE.

sight more vividly suggests Heaven, where there is no night, than the Lands of the midnight sun. No wonder the ancients worshipped the Sun. It is related of a white haired Norseman of unblemished integrity, a Judge of the Icelandic Republic, who had come to his death-bed, that he would worship no other God but He who made the Sun, as he must be mightier than Thor and Odin, the Gods of his fathers.

He begged that he might be carried out under the blue heavens that he might pray the Father of Light to deliver his soul from the darkness of death.

> "Count that day lost whose low descending sun
> Views from thy hand, no noble action done."

Nine hundred years ago a hardy race of sailors lived in the inlets and fjords along the coast of Norway. These men were called Vikings from "Vik," meaning bay. Harold the Fair wished to marry a beautiful Norse maiden. She refused till he should drive all the petty princes out of Norway, which he did, forcing the Vikings to flee in ships. These were clinker built and of oak, with one square sail; black and yellow shields were for ornament and not for defense. An oar called the "steer-board," hanging in a rope, was used as a rudder. Hence the word "Star-board." Some of the ancient boats carried forty oars, and were manned by eighty men. Charlemagne wept when he saw these ships approach Paris. The Norsemen

sailed east and west, scorning a peaceful death, and courting Odin's "Bath of blood." They flourished their battle axes in the streets of Constantinople, served Cæsars and Czars, and conquered Northern Britain. They founded a republic in Iceland, and colonies in Greenland.

These old Viking ships rose high and gracefully from the water at both ends, with snakes' heads at the bow and stern, and sea-gulls at the top-mast. Lief, the lucky, had a crew of 25 men, as he started south from Greenland on a voyage in which he discovered Labrador, a rocky and barren country. Further on he found land covered with wood and white sand, probably Nova Scotia. The water abounded in salmon and other fish, and still further south, grapes were found, and the land called "Vinland."

Several expeditions were made, but finally these early adventurers returned to Greenland. Near the entrance of Ericsfjord we see an old Church; it is seventy feet wide and one hundred and forty feet long, built nine hundred years ago by order of the Pope of Rome, forty miles up Ericsfjord on the west coast of Greenland. The walls are from ten to twenty feet high. Three doors and several windows are on the south and west sides. Nearby are evidences of nine other buildings. They were warmed with water from boiling springs. Lief is credited with introducing Christianity, and the monument just erected in Boston is in honor of his discovery of America, hundreds of years before

Columbus was born. It is thought that Columbus gained hints of the new World from a visit to Iceland, which he made fourteen years before he sailed.

On the west coast of Greenland are a dozen Danish Colonies, 250 white people, and 10,000 Esquimaux. As you approach these settlements the eye first catches sight of rocks; then black huts with white window blinds and dogs asleep at the door. The inhabitants are very hospitable, often furnishing whalers and Arctic Expeditions with native helpers, dogs, and coal.

The Esquimaux women wear large hoods of seal skin, in which they carry their children, and great boots which they use also for carrying their babies, or the goods stolen from white men. The women, like the men, are small in stature, less than five feet high. They have small black eyes and coal black hair. Men have several wives if they choose, and women are regarded as inferior beings.

Next to their boots made of skin, they value their dogs.

In summer as the Esquimaux travel for fish or seal, they use a light or movable tent. For winter it is made of sod, stone, and often of ice. Transparent seal skin is used for windows. The Kyak or boat is judiciously placed out of reach, otherwise the dogs, always nearly starved, would devour it. The Esquimaux in his Kyak can make his boat turn a complete somersault in the water, first making it water tight around his body. The name

Esquimaux is derived from an Indian word, which means "eaters of raw fish". They call themselves "Innuit", meaning "the people". The men eat while sitting or standing in a circle, and pass a large piece of meat either cooked or raw and bloody, from one to another, each seizing a morsel in his teeth, and cutting it off with a knife, to the eminent peril of his nose. They wash seldom, live often on blood, and fat is their delicacy. They are simple, well meaning, and generally trusty.

Higher up the coast we see the white bears, who roam principally on fields of ice. They eat the seal, walrus, birds and their eggs, and can swim and make long springs in the water. The males live in the marshes usually till November, and then go out to sea on the ice. They are very affectionate and sagacious. When their young are killed, they usually stay by, licking their wounds. These bears will attack men in a boat, and in one instance, at least, compelled the crew to desert it.

On the west coast of Greenland, a little north of Disco Island, the same latitude (71) as the North Cape, we see the head of a mighty glacier, which stretches many miles inland, filling the valley with solid, moving ice, the same as in Switzerland, where the Mer de Glace moves a thousand feet yearly or three feet per day. When we deposit in bank more money than we draw out in the year, accumulation results. In many years, a large accumulation; so in these Northern latitudes, more snow falls than thaws in the summer, and in centuries the valleys

are packed with ice. The glaciers are gradually thrust down into the ocean, and mighty waves break off huge masses of ice, which float away. The noise of breaking is like the roar of heavy artillery.

These giant icebergs, recalling the chalk cliffs of England, reflect the midnight sun. These are floating mountains of ice, measured by miles, rugged and picturesque. The masts of the ship serve as a standard of measurement. Above the water we see only an eighth part of the entire bulk, weighing often hundreds of millions of tons.

Captain Ross saw icebergs aground in 1500 feet of water. The glittering hard blue ice often assumes grotesque architectural designs, sometimes a triumphal arch at sea, or imaginary castle. Winds and currents float icebergs down Baffin Bay, past Labrador, and frequently before they disappear in the warm Gulf Stream, they produce the horrors of a shipwreck on the Atlantic.

Carlyle asks:

> "What is life? A thawing iceberg
> On a sea with sunny shore;
> Gay we sail, it melts before us,
> We are sunk and seen no more."

The continuous sunshine rapidly breaks up the ice, and snow thaws from the mountain sides. The moon appears pale, and the stars are not seen. Because of this drift of ice from the North, bold navigators hoped to find a northwest passage leading to India or the North Pole. The names of

Parry, Ross, Franklin, Kane, Hall and Nares have become household words. The fate of Sir John Franklin aroused the sympathies of the civilized world. In 1845 Franklin and 138 persons left the Thames to find the N. W. Passage. Fifteen years afterwards a record was found by Captain McClintock (at Cape Victory) which said that Franklin died June 11th, 1847. Search expeditions were made that cost England and America $10,000,000. All were fruitless, comparatively, till our own Lieut. Frederick Schwatka in 1879 made a sledge journey of 3251 miles north from Hudson's Bay and discovered the remains of forty of Franklin's party on King William Land. Mournful graves were found; also parts of boats and sledge and drag rope, at which the heroic fellows tugged until they fell down and died in their tracks. The body of Lieut. John Irving, one of Franklin's officers, was recognized by a silver medal and brought back. For sixteen days the average temperature was 100 degrees below freezing point.

A portrait bust and tablet of Franklin are in Westminster Abbey. He was the youngest of a family of twelve, was destined for the church, but early showed great fondness for the sea, walking twelve miles for the sake of looking upon the ocean. Entering the British Navy at fourteen, he fought at Trafalgar and captured a gun-boat for the British at New Orleans. His successful Arctic voyages won him gold medals and degrees. Tennyson wrote his epitaph:

"Not here: the White North has thy bones; and thou,
Heroic sailor soul,
Art passing on thy happier voyage now
Towards no earthly pole."

Other explorers have had varied experiences. Captain DeLong passed through Behring Strait and was crushed in the ice. His survivors escaped up the Lena River through Siberia, St. Petersburg, Berlin and thence to America. Baron Nordenskiold also passed Behring Strait and was the first and only explorer to make the northeast passage and on to the North Cape, thence to his residence in Stockholm. He claimed the reward of 25000 gilders offered three centuries ago by the Dutch Government. Within the 80 degree circle surrounding the North Pole is an area two thirds the size of the United States. Besides discoveries at Spitzbergen and Franz Josef Land, later discoveries have been made up through Smith Sound by Hall (1871) Nares (1876) and our own Greely.

Lieut. Charles Weyprecht of the Austrian Navy promoted the establishment of the fourteen International circumpolar stations, sustained by eleven nations, and Lieut. A. W. Greely was placed in command of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition, composed of twenty-two persons, mostly soldiers. July 7, 1881, the Proteus left St. John with favoring breezes, passed through Smith Sound by Cape Sabine and reached Discovery Bay Aug. 11th.

Here at Fort Conger, Greely located near a fortunate coal seam. Sledge parties journeyed 3000 miles

in various directions. In the spring of 1882 Lieut. Lockwood with Sergeant Brainard and Fred Christiansen travelled 276 miles along the northwest coast of Greenland, actual travel 1000 miles. On May 13th, 1882, this heroic expedition, not only added to our knowledge 25 miles of Greenland coast line but planted the stars and stripes (83°, 24′) four miles higher up the globe than the Union Jack of Great Britain, the point farthest north ever reached up to that time.

The Lockwood party could see that the interior was broken with fjords and snow capped mountains. Far in sight, northeast was a low land which was called "Cape Washington." To the north extended a broad expanse of snow and ice out as far as the eye touched the Polar horizon. After two years at Fort Conger in the interest of science the Franklin Bay Expedition, not being relieved by the government as promised, made a hazardous journey southward on steam yacht and ice floe, and finally went into permanent quarters at Camp Clay on Cape Sabine. Here a terrible winter was spent. At length the government dispatched the *Bear* and *Thetis*, a third ship was added by Queen Victoria, the whole under command of Captain, now Admiral, Schley. Twenty-five thousand dollars had been offered by the Government for the rescue of the party. Up the west coast of Greenland the three vessels raced with Scotch whalers. Greely's party in the meantime had been reduced well nigh to starvation. Ounce by ounce the stores had been

dealt out till heroic Lockwood and several others had died. For weeks the survivors lived on shrimps, (500 made a gill,) lichens, moss and stewed seal-skin garments, till despair settled upon the camp. Near mid-night, Sunday, June 22nd, 1889, Greely heard the whistle of the *Thetis* and sent Long to set up the distress flag, made of worn white flannel and blue bunting fastened to an oar. The relief ship saw the flag as they rounded the promontory.

A steam launch carried strong men to the shore, and soon the survivors' tent was reached. A single pole supported the dirty canvas as it flapped in the fierce gale. Lieutenant Emory shouted, "Is that you Greely"? "Yes, cut the tent", came in feeble response. The tent was slit from top to bottom. What a sight! Only six survivors, wasted to skeletons, pale and sunken faces, scraggy hands, eyes glassy, voices and minds weakened. Quickly restoratives were administered, warm clothes furnished, and on stretchers Greely and his companions were borne to the ships.

Greely repeatedly inquired "Who are my rescuers"? and seemed delighted that they were Americans. The sad story in detail is still in the public mind, and the Government has properly promoted Lieutenant Greely to be General Greely. The people call him "Old Probabilities", though he is still young. Greely inclines to the belief that the North Pole is the centre of an ice-capped land in a great ocean that never freezes. Within 400 miles of the North Pole he found vegetation abundant, grass,

moss, lichens, poppies, fuschias and violets, and many small birds and animals.

Shall we not hope that some brave, thoughtful American lad is already born, who will add to the long list of unparalleled achievements of the XIXth Century, the patriotic deed of first placing the stars and stripes on the North Pole, where it will float in the Arctic breezes in sight of the Universe to all posterity?

Note: The farthest north of Fridtjof Nansen, a Norwegian, 86° 4′, 240 miles from the Pole, was reached April 7th, 1895. An Expedition under the Duke of the Abruzzi, cousin of the present King of Italy reached 86° 33′, nineteen miles farther than Nansen, April 24th, 1900, Capt. Cagui with two guides and a young sailor, Canapa, being in charge of the sledge journey.

CHAPTER XVI.

BEYOND THE MISSISSIPPI.

De Soto and his Famous Discovery. The Great River. Captain Eads' Jetties. Prairie Dogs. Wyoming. Black Hills. The Grand Canon of the Colorado. Great Salt Lake. The Mormans and their Church. Joseph Smith, and Brigham Young.

OF my four trips to the Pacific Coast, the first was made in the winter of 1877–78. The two following articles were written for the *Cleveland Leader*.

Ferdinand De Soto, a gallant and adventurous Spanish officer, having served with great valor under Pizarro in his successful campaign against Peru, returned to Spain, where he met with a most flattering reception from Charles the Fifth. He wedded the woman he early loved, and assisted by his half million fortune brought from Peru, he became quite the attraction at the King's court. Soon, however, he again set sail with six hundred ambitious followers for the vast unexplored fields of Florida, then thought to be the new El Dorado, in search of more gold and fame. His courageous command traversed the everglades of Florida, experienced untold hardships with fierce Indian tribes, winter storms, thick forests and marshes, and malarial diseases, till the spring of 1540, when De Soto discovered the Mississippi River, called by the Indians "The Father of

Waters." Here he died, hundreds of miles from his young wife, in a wilderness valley, destined to be inhabited by more people than any other valley on the globe. His faithful followers pronounced their eulogies by their tears, the priest performed the solemn burial rites, and De Soto's body, wrapped in his mantle, was buried in the stillness of midnight in the middle of the Mississippi. He did not find the gold he sought, but a burial more wonderful. His dreams of wealth, however, are to-day being realized beyond the Mississippi.

De Soto's great discovery forms a natural water-line apparently midway between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, dividing the United States into two parts. The Pacific division, in fact, contains nearly three times as much land as the Atlantic division, while at present fully six times as many people live east of the Mississippi as west of it.*

Waters gathered in a cluster of small lakes in the highlands of Minnesota, 1,700 feet above the sea, form the sources of the Mississippi River, which flows southward 3,000 miles into the Gulf of Mexico, a distance nearly as great as from Bunker Hill Monument to the Golden Gate, or from Boston to Liverpool. The Mississippi is navigable for 2,200 miles to the Falls of St. Anthony, has 1,500 sizeable tributaries, and drains millions of the most fertile acres in America.

The Missouri, or muddy river, its chief tributary, rises in the Rocky Mountains and is 3,100 miles in

*Census 1870.

length; the longest in the world. It is navigable from the Gulf for 3,950 miles.

The Mississippi averages in width a half mile for 2,000 miles above its mouth, and varies in depth from 50 to 150 feet. A half million cubic feet of water per second pass New Orleans. Immense quantities of soil and sand are annually floated toward the Gulf of Mexico. It is estimated that north of the original Gulf there has been deposited a plain 500 miles long, 50 miles wide and 250 feet deep, and also a delta reaching into the Gulf, which is 150 miles long, 90 miles wide, and nearly a mile in depth, a gigantic work of filling which must have required the services of the Mississippi for 100,000 years.

Lately the rich valleys of the Mississippi and its great tributaries have been opened to the commerce of the world by the persevering Captain James B. Eads, who, at the outset risking his own fortune, has finally accomplished one of the engineering feats of the century in cutting a deep and permanent channel through the once impassable sand-bars below New Orleans.

To bridge the Mississippi and Missouri has also taxed engineering ability to the utmost. The suspension bridges at Niagara Falls and Cincinnati cost $400,000 and $1,800,000 respectively. The suspension bridge being built between New York and Brooklyn, with a single span of 1,595 feet, and a total length of over a mile, is estimated to cost $12,000,000 to $15,000,000 while the magnificent

stone and steel bridge and its approaches across the Mississippi at St. Louis cost $10,000,000 and over a hundred lives. Above St. Louis other expensive bridges have been constructed across the Mississippi and Missouri, over which civilization swept westward even beyond the Rocky Mountains.

The study of a nation's mountains frequently will reveal the character and possibilities of its people.

The bleak and rugged hills of New England were uninviting to our Pilgrim Fathers, but proved providential, as character thus cradled and trained was needed in a nation when early summoned of God to challenge the despotism of kings. New England hills and mountains have since become seats of learning and centers of manufacturing for the nation.

The Allegheny Mountains are not mere watersheds, but immense store-houses of iron ore and coal for the Atlantic States. No mountain ranges are so large or important on the continent as the Rocky Mountains, which, with the Wahsatch and Sierra Nevada, the Coast and Cascade ranges extend from the British possessions to Mexico and reach inland an average of a thousand miles, covering a third of our entire territory.

The problem of their effect on climate, crops and character is being slowly and surely worked out.

In these times of unprecedented indebtedness and wide spread financial failures, we must not overlook the evidences that in these mountain vaults, securely forged by volcanic fires, have been preserved pre-

cious metals in sufficient abundance to place the United States, in the immediate future, at the very front in the business world.

Beyond the Mississippi River are states and territories, out of which we could form three hundred and forty states the size of Massachusetts. Two days and a half travel from New York brings us to Omaha, on the Missouri River, and at noon we start for the "Far West."

The "Great American Desert," of our school-boy days becomes a myth as we steam up the rich Platte Valley of southern Nebraska, a territory larger than all New England. It is not strange that Nebraska and Colorado were able to make so magnificent a display of grains, vegetables and minerals at the Centennial.

The former three grain-producing states, Michigan Illinois and Iowa, are already excelled by Nebraska, California and Oregon, which are to-day the grain granaries of America.

The small and uninviting dwellings, dotting everywhere these broad, treeless and rolling prairies, rich and productive though they be, present a striking contrast to the large and home-like farm buildings of older states.

In western Nebraska we were much interested in the Prairie Dogs, thousands of which are in sight, especially at Prairie Dog City. Here they seem to have pre-empted several hundred acres of Government land on both sides of the railroad. They live in little mound-houses, a foot or a foot and a

half high, made by the dirt removed from their burrows.

These tiny mound-builders are about the size of a red fox squirrel; in color, sandy brown. They fatten on roots and grasses. At the approach of danger they stand on their hind feet or sit on their haunches and give a short signal bark, which sends all their comrades to the entrance of their homes, into which they instantly flee if the foe becomes troublesome.

A ride of four hundred and sixty miles, and we enter Wyoming Territory, which is fifty per cent larger than Nebraska, and abounds in many unexplored mountains. The Union Pacific Railroad alone, owns in this single territory an area of coal fields greater than the entire anthracite coal fields of the State of Pennsylvania. They extend along the road for four hundred miles. The coal is superior for fuel, making steam, and for manufacturing purposes.

Sherman stands 8,246 feet above the sea. A slight exertion reminds one of the scarcity of oxygen in the atmosphere, a loss however, that is fully compensated by a remarkable clearness of vision.

In the absence of rugged and precipitous rocks enroute, it is difficult to realize that we stand on the tip-top of our boy ideal of the Rocky Mountains; but it must be true, for two hundred miles to the north we can clearly see the famous low Black Hills which stand on the very boundary line between Dakota and Wyoming Territories. Elk

Mountain is seen 100 miles to the northwest, Long's Peak and Grey's Peak 75 miles southwest, and Pike's Peak 165 miles to the south. Silently and grandly these peaks lift their hoary heads 14,000 feet above the ocean, and stand faithful guard over hidden treasures and rich valleys.

Reluctantly leaving Sherman, we come to Laramie, where the Government has a well-guarded fort. A hasty toilet before day-light is well rewarded by a wild ride at full speed down a winding cañon to Green River. The constellations in this high altitude take on unusual brilliancy. As day-light comes gradually on, the outlines of lofty, cragged mountains become more distinct.

Nothing could be more exciting and romantic than to watch the setting and resetting a half-dozen times of the full moon behind these peaks, broken against the horizon, as we thundered through the gorges in an apparent race for victory with the impetuous torrent below.

Green and Grand rivers unite in southeastern Utah to form the grand cañon of the Colorado River, the mysteries and dangers of which were so interestingly explored by Major Powell of Chicago, in 1869.

At the Green River Station are seen a mountain lion, restless in his cage, well preserved heads of elk, antelope and deer, also magnificant specimens of quartz and other crystals. Here first are seen tidy and attentive Chinese waiters.

Four hundred and fifty miles through southern

Wyoming Territory brings us to Evanston in northern Utah. Here a superintendent's permit secures a seat in the engineer's cab. Entering Echo and Weber Cañons—the grandest part of the ride across the continent—we have no longer need of steam. A steady hand is on the air-brake, and down grade we go at fearful speed, following Echo Creek in its wild course through narrow defiles, widening into gorges and deepening into frightful chasms. The roar and rush of the train fills the deep recesses of the ravine with echoes, as we glide past enchanting views of strange, time-worn rocks of red sandstone and granite, from a thousand to two thousand feet high on our right, suggestive of ancient cathedrals and feudal castles. Now our eyes are riveted on natural bridges or hanging rock; then on the cliff, where the Mormons in 1857 had prepared huge boulders to roll down upon the heads of General Johnson's soldiers.

We pass Witches' Cave and Pulpit Rock, and after crossing and re-crossing Echo Creek thirty-one times in twenty-six miles, we stop for breath at Echo Station. Again, six miles down Weber River, we enter the "Narrows" and notice the "one-thousand-mile-tree" near the track, and on our left the "Devil's Slide" formed by Nature up the steep mountain, from two ridges of granite, one hundred feet apart and very high.

As the darkness gathers, the engine seems possessed of intelligence as it clings securely to the road-bed cut in the precipitous sides of the moun-

tain; and when the dangerous passage appears closed for the night, it unerringly finds its path across bridges, through lonely tunnels, and the "Devil's Gate" till we reach Ogden, the western terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad. Doubtless Greeley's early stage ride with Hank Monk over the western mountains was exciting, but an engine ride down these cañons cannot be surpassed.

At dark we leave Ogden for Salt Lake City and ride thirty-seven miles south over the Utah Central Railroad, which skirts the eastern shore of Great Salt Lake. In its broad, blue waters stand massive island mountains covered with snow, which under the bright, full moon, take on a peculiar grandeur. Distant objects in rarefied air are strangely deceptive and appear ever "so near and yet so far."

The lake is 100 miles long, 50 broad and has no outlet. It is daily fed with over 40,000,000 cubic feet of fresh water, which is equalized by the compensating force of evaporation, amounting to a million tons every twenty-four hours. The history of this evaporation is written in the vast forests of Bitter Root Mountain and other Western spurs of the Rocky Mountains to the north.

Salt Lake has been thought by some to be a lost arm of the ocean; hence its saline qualities, which others have attributed to springs, some hot, which flow over salt deposits in the mountains, and contribute water with a salt saturation of 20 parts in 100.

The water of the Atlantic is 3 per cent. salt, of

Salt Lake 12 per cent., of the Dead Sea 24 per cent. This lake has been called the Dead Sea of America, and was not known to contain life until recently, when infusoria were discovered. Fish and oysters transplanted into its waters die. Excellent table salt is made from desposits found in shoal water. Bathing in its buoyant waters is the delight of all tourists. But the charm and beauty of Salt Lake is its constant varying color. At times it is sky-blue, changing to deep emerald green, deeper and softer than old ocean; more like the velvet carpet of earth in early spring. Old shore lines are written 1,000 feet up the mountain ledges, which tell of a sea of marvelous dimensions in ages past.

The Territory of Utah is twice as large as Ohio, or ten times as large as Massachusetts, and is peopled by ten thousand gentiles and one hundred thousand Mormons.

The history of Mormonism, remarkable in faith, heroism, privations and persecutions, is written in the lives of two men, Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, both born in Vermont. A farmer boy, at the age of fifteen, was awakened at night, and beheld an angel of wonderful brightness, who informed him that he was to preach the gospel with power preparatory to the second coming of Christ and the gathering together of all Israel. Four years later, in September, 1823, the angel discovered to young Smith on Hill Cumorah, near Manchester, Ontario County, New York, a cemented stone box, containing gold plates, eight inches long, seven broad, thin-

ner than tin, and bound by three rings into a volume six inches thick. The pages were inscribed in reformed Egyptain, which Smith translated into his famous "Book of Mormon" by the aid of transparent stone spectacles, also found in the box. The Book of Mormon was published in 1830, and is held by the Mormons as equal authority with the Bible, and, when in conflict, it always takes precedence, as the revelation is later. Historically, it attempts to account for the mound-builders and the early settlers of North America.

After the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel, the Jaredites first crossed the Pacific in barges, and increased on our continent in numbers and wickedness, but finally perished by millions in fierce battle. In 600 B.C. sixteen persons reached the Chilian coast from Jerusalem, and, moving north, rapidly peopled North America. A portion, under a curse from heaven, became the ancestors of the North American Indians, while another portion, the Nephites, for centuries rendered service to God. After 1,000 years they too degenerated, and were nearly annihilated in a decisive battle around Cumorah in Western New York. Mormon, a Nephite prophet, survived and inscribed on gold plates abridged records in possession of the Nephites which he concealed in Cumorah.

The first church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints was organized 1830 in Seneca County, New York. Missionaries began zealously to preach the new faith. Indians were to be converted; the

millenium was to come; and the New Jerusalem to be built in the heart of America.

Converts multiplied, whom Smith led to Kirtland, Ohio, where a temple was built and a savings bank organized. Smith, the "revelator," was tarred and feathered by a company of Evangelical Christians. His bank suddenly suspended, and with a few followers, he fled west at night, on horseback, hotly pursued by his creditors. Revelation fixed Independence, Jackson county, Missouri, as the site of the New Jerusalem.

Brigham Young preached with success in New England. Hyde and Kimball visited England, and in the manufacturing, commercial, and especially mining cities and towns, made thousands of converts, many of whom began to flock to Missouri. Then the frightened border ruffians tarred and feathered the Mormon Bishops, confiscated their printing presses, and drove some 15,000 saints out to the State of Illinois, where, on the Mississippi River, the refugees built almost in a day the City of Nauvoo, "the beautiful," and a magnificent marble temple costing a million dollars. The Nauvoo Legion was organized with Joseph Smith as Lieutenant-General. This Legion exists to-day in Utah, 13,000 strong.

Enraged justice procured the imprisonment of Joseph Smith and Hiram, his brother, at Carthage. The prison was broken into by a large masked mob and the Smiths brutally shot.

Joseph Smith was thirty-nine years of age when

he died. He was a medium of extraordinary power and although deluded in his divine calling, acted in the sincerest good faith, as indicated by his firmness under tremendous persecutions. His calling was strongly confirmed by his early converts, Rigdon, Cowdery, the Pratts and Young. In Brigham Young, Smith recognized the gift of tongues and his successor. The martyred Joseph Smith became the seed of Mormon greatness.

Mormonism is a conglomeration of parts of nearly every religious creed under the sun. Nothing has made it more odious than polygamy, coupled, as it early was, with slavery—both "twin relics of barbarism." The Book of Mormon is doubtless a copy, with interpolations by Smith, of a historical novel, partly religious, written by Solomon Spaulding, a graduate of Dartmouth College and an ex-clergyman of Connecticut. When Smith's book was published, Spaulding's surviving wife and his friends immediately recognized the novel, the manuscript having been rejected and kept by a printer in Pittsburgh. After the death of Joseph Smith, who formulated the religious belief of the Mormons, Brigham Young became their leader, and supplied a temporal power. Iowa was traversed, and winter quarters occupied above Omaha on the Missouri River.

Fremont's reports of the Great Salt Lake Basin first caused Young to make a pioneer visit, July 24, 1847 to Utah, and in the summer of 1847 he began that marvelous pilgrimage of 1,100 miles across

alkali and sage brush deserts, under severest privations, and yet with strictest discipline. The Saints were thoroughly organized in tens, fifties and hundreds, and their daily camps resounded with enthusiastic praises of God for His goodness. The host passed out of "emigration Cañon" into the dreary desert valley, and gladly encamped in sight of the dead sea on the banks of the new Jordan. Their bodies and animals were entirely exhausted, wagons and clothing worn out. Their reduced rations had scarcely kept body and soul together. It is said that when their leader announced that here they were to build the New Jerusalem, the helpless and disheartened multitude sat down on the sage brush desert and wept. But the untiring energy of Brigham Young was equal to any emergency. Booths and dug-outs sheltered his followers from the scorching rays of the sun. Regular religious services enkindled the old enthusiasm, and the desert, by irrigation, was made to produce bountiful harvests.

An emigration fund was started. Missionaries, without scrip or purse, traveled over Europe, Egypt, Palestine, Australia, the Islands of the Pacific, and more than two hundred thousand converts have been the result, one-half of whom are now residents of Utah. Thousands of converts, to whom the missionaries had pictured in glowing colors the city of Zion on the banks of the Jordan, with Israel's God and majestic mountains for its everlasting defence, left friends and ocean behind and heroically dragged hand-carts over burning sands and frozen

mountains. One company of six hundred men, women and children lost a fourth of their number in the snows of early winter. Most of the Saints are honest, simple-minded and hard-working people, formerly largely from England, but lately from Switzerland and the Scandinavian States, where recruiting churches are maintained.

The vast immigration to Utah, and the tithings systematically collected, enabled Brigham Young to accomplish wonders. He has incorporated, thirty cities and eighty towns, the chief of which is Salt Lake City. It boasts 20,000 inhabitants, and is wisely located on an inclining base of a spur of the beautiful Wahsatch Mountains, 4,261 feet above the sea, and enjoys a charming outlook upon the smooth lake, extensive valley and the grand surrounding mountains. Miles of streets, 132 feet wide, are laid out at right angles. Refreshing shade trees and running brooks border the walks. The irrigated yards and gardens make the homes of rich and poor a paradise alike, with their profusion of fruit and flowers. Many elegant public and private buildings adorn the principal avenues. The Tabernacle is 250 feet long, 150 wide, 80 high, elliptical, has an egg-shaped roof, and will accommodate twelve thousand worshippers. Its organ, made by the Mormons, is one of the largest that was ever built in America. The construction of the great temple, begun a dozen years ago, has become a part of the devoted Mormons' daily prayer and labor. The approximate cost of

foundation and first story is $2,000,000. The beautiful granite used is hauled twenty miles. The finished temple at St. George in southern Utah is consecrated to endowment purposes. In it polygamy is sanctioned with much formality. One hundred and fifty miles of the most difficult portion of the Union Pacific Railroad was built by Brigham Young. He constructed the Central Utah Railroad, also telegraph lines throughout the teritory, all of which center in his business office. The special pride of President Young was his co-operation store, 60 feet wide, 300 feet long, with a capital of $800,000, and a business one year exceeding $5,000,000. The firm motto is "Holiness to the Lord."

Wild mountain torrents everywhere have been tamed into valuable services of irrigation, and the wide, barren desert has been made to "rejoice and blossom as the rose."

In early years the Mormons disposed of surplus crops to gold seekers who replenished supplies at Salt Lake. For two years, Brigham, with characteristic Yankee shrewdness, made the support of Uncle Sam's army in Utah a rich bonanza to his people. The "dreaded curse" became a pecuniary blessing. The Mormon Church discourages mining, and it has been carried on in Utah mostly by the gentiles, with a mineral production in 1877 of over eight million dollars, of which five-eighths was silver, while agriculture is encouraged, and the same year produced several millions more. From a

pecuniary standpoint Yankee shrewdness and English common sense have made Mormonism pay. Notwithstanding polygamy in Utah the Territory has more men than women. While Utah taxes women with polygamy, be it said to its credit that several years since it accorded to them the right of the elective franchise, and they cast in the Territory to-day nearly as many ballots as men, and have purified the voting places from oaths, vulgar talk and rowdyism. The Mormons are proud of what they call Orson Pratt's overwhelming victory in his discussions on polygamy with Dr. Newman for three days in the Tabernacle. They hold that Orson Pratt, with one foot on the Bible and the other on the Constitution of the United States, is impregnable.

Brigham Young was President for twenty years of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. He was seventy-six years old when he died, and his funeral was attended by nearly a score of wives, more than three score sons and daughters, and not less than twenty thousand Saints. At death his individual property exceeded one million dollars.

CHAPTER XVII

BEYOND THE MISSISSIPPI (*Concluded.*)

Central Pacific Railroad. From Utah to California. Sacramento. Oakland. San Francisco. Chinese. Bananza Princes. Silver Mines. The Comstock Lode. How the Men Work the Mines. The Building of the Overland Railroad.

FROM Ogden, Utah, the Central Pacific Railroad takes us close by the Northern shore of the great Salt Lake. The out-look by moonlight from Promontory Point upon this broad expanse of inland water was as upon a sea of burnished silver. Further on we crossed steep mountains, sixty miles of alkali beds and gray sand, now called the American Desert, and through sage brush, which covers vast fields for hundred of miles, and extends far beyond the rounded tops of almost countless mountain ranges.

Pilot Peak is a welcome guide to the bottomless Humboldt Wells, where emigrants found cool water and green grass after the tiresome passage of the parched desert. The entire day's journey is down the Humboldt valley portions of which are divided into ranches. The run through Twelve-mile-cañon pleasantly reminds one of the Palisades of the Hudson. We dine at Battle Mountain, so called on account of an Indian battle in this vicinity.

Hot springs are numerous along the river. After a day of an uninteresting ride, the cool fountains and grateful shade at Humboldt Station are most enjoyable. Here a small mountain stream has irrigated forty acres of desert into an oasis of highest cultivation. Humboldt Valley, and lake with no outlet, are left behind us at sunset and during the night we cross another desert, the Washoe Mountains, through the Truckee meadows, and out of Nevada into California.

The beauties of Lake Tahoe and Donner Lake, called the "gem of the Sierras," are unsurpassed. In crossing the Sierras we go through forty-five miles of snow-sheds, varying from 100 to 1,700 feet in length, and costing $450,000. These sheds are almost continuous for the entire length of the deep snow lines. In a "wet season" the snow falls on the summit from fifteen to twenty feet deep. The mountain peaks are covered with tall pines, spruces and cedars. Over the summit, the conductor obligingly stops the train at Cape Horn, that passengers may enjoy the grandest view on the Central Pacific. A safe road-way for our train has been blasted out of solid rock near the top of a precipitous bluff, 2,000 feet from the chasm at our feet. The first foothold, where the train now stands, was gained by lowering from the cliff above a man and his pick, with a rope around his body.

As the morning sun lifts the white, fleecy clouds out of the valley below, where they have nestled

for the night, a stream, sparkling like silver, awakens and hastens toward the Pacific. Hills and valleys clothed in green are fragrant with the aroma of spring. Further down the steep mountain we come to Colfax for breakfast. Here roses and callas are in full bloom, and January has suddenly changed to May. From Colfax we ride in sight of lofty peaks, deep cañons, and through and around countless foot hills, where placer gold mining has yielded fabulous returns. The hills are alive with the ground squirrel, the pest of the California farmer.

Before noon we have safely dropped down over one hundred miles of steep railroad from the summit in the pass of the Sierras, with its deep snow drifts and altitude of 7,017 feet, to Sacramento, the political capital of California, which is but thirty feet above the sea. By circuitous rail route, we hasten through the productive Sacramento Valley to Oakland, with its charming homes, and thence seven miles over the bay we come to San Francisco. Thankful for our safe arrival at the Palace Hotel, after a seven days' ride of 3,377 miles from the commercial capital on the Atlantic to the commercial capital on the Pacific.

California became a state in 1850 and already she is one of the largest and most remarkable stars in our grand constellation of States.

She has a hundred million acres of land, and is therefore twenty-five times as large as the state of Massachusetts; seven hundred miles of sea coast,

and a population of nearly a million, three-fifths natives and two-fifths foreigners.

Gold was discovered by a little girl in February, 1848, while Colonel Sutter's mill race on American Fork, near Sacramento, was being repaired.

Neither the perils of long ocean voyages, nor the danger and privations of a six month's wearisome overland journey, could check the constant flow of adventurers from every quarter of the globe towards this new Eldorado.

The Golden Gate was wide swung, as gold-seekers entered the bay, and the good and bad jostled each other in crowds on these golden shores. San Francisco became a city almost in a day. It was burnt and rebuilt a half-dozen times, with a total loss of over $20,000,000.

Prices were enormously high; board $8.00 per day; small stores rented for $3,000 a month. Whole squares were devoted to gambling. A vigilance committee administered law and, finally, chaos changed to order. High prices stimulated home production, and to-day youthful California stands first in the quality and quantity of fruits, cereals and vegetables per acre under cultivation. The total production of gold for thirty years was about $700,000,000. The lovely San Joaquin and Santa Clara Valleys possess a soil with capabilities of varied and profitable production, and a charm of climate such as cannot be equaled in America. The State has 55,000 acres planted in grape vines, 150 varieties; even European specialties

growing in greater perfection. Ten thousand acres are planted to lemon trees, 60,000 to olives, almonds and dates, and 100,000 acres to fig and orange trees. Silk culture is also very promising.

The climate of California is all that invalids could desire. Winters are warm and summers cool—mean temperature fifty-four degrees. At any season of the year one can command, for a few hours' ride within the State, an Arctic winter on the mountains, or perpetual summer in the valleys. In January we found the hills and valleys green, and the parks and gardens of Oakland and San José full of growing semi-tropical plants and fragrant blossoms.

A steamer for San Francisco leaves the Pacific Ocean and, passing through the Golden Gate, a magnificent ship-way five miles long by one broad, guarded by low hills, enters San Francisco Bay which is sixty miles long and capacious enough to float the navies of the world. Ten thousand vessels annually show their papers at the Custom House of San Francisco. This metropolis of the Pacific coast boasts of a population of 300,000, and is taxed for two-fifths of the property of the State. Its banks, during the late rebellion, paid gold on demand, and gold was the only standard of exchange.

Its fine public buildings and business blocks remind one of Chicago since the fire. Its many hotels and residences of railroad magnates give evidence of immense wealth.

The Palace Hotel, begun by William C. Ralston,

Esq., and finished by Senator William Sharon, is centrally located, occupies an entire block (350x275 feet) and is seven stories high. It has 775 rooms above first floor, 348 of which have bay windows. Imitating the Grand Hotel in Paris, a roomy court (144x84 feet) in the center of the block, covered with glass at the height of the building, accommodates carriages and furnishes abundance of light for the inside rooms. This central court is rendered still more charming by exotic plants, statuary, fountains and music.

On the night of dedication, the seven tiers of carpeted verandas, twelve feet wide, which surround and look out upon this court, were brilliantly lighted, and peopled with more royal extravagance than was ever witnessed on the Pacific coast. San Francisco realized in the Palace Hotel, costing $5,000,000, furniture $1,000,000 more, the palatial dream of her petted Ralston; but thousands of depositors in the Bank of California lost their hard-earned savings by its failure caused by his extravagant ideas.

In striking contrast to these homes of elegance stand the cramped and filthy quarters of thirty thousand Chinamen on Dupont and adjoining streets, called Chinatown. It is related that fully 1,200 almond-eyed Chinamen were crowded into a single block; but of late their sanitary condition has been much improved by city regulation. Chinese emigration began about 1850, and the lowest estimate of the Chinese on the Pacific coast is

150,000. Many have passed eastward over the Sierra Nevadas, while others have returned home with their savings. We find them engaged in mining, fishing, washing and trading. Several will unite in working a mine or running a shop. They are mostly from the lower classes in China; few physicians and mechanics, no priests or lawyers. All read, and as accountants are exact. As debtors, most are trustworthy. Much of Dupont street and adjoining localities have been over-run by their residences and trade. Scores of once valuable blocks have been greatly depreciated by their proximity to Chinatown. The frugal Chinaman frequently owns his home or store. Dupont street is the Chinaman's Broadway, and on Sunday the street is as crowded.

John Chinaman keeps store, market, restaurant and barber shop after his own peculiar fashion. The families are left behind in the celestial kingdom, to which their bones are dispatched if they die abroad. They import their own Joss houses, theaters and actors, the latter at great expense. Their plays recount the history of their kings, which reach back over a dynasty of 4,000 years. Frequently it requires weeks to give a single play, which will begin at noon and adjourn at midnight, the admittance fee being scaled down from day to day. The audience sit with hats on, munching bits of cocoanuts and stalks of sugar-cane, and watch with intense interest the tinsel and glitter of dress, as the story of ancient royalty proceeds. So critical is the audience, that imperfections in acting are

instantly detected and punished. Their so-called music is the most discordant din and squeak imaginable.

The Chinamen in California are organized into six companies, and well armed to protect their mutual interests. It is thought they have their own courts, but they will never testify against each other in our courts. On the streets they are quiet and peaceable. They are very industrious and frugal, and provide for their own sick and poor. Their dress is tidy and worn loose about the body. The soles of their shoes are thick and made of wood. The Chinaman has no beard. His front hair is shaved back, and the balance is neatly braided with silk in a long pig-tail, and either fastened about the head or worn long down the back. No greater disgrace can happen to John Chinaman than to be deprived of his pig-tail.

In California there are 3,000 or 4,000 Chinese children, and as many women, most of whom are said to be disreputable. The rapid progress and development of the Pacific States are largely due to the Chinaman's cheap labor. His dollar-a-day services are accepted as hostler, servant and nurse, or at wharves, in mines, on farms and railroads. He has been the escape valve of the heated labor question; hence the frequent demonstrations there of workingmen with their torchlights and mottoes that the "Chinaman must go." Laboring men take alarm at the vast inroads of the Mongolian race; especially when they reflect that China, with

her population of 450,000,000, could send a tenth of her people without missing them. But they will look in vain to the old constitution for a defense against Chinese immigration, as heaven has destined this country to be an asylum for the world's poor and oppressed.

Relief, if it comes, must be found in the Chinese Educational Mission at Hartford, Connecticut, which is under the charge of Yung Wing. He graduated in 1854 at Yale College, and, converted to Christianity, returned to China, with the single purpose of doing his nation the greatest possible good. For seventeen years he labored perseveringly in various capacities, until finally he succeeded in enlisting the Imperial Government in his grand scheme of educating and Christianizing the Chinese. In 1872 he came again to America with the first quota of about thirty Chinese youths. Over one hundred boys in all have now arrived, and are being educated in New England, the headquarters being at Hartford. The boys are selected by competitive examination, and will spend fifteen years abroad, passing through the public schools, colleges and various professions and trades. The annual expenses are $100,000, and the total amount appropriated by the Chinese Government, was $1,500,000. Yung Wing's prayer has brought into the sky a cloud the size of a man's hand, which is destined to overspread the Celestial heavens, carrying the blessings of Christian liberty throughout that mighty empire of idolatry.

At the United States Mint in San Francisco, where the Bonanza Princes draw their mountains of silver, we saw machines busily coining the trade dollar, $80,000 per day passing under the die. The trade dollar, of which $25,000,000 have been coined, is used to pay imports from China and India, being packed and sealed, $2,000 in a box.

The great weakness of Californians is their love of venture in mining stocks. They went wild over their speculations, the market broke, Ralston died, his bank failed, the panic touched the coast, property declined, and the masses, including the once wealthy, suffer with people east of the Mountains the pinchings and anxieties of the hard times. Solomon's words are as true to-day as when uttered: "Riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away, as an eagle toward heaven."

The so-called "good-times" after the war encouraged extravagance, pride, selfishness and forgetfulness of God. Are not these so-called "hard times" the good times? Because they teach economy, humility, charity and a loving dependence upon our Heavenly Father, which alone bring everlasting riches.

San Francisco has been called "the grave of all human hopes." Doubtless tens of thousands have rounded the cape, crossed the isthmus or Rocky Mountains earnestly hoping to repair broken down reputations and recover lost fortunes only to be buried with hopes unrealized in lonelier and sadder graves on the quiet Pacific. And yet to-day Cali-

fornia abounds in intelligent and enterprising young men and women, who are certain to make the Golden State a star of the first magnitude.

Homeward bound, we steamed up the magnificent bay, twenty-eight miles to Vallejo. One of the most charming paintings of this land of perpetual flowers, preserved in memory's picture gallery, is the Golden sunset above the peaceful Pacific over the entrance to the harbor, which we witnessed from the deck of our steamer. This lovely land scape made the name "Golden Gate" all the more appropriate.

From Vallejo *via* rail we returned to Sacramento and thence by sleeping car back over the snowy Sierras, studded with 1,500 glacier lakes, regretting only that the season forbade a visit to the sea lions, geysers, big trees and Yosemite Vally, made famous by Bierstadt.

Leaving Reno, on the Central Pacific Railroad, 294 miles east of San Francisco, we went by rail, mostly up grade, twenty-one miles south to Virginia City, which is well built on a slope of Mount Davidson and contains 12,000 wide awake people. Here the wonderful bonanza silver mines are situated on the Comstock lode, which is 25,000 feet long, and extends under both Virginia City and Gold Hill. The ground under these two cities is honey-combed with shafts and tunnels from which the ore has been removed. This fabulously rich lode was discovered in the summer of 1858 by two miners, O'Reilly and McLaughlin, who, in excavating a basin in which

to catch water for their rockers employed in gold washing, uncovered a rich vein of sulphuret of silver, since which time over seventy claims have been located on this lode. The vein varies in width from thirty to two hundred feet; the walls sometimes meeting; and in depth from four hundred to twenty-two hundred feet, the lowest level.

The California and Consolidated Virginia, the two most valuable mines at present, are chiefly owned by the bonanza princes, Messrs. Mackay, Fair, Flood and O'Brien. Messrs. Mackay and Fair live in Virginia City and as President and Superintendent work the mines. Messrs. Flood and O'Brien reside at San Francisco, and manage the Nevada Bank with its $10,000,000 capital. O'Brien has recently died. These quadrilateral princes have branch banks at Nevada and in New York City. We were introduced to Messrs. Mackay and Fair, who designated Mr. Patton, their gentlemanly underground engineer, to act as our guide.

We were furnished with a change of garments throughout and must have resembled Nevada miners. As we stepped into the car over the perpendicular shaft, nearly a third of a mile in depth, we could scarcely breathe, so hot and stifling was the air and steam which found escape from this hand-made volcano. The engineer gave the signal "Ready!" And down, down 500 feet we went with fluttering hearts, the thermometer rapidly rising. Soon Mr. Patton said "Only 650 feet more."

* Mr. Mackay has since died.

The frequent thumping of the car on projecting timbers, which the expanding porphyry rock had forced out of place, fills the soul with dread of broken bones. However, relief soon came by the announcement that we had reached the "1,650 feet level." We were in an underground city. Its main avenues and innumerable cross streets were brightly lighted, and little iron cars, loaded with precious ores were rolling toward the shaft to be hoisted to the surface. The thermometer ranges from 130 to 160. Stalwart miners, stripped to the waist work fifteen minutes, then rest fifteen minutes. Some break down the rich ores, or fill cars; others carefully refill the vacant space with timbers fourteen inches square, to prevent a cave, the miners' dread; while others drive prospecting tunnels with drills rapidly worked by compressed air. The air escaping, creates thorough ventilation—an absolute necessity in deep mining. Workmen everywhere are covered with dripping perspiration.

A half hour in this city of more than tropical heat and our borrowed clothes are drenched. We were forcibly reminded of the exhilaration in Senator Jones' model Russian bath in San Francisco.

Six tons of ice are daily consumed in making ice water, which is drunk without apparent harm, in immense quantities by the 1,300 miners employed. Its effect on us, however, was the reverse, and a severe chill forced a hasty retreat to the shaft, up which, in a car with fifteen passengers, we were swiftly hoisted, ten times as high as the average

church spire, by the one hundred and sixty horse power engine, with the same ease that a child picks up its doll.

Never did day-light and average temperature seem more welcome. "Whiskey, which is a sure antidote to chills," was declined, while the warm bath, kindly furnished, worked a speedy cure.

These mines are worked night and day, seven days in a week. Five hoisting machines are constantly busy. Every eight hours hundreds of miners must be lowered down and as many taken up, while daily 1,200 tons of ore are removed, nearly a ton every half-minute, and 80,000 feet of huge timbers are dropped into position. The giant protector of life in this vast city in the center of the mountain, is the huge pump which prevents the water from flooding below. Timbers, fourteen inches square, are spliced and stand upright 1,650 feet in length in the shaft. At intervals of 200 feet, eight powerful pumps are attached to the timber, which, being balanced at the top by sixteen tons of iron, is worked steadily up and down by a 500 horse power engine; the pump and engine costing half a million dollars.

The ores are reduced to pulp in scores of mills, by hundreds of stamps that make a noise like steam forges. The pulp, heated and stirred for five hours, surrenders its treasures to quicksilver; the latter being driven off in heated ovens, while the gold and silver remain behind in crude bullion, which is recast in molds for the mint.

The total production of the Comstock Lode, since the discovery, 1858, is not far from $250,000,000, forty per cent of which is gold; sixty per cent silver.

As we hasten toward resumption of specie payment, it is natural to inquire what has become of 1,100,000,000 of gold and silver of domestic production? Largely to pay for imports from Europe and the East Indies, and the interest on our National debt, which is so largely held abroad. China and India could use $500,000,000 more of precious metals and then not have a dollar per capita.

The production of the Nevada bonanza is dwarfed when compared with that of Silver Mountain, situated at Potosi, South America. This mountain, at an altitude of three miles has been honeycombed with 5,000 mines, which are estimated to have produced, during the last three centuries, the fabulous amount of $1,600,000,000 or six times the total product of the entire Comstock lode.

In these disastrous times, * when one half of our railroads, savings banks, life and fire insurance companies are in the hands of receivers, cautious capital sensitively inquires, is precious metal mining in the United States profitable? The facts respond that during the past twenty-seven years an investment of $700,000,000 has earned about $1,500,000,000, the net annual profit being $30,000,000 or an annual interest of four per cent, which places mining for precious metal as a safe and

* Written in 1877.

remunerative business, on as sound a basis as investment in Government bonds.

Our National debt is over $2,200,000,000 which mortgages the 2,300,000,000 acres of land in the United States to the extent of nearly $1.00 per acre. Our National, State, municipal, railroad and other debts exceed $7,000,000,000 or $3.00 indebtedness for every acre of our broad domain.

To pay simple annual interest on this gigantic debt, requires the total surplus wheat and cotton crops of the entire country. How can the Nation more speedily release herself from this awkward dilemma than to encourage capital to engage in developing our rich mines?

If the 3,000 mills and 25,000 miners at present employed produce in 1877, $85,000,000 of gold and silver, almost sufficient to pay the interest on the Federal debt, what amount is too great to expect from mining alone when 100,000 mills and 1,000,000 miners are brought into activity beyond the Mississippi?

England on a coin basis of $480,000,000 and a paper issue of $227,280,175 transacts annually more than $100,000,000,000 of business, four times as much as the United States, and is mistress of the world's commerce, manufacturing and financial operations. It is not impossible for the United States to seize this golden prize within the next half century, if capital, energy and perseverance are only united. Walter, owner of the *London Times*, who has traveled extensively, prophesies that before the close of

the Nineteenth century there will be but two first-class powers, Russia and the United States. Napoleon affirmed in 1816 that in twenty-five years the United States would dictate the policy of Europe. A little premature, but now being confirmed.

From Virginia City we returned to the overland railroad and gladly resumed our journey eastward. At a distance the unlettered red man, representative of the few remaining fragmentary tribes, stands in utter amazement as he looks down upon the permanent occupation of his former vast hunting grounds, by the wheels of progress; while even the learned pale face who sits in luxuriant palace coaches is filled with wonder at the rapid strides by which civilization is advancing.

Before the war the overland travel and freight had become enormous. A single firm with its capital of $3,000,000 employed 3,000 teamsters and 40,000 yoke of oxen on the plains. Then stages made the trip from ocean to ocean in twenty-two days. In 1860 a daily pony express, east and west, was established. Only letters were carried in the riders' saddlebags. Charges, $20.00 per ounce. The first arrival of the pony express at the termini of the almost 200 mile journey, which was made in ten days, was greeted with cannon, bells and flags. A continuous railroad over the Sierra Nevadas and Rocky Mountains and across great deserts to the far off Missouri River, was but a dream in the minds of the dauntless Californian and persecuted Mormon.

Finally the rebellion came and made a continental railroad a necessity. Congress and capital were besieged, till both the credit of the nation and the pride of her most heroic business men were pledged to the herculean task. The United States donated the right-of-way over its public lands, and neccessary timber and other material found on the same, along the route. The Government also gave alternate sections of land on either side of the track, which amounted to an area nearly as large as the great State of Ohio.

The United States granted further aid to the enterprise in $55,092,192 of thirty-year bonds bearing six per cent interest. These bonds, by further favorable legislation, were made a second lien, that the railroad corporation might issue $55,000,000 more first mortgage bonds of their own in addition to the Government loan.

Thus abundantly provided with funds, the building of the railroad was begun in 1864, and from January 1866, was pushed both in Nebraska and California with unprecedented vigor.

An average of a mile per day of the road was completed. The obstacles to be overcome were less formidable than anticipated. The upgrade for the first 500 miles west of Omaha is gradual, not exceeding an average of ten feet to the mile. In crossing the mountains it does not exceed 90 feet. The total grade overcome is 8,196 feet at Sherman.

On Monday, May 10, 1869, a junction was made at Promontory Point, on the northern shore of

Great Salt Lake. A large concourse of people had gathered from nearly every state in the Union. The sun stood in the zenith, and the stars and stripes, emblem of unity, floated over all. A moment's quiet and Divine blessing was invoked. Then the last tie, a beautiful piece of workmanship of California laurel, with silver plates, on which the suitable inscription was put in place, and the last connecting rails were laid by each corporation. The last spikes—one of gold from California, one of silver from Nevada, and one of gold, silver and iron from Arizona—were then driven by a solid silver hammer, and precisely at noon, the news was flashed over the continent that 1,774 miles of railroad were united, securely binding with strong bands of iron, the new states of the Pacific to the states of the Atlantic.

On the "Overland" as the Pacific roads are called, a daily express starts from Omaha and San Francisco. Time, six days, which necessitates twelve express trains in constant motion.

The average annual net earnings are $14,841,814: sufficient for dividends from eight to ten per cent on the nominal value of the stock.

The managers of this road win fortunes that monopolize and palatial residences that kings might envy, while the debt of their railroads to the government has increased from $55,000,000, to $80,000,000. We trust the recent law passed by Congress will work a remedy.

At Ogden we met General O. O. Howard and

staff, and the four day's journey with him and other agreeable companions was delightful. The otherwise long trip was much shortened by a racy review of the Nez Perces war last summer. The march of Howard, 1,321 miles in seventy-five days, from the Pacific over the Rocky Mountains to the surrender of Chief Joseph and his braves, surpasses even Sherman's famous march—325 miles in 39 days—from "Atlanta to the sea."

When the rebellion began Otis O. Howard was a young professor at West Point, on the Hudson. James G. Blaine telegraphed; "Will you take the colonelcy of a regiment?" He responded "Yes," and reported immediately in Maine, his native State, and entered the service of his country.

The prompt passage of his finely disciplined regiment, through the principal cities and towns of New England and the Middle States to the front was one continuous ovation. Patriotism was fired in every heart and regiment followed regiment in rapid succession. Once at the front, young Howard's splendid military training became of great value in perfecting discipline in the brigade to which he was soon promoted. As an offering to his country at the battle of Fair Oaks, he laid his own strong right arm on the altar. He was engaged in the battles from Tennessee to Georgia, and commanded, with Sherman, from "Atlanta to the sea." Promotion followed promotion, and Congress honored him with a medal and thanks as a token of a nation's gratitude.

To-day Major General Howard ranks sixth under General Sherman in the regular army. In the summer of 1863, General Lee, with the flower of the rebel army, had crossed the Potomac, and unchecked, would have devastated the opulent cities of the North.

The location of the fierce three day's battle around the hills of Gettysburg, where Lee's impetuous army was paralyzed, was due to Howard's valor and foresight.

All through the rebellion, while fighting the Indians on the plains, and in times of peace, whether in the quiet of home or journeying by boat or rail we find General Otis O. Howard holding high the banner of our Lord and Master. He truly is the Havelock of America, and merits well the title of "The Christian Soldier."

The occupants of our car early came to know each other by the General's tact in introduction. A young wife conversed consolingly with an aged mother, who had laid away her life companion beneath the orange trees of California. A rough, but noble-hearted Colonel in the Union Army, whose gentle wife was soon to go with consumption, was easily approached on the subject of personal religion. The gentleness of Howard, the hero of twenty-three battles, drew even the little timid children of a returning missionary into his lap.

When evening came the break in the engine seemed providential. The General said "It is Thursday, our regular meeting night at Portland."

His Chief of Staff, brought the gospel hymn book and out on the sage brush plains of Wyoming Territory, we held a most delightful prayer meeting.

It was stated that our party of eighteen had lost by death fifty-six of their near relatives. The singing, the talks, the communion with the Spirit, made the way across the River seem less lonesome. The few felt we were soon to be with the many. We sang "Over the River," and the General committed us in brief prayer to God's keeping for the night.

At noon, on Washington's Birthday, at Sherman, on the summit of the Rocky Mountains, we sang, under General Howard's lead, the stirring and patriotic words of our National hymn, "America."

In Utah, I heard it said that people who go beyond the Mississippi always leave their religion behind them. Be the saying true or not, the demand was never greater than to-day for the Christian heroism of a Howard in the hearts of every young man and woman in America, if we purpose, under God, to lay permanent foundations for a nation, which it is estimated will within four centuries, outnumber the entire present population of the globe.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LONE STAR STATE.

Texas: its Resources, Soil, Climate, Capitol and Heroes.

AN American needs to travel much of the time to be comprehensively patriotic. For many years circumstances have required me to travel in America and Europe, during the last nine years in the lecture field.

Every season new sections and cities of America that I had scarcely heard of, spring into view. After rendering services at both the Florida and Georgia Chautauquas we were off again to attend the Texas and Arkansas Chautauquas. A thousand and seventy-eight miles, *via* the Queen and Crescent Railway, from Cincinnati through the Switzerland of Eastern Tennessee, brought us on the evening of the Fourth of July, 1892 to New Orleans. Everywhere en route there was a noticeable absence of the firecrackers and the stars and stripes, not that the South to-day is less patriotic than the North, but because in days gone by liberty for all was not a profitable and popular theme for Southern planters and politicians.

The Crescent City was sweltering in the rays of inland cotton growing sunshine. Gentlemen even

at the St. Charles Hotel had discarded both coats and vests.

Our stay was short, but we learned that since the war, liberty, artificial ice, and electric fans were about equally prized. The next morning a Southern Pacific Company's ferryboat conveyed us to Algiers, across the Father of Waters, which was full to the brim. The amount of silt brought down from the Mississippi's fifteen hundred tributaries is fabulous, filling the Gulf of Mexico a mile in depth one hundred feet per year. Thus while the French from Canada are slowly recapturing New England, the South is gaining possession of the rich Northwest, and in the centuries to come will raise cotton and sugar on the same soil that once furnished the world with corn and wheat. Nothing save the sea seems permanent, not even the Rocky Mountains, for they are moving into the sea.

Our ride across lower Louisiana, skirting the gulf, was a revelation and delight. For fifty miles west we were in rich bottom lands subject to yearly overflow. Much of the way we rode on piling and embankments and the small towns, like lily pods, seemed to float on the water. Rice fields far and wide were flooded artificially and negroes in water to the waist were removing tall weeds. Other diked fields grew rank sugar cane. Vigorous vines clothed every dead tree, and shapely cypresses spread out their trunks and roots for security. An abundance of flowers, underbrush and cane brake, made the forest impenetrable.

The humblest of cabins sheltered broods of blacks in every tint, who had drifted westward with the advance of rice and sugar. On slightly elevated ground, we observed the old time home of the sugar planter, white and palatial, with columns, piazzas, slave cabins, sugar mills and outbuildings. The duty off sugar had rubbed the paint from his palace, but two cents bounty has again opened the furrows and started the production, till the music of the sugar and rice mills again keeps time with negro melodies. Truly, the famous McKinley tariff bill is a panacea for many American ills, only let the medicine be widely and thoroughly applied.

From Pearl River across Louisiana, to Sabine River is three hundred miles, and nowhere have I seen richer soil. Louisiana is destined to be one of the wealthiest states in the Union, Texas excepted, of course. A Texan can walk as the crow flies, a thousand miles on the soil of his own Empire State. From Texarkana to El Paso, Texas, is the same distance as from New York to Chicago. A Texan, riding the entire boundary of his State, has made a journey equal to a trip from Chicago to London. The Pan Handle of Texas, will hold all New England, and the outlying district of Texas the Republic of France. The population of Texas is two million five hundred thousand and the total wealth not far from 1,500,000,000 though only a small portion of the State is yet developed. Texas, with a population equal to that of New Jersey per square mile would have 63,000,000 souls, about the present population of the United States.

tion of Texas is upland, and the long parallel valleys and ridges afford the best natural pasturage in the world for cattle and sheep.

It is on the central black prairies where the railways are thickest, that there have been built the cities of Dallas, Waco, Forth Worth, Dennison, Sherman, Paris, Austin, and San Antonio, all flourishing centers of 15,000 to 60,000 people. San Antonio is the rival of St. Augustine, in its early origin and interest.

A week's engagement at the thriving Texas Chautauqua, Georgetown, on the limestone bluffs of the San Gabriel River, in the shade of oaks and cedars, enabled us to study Texans and to visit their capital, Austin, nearby. The capitol is one of the finest buildings in the world and certainly one of the best state capitols in America.

The form approximates a greek cross. Its length is 566 feet, greatest width 288 feet, and height of dome 311 feet. The capitol is built of a variety of Texas pink granite, which is susceptible of highest polish and is soft and beautiful to the eye. The whole structure costing 3,000,000 acres of land is the seventh largest building in the world, and rivals, if in general harmony it does not excel the Capitol at Washington. A goddess of liberty guards the dome with sword in hand to defend the lone star in her left hand, brilliant in the sunshine.

As you approach the capitol, a new granite monument teaches the bravery of the heroes of the Alamo. Colonel Travis said to the enemy: "We

neither surrender nor retreat," and every man was slain. The monument also bears the motto: "Thermopylæ had her messenger of defeat; the Alamo none."

Such gallantry bequeathes a priceless legacy to every Texan; Houston, Austin, Travis and Crockett were their heroes.

The wonder of all is the State's available funds for school purposes. Nearly $6,000,000 invested in State and County bonds, 40,000,000 acres of school lands controlled by the State, 17,712 acres of school lands controlled by each of the more than 200 counties. Ultimately the school funds of Texas, resulting from the sale of school lands, at $3.00 per acre, will reach $151,000,000. Not without reason do Texans expect their great southern star will become the brightest on the glorious banner of the nation.

Our journey north brought us home *via* the Ozark Mount Chautauqua, in Northwest Arkansas, for lectures, which closed our lecture season of 1891-92.

CHAPTER XIX.

YELLOWSTONE, YOSEMITE WONDERS.

Northern Pacific Railway. Sioux Tepees. Indian Children. Custer Monument. Gateway to Yellowstone Park. Cinnabar. The Mammoth Hot Springs. Geysers of Norris Basin. Paint Pot Basin. The Excelsior. The Castle Geyser. The Giant Crater. The Natural Bridge. Yellowstone Lake. Lower Falls. Teton Range. Colorado Cañon. Mariposa Grove of Big Trees. The Wawona. Yosemite Valley. The Bridal Veil Falls. Cathedral Rock. The Yosemite Falls.

ON my second trip to the Pacific Coast, on a lecture tour, in the spring of 1888, I visited the far famed Yellowstone National Park. Our party consisted of a story-telling Chicago merchant, a Cornell graduate who carried a well-worn volume of Tennyson's poems, a Londoner and his agreeable sister, and myself.

The Yellowstone or National Park contains a half million acres and is located in the northwestern corner of the State of Wyoming.

The Northern Pacific Railway connects Duluth on the Great Lakes, and St. Paul on the Mississippi River with Puget Sound in the far northwest. The distance is about 2000 miles. Few rides in the world are of equal interest. The area which this pioneer

railway and its allied systems are developing, is one-sixth of the area of the United States, and one of the fairest and most interesting sections of America.

The Northern Pacific Railway was chartered in 1864 and the last rail was laid Sept. 23rd, 1883 (in the valley of the Hellgate River, near Gold Creek) near the summit of the Rocky Mountains. Five trains of distinguished guests were present, including General U. S. Grant, governors of states and territories, members of Congress, and members of the British and German Parliaments.

Sioux tepees are seen from car windows, showing how the brave Sioux of to-day live along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The largest tepee is usually the Medicine Lodge where Councils are held. Formerly they were made from tanned buffalo skins sewed together by buckskin thongs and stretched over poles. The smoke pours out at the top. The only entrance at the bottom is large enough to crawl under.

The Indians are very fond of their children. A chief who lost his son resolved to have close combat with the first animal he saw. It was a big buffalo, and friends who met his horse returning alone, found the chief and buffalo dead together on the grass.

Infants are carried in blankets strapped to the squaw's back. If death comes, the little pack or cradle is filled with black quills or feathers, and it is carried around a year or more as if the child were

alive, and the stricken mother talks to the empty crib.

The red men are becoming extinct; barely a quarter of a million Indians remain. Soon they will all join the buffalo in the happy hunting ground. The "best Indian is a dead Indian" is a sentiment not complimentary to our civilization.

The great sport of the year for them was to capture the fatted buffalo as he returned from the bunch grass pastures of the North. Mounted on swift ponies, the arrows were often sent with sufficient force to pass entirely through the animal. Sometimes vast herds were driven over ledges and hundreds were trodden to death.

About thirty miles south of the railway station, on the Little Big Horn River, is seen the Custer monument. By this the United States Government marked the historic battle-ground, where on the morning of the 25th of June, 1876, about two hundred of the Seventh Cavalry and their brave leader, General Custer, were overwhelmed and pitilessly slaughtered by 2500 Indians under the famous chief, Sitting-Bull.

Custer was an Ohio man. He had blue eyes and long light hair. A graduate of West Point, at 23 years he was a Brigadier General, and at 25 years a Major General. He fought at Bull Run and Gettysburg, and was present at the surrender of Appomattox. Eleven horses were shot under him. Once he saved the flag he loved by tearing it from the pole and hiding it in his bosom. What Napoleon said of

Ney is true of Custer, "The bravest of the brave."

We enter Montana, the State of Mountains, which is traversed by the pioneer Northern Pacific Railroad in a northwestern direction for eight hundred miles. Dakota is behind us, Idaho before us; south are Wyoming and Utah, and on the north is British America. This empire state, three hundred miles by five hundred and fifty in extent, lies on both sides of the erratic Rocky Mountains. Neither the six New England States and the great State of New York, nor Great Britain, Ireland and Wales combined, could blanket Montana.

This inland empire state, is an exceedingly picturesque resort, comprising noble mountain ranges, beautiful valleys and heroic people.

We arrive at Livingston, where many change cars for the Yellowstone National Park. The long Pacific Express is heavily laden with earnest men and women in search of fame and fortune. Their motto, is "Westward Ho"! The Yellowstone River will make Livingston a great inland manufacturing center. With the cool green waters of the Yellowstone River on our left, we set our faces southward through a gateway of the mountains cut for three miles in lofty rock-ridged peaks.

The mountain gateway leads to a fertile plain called "Paradise Valley", which drew settlers here when white scalps were at a premium.

The Yellowstone in this valley is fringed with trees, has a stony bed, an impetuous current, is

five or six feet deep and three hundred feet wide. Its waters freshened by mountain streams, are clear as crystal, cold as ice, alive with trout and equally gamesome grayling. Their weight ranges from half a pound to two pounds and upwards. They take the fly pretty freely, but settlers lure them with grasshoppers.

On our left is the "Devil Slide", a bit of Nature's handicraft on the Cinnabar Mountain, so called probably because half way up the face, the height is girdled by a broad band of vermilion. Other bands of red and yellow follow the curved slide and arrest the eye by the brilliant contrasting colors.

Two enormous dikes of trap rock, slightly curved, traverse Cinnabar Peak from apex to base. The walls are over fifty feet broad and two hundred feet high. The material between the dikes has been washed away, leaving the gigantic walls as vertical and smooth as if built by skilled masons. Each wall is dotted with beautiful pines.

The Snow Mountains lift their stately domes and lofty pinnacles glistening with snow, 3,000 or 4,000 feet above this elevated valley. These rugged heights born of volcanic forces also exhibit the mighty power of glacial action, and the capricious sculpture of wind and weather. Nature is our mother and teacher. Her lessons have helped to teach the world civilization. Homes were suggested by caves, cathedrals by chiseled peaks, agriculture by wild grains, manufacturing by waterfalls, com-

merce by driftwood, steam and electrical power by hot geysers and lightning, the harmony of color and art by sunsets and landscape.

Coaches were taken at Cinnabar, the southern terminus of the branch railway, fifty-one miles from Livingston and near the northern boundary of the National Park.

Usually a jolly company of tourists climb within and on top, and the driver spurs his splendid team of four grays to a brisk trot over smooth roads, constructed by United States engineers, through the valley of the Gardiner River.

The ride is exhilarating and the scenery imposing. To the east are the majestic domes of the Yellowstone range. Six miles of delightful driving bring us to a turn in the road, which reveals a most curious feature of the park.

Liberty Cap, aptly termed from its shape, is the cone of an extinct geyser, and it stands near the hotel. It is forty-five feet high and twenty feet at the base, composed of over-lapping layers of sediment. These lime mausoleums of old geysers however, are gradually crumbling into dust.

Although these Mammoth Hot Springs are the most important of the kind now active in the world, they are insignificant as compared with those which built up Terrace Mountain and numerous cliffs along the Yellowstone. These springs are situated in a small valley one thousand feet above the Gardiner River. At various elevations on the terraces, hot water impregnated mainly with calcari-

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, YELLOWSTONE PARK.

ous matter from below, issues in pulsating waves, overflows the basins, and the deposits under favorable circumstances are one-sixteenth of an inch in four days or an inch every sixty-four days. Many of the basins have exquisitely fretted rims; the colors of their wavy filmlike borders are often very beautiful.

It is not difficult to climb to the top of the terraces, and often the shoes are well soaked in hot water which gently pours from the upper reservoirs into tiers of basins below, repeating the process till the bottom of the hill is reached, when the water flows into the Gardiner River.

Here is Pulpit Basin. "Trees have tongues, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Another view is called Crystal Forests. The springs on the top of the hill are of all sizes up to forty feet in diameter. The water is turquoise blue, and its crystal clearness is indescribable. The rims and sides are fretted with delicate frost work and glistening stalagmites, and the coating of the pool takes on rich cream and salmon color, deepening near the edges into brilliant shades of brown, red, green and yellow.

Looking in, you hear the rush and gurgle of the boiling hot water over the cavernous throats, and watch the play of the steaming water as it undulates in miniature waves to the edge of the basins. Abundance of streaming filaments or threads of silken texture, covered with sulphur, line the pools and rivulets.

The Yellowstone Park is a table land fifty-five by sixty-five miles in extent, about seven thousand feet above the sea, the whole encircled by snow-clad peaks from three thousand to five thousand feet higher. It was a most creditable act of the United States Congress of 1872 to devote this area of 3,575 square miles of public domain in perpetuity to the pleasures of the people as a National Park. The reservation abounds in wild gorges, grand cañons, dancing cascades, majestic falls and mountains, picturesque lakes, curious hot springs and awe-inspiring geysers. Our tour comprises the Golden Gate, Norris Geyser Basin, Firehole Basin and the Yellowstone Lake and Grand Cañon.

The Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel is the scene of much activity when the coaches start on their journeys. The six grays in the foreground are off on the return trip to Gardiner. Expectant tourists on the porch are busy selecting seats in the lighter stages for the five days' drive in the Park.

The only possible good roadway southward is through a rocky gorge or pass one thousand feet above the hotel. A long, sloping hill leads up to the Golden Gate and Kingman's Pass. Eight miles farther south is Obsidian Cliff, or "Glass Mountain" which towers 250 feet above the narrow stage road of glass. This volcanic glass is jet black, and is arranged in vertical pentagonal columns. Indians used this black mineral glass for arrow heads, weapons and tools, and possibly this glass mountain was as celebrated among the Rocky Mountain

tribes of Indians, as the far-famed "Pipe stone quarries" of Minnesota have been for ages among their brethren of the prairies. Great blocks of this jet black glass roll into Beaver Lake, a beautiful sheet of water which the road flanks for a mile. Its swampy margin is covered with reeds and lily-pads and fine flora. It is the haunt of ducks, geese, crane and other water fowl.

This lake is an enlargement of Green Creek, and was formed by beavers which have obstructed the stream by a series of thirty or forty dams, some of which are seen as they sweep in graceful curves from side to side.

The divide between the Gardiner and Gibbons rivers is crossed by an easy pass; and suddenly the active geysers of Norris Basin come into view, twenty-two miles south of the Mammoth Hot Springs. This is perhaps the oldest and most elevated of the thermal basins of the Park, embracing an area of a thousand acres. A neophyte in wonderland is apt to be astonished by the clouds of vapor, spouting geysers and overpowering odors of sulphur. Great caution is necessary in getting about on the treacherous surface. The whole basin is a collection of hot springs, pools, and "paint pots" which sputter and sizzle violently; the air even is hot and reeks with unpleasant odors. Some of these geysers are called "Twins," "Steamboat Vent," "Minute Man" and "Monarch," which spouts once in twenty-four hours in regal splendor.

Norris Basin in winter, in fact the entire park,

takes on most marvelous beauty; the roadways and streams are laid in shining silver; the green foliage is changed to pure white; the trees are ladened with sparkling crystals, and geyser craters enlarge in strange forms and look like white thrones in some supernatural palace. Rare beauty like this suggests most vividly the abode of spirits.

Paint Pot Basin is five miles southward to the left of the road. Here and in the Lower Basin are scores of boiling mud and paint pot springs. They are scattered here and there with Nature's charming fickleness. It is an interesting sight to study the small and large pots of gurgling, exploding mud or paint, smooth to the touch as velvet. You see every shade of color, white, orange, green, violet, purple, blue, brown and drab. Constantly clots of this pasty material are banked up around the craters. We ride beneath the towering wall of Gibbon Cañon, four miles or more past Gibbon Falls, the height of Niagara, over pine and fur clad terraces eight miles more into Firehole Valley and come to Fountain Geyser, the most important known in the Lower Basin. This hot spring is twenty-five feet in diameter. Preceeding action the water boils vigorously and is churned and dashed into a white mass, then it is thrown in vast quantities to a height of ten feet, some of the jets reaching fifty feet. West of this is a group of springs depositing ferric acid so abundantly that the ground appears deluged in blood.

Several hundred hot springs and geysers in groups

are scattered along the Firehole River. We reach the Excelsior, in the Midway Basin, doubtless the largest and most wonderful geyser in the world. Excelsior is seen on the mound opposite, fifty feet above Firehole River, which intervenes between it and the road. We see the hot water escaping in numerous small streams into the river, and steam above an aperture 250 feet in diameter. Here at times the water boils like a cauldron and in 1880 its eruption became frightfully violent, hurling rocks into the air and ejecting sufficient water to render the river a foaming torrent of hot water, washing away bridges below.

For a moment we come to the verge of Excelsior, I had almost said the verge of Hades. It is sufficiently awe-inspiring to stand on the hollow crest which projects over the scalding lake. In action its rumblings and vibrations are like those of an earth-quake and the valley is filled with dense vapor. Excelsior gives two or more displays daily.

Further on at the entrance of the Upper Basin, near the left bank of the river is the Grotto. Within are fantastic arches above grotto-like cavities; these are lined with a brilliant white bead-like formation which glows with the rich opalescent tints that are seen in mother-of-pearl. The mound is 23 x 53 feet, and the grayish white geyserite is brittle and readily breaks into slabs. The Grotto is in action four times daily and has been termed the "Grotto of pearls," the "Gem of geysers."

The Fairies' Well is where, in emerald and sap-

phire springs, wood nymphs, elfs and fairies come to bathe and don their dainty dress of flowers and jeweled dew-drops.

Dr. Hayden reports no less than four hundred and forty springs and geysers in this Upper Basin. Scores of the springs are of exquisite beauty in their variety and richness of color and translucent waters.

A comprehensive view of the Upper Basin is obtained from a high mound near "Old Faithful." In the foreground looms the Castle Geyser, looking like a feudal stronghold, belching forth its clouds of steam or smoke as though a mighty mortar had been discharged. The earth is tremulous with rumbling, gurgling sounds, and the air ladened with sulphurous fumes. The surface of the Basin consists of a succession of ridges and knolls crowned with geysers and boiling springs, the most powerful in the world.

The contour of the East side of Castle Crater is very irregular and of brain-coral formation. This silicious deposit is firm and in many places silvery or leaden gray in color. The orifice is three feet in diameter. Every two days a fearful roaring, audible for miles, takes place, and volumes of water are ejected to a great height.

Across the river is the Giantess, a stupendous geyser without raised crater. The aperture is oval 24x34 feet. You distinctly hear it gurgling and boiling at a great distance below. Suddenly the spluttering water begins to rise and volumes of

OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER.

steam cause a general stampede of our company. This is accompanied by hoarse rumblings and subterranean tremors that chill the heart, and now the Giantess sends up a grand column, 250 feet into the air, in a series of quick pulsations, which assume the form of separate fountains, one above the other.

The Giant Crater is below the Giantess and quite near the Firehole River and the Grotto. Its high cleft cone is broken down on one side as if torn away by an eruption of more than ordinary violence. About us is a magnificent band of huge hot water trumpets, "The Castle," "The Splendid," "The Giant" and "Old Faithful," the latter roaring regularly every hour. Here nature gives her grandest concert in perfect diapason, each performer taking a solo part, and uttering his loudest tones in harmonious combination.

This geyser is in eruption only every fourth day, and we were fortunate to witness its superb effort, which lasts nearly two hours. The stupendous column, seven feet in diameter, of hot water veiled in spray is steadfastly held up vertically as it majestically soars toward heaven. Truly we are in a region of wonder, terror and delight; beneath our feet convincinge vidence of internal fires, and about us the glory of God's creation.

South, near the Shoshone Lake we meet some park tourists, well fed, with browned cheeks, some mounted and some on foot, resolved to see Yellowstone Lake and its marvelous cañons.

En route to the Grand Cañon we approach the

Natural Bridge, near the West Shore of the Yellowstone Lake. How forcibly it reminds us of that other famous Natural Bridge of Virginia, not so high and impressive, but the arch more perfect.

It invites you to test its strength. Richardson, the architect, in his re-introduction of the wide use of the arch in public and private buildings merely applied universal law which, long ago, nature taught to the old Romans and doubtless to their ancestry.

We come to the Yellowstone Lake, with a crater pool in sight, and many groups of springs and geysers around it. This peerless sheet of blue water lies in the lap of snow-capped mountains nearly 8,000 feet (7788) above the sea, a half mile higher than the summit of Mt. Washington. Rudely it represents the open palm of the right hand and thus fixed the name of "Thumb and Fingers" upon bays separated by narrow peninsulas. It is fifteen miles across thumb and palm, and twenty miles from wrist to tip of fingers. The lake is an enlargement of streams from the Yellowstone Mountains and the source of the famous river that emerges at the wrist. The Alpine Lakes even do not surpass it in clearness, in which snowy peaks are mirrored. On the strand glisten bright pebbles, crystals and bits of obsidian. Concretion Cove abounds in fossils of cups, pot lids, kettles, lathe-like work of divers forms.

Here is to be had solid comfort, camping by the lake in the shade of fragrant pines, the busy world's work quite forgotten. The close of the day brings

back these stalwart hunter-fishermen. See their luck with rifle and rod, lake fowl and trout in abundance, the satisfaction of success in their faces, and restored vigor in heart pulsations, and in the background a white tent in which the odor of pine and spruce lulls to sleep. What greater happiness could be desired by those who are fond of sport in the Great West.

The trout in this lake would reign supreme were it not for fishermen, and the deadly parasite,a slender white worm, which if eaten is apt to burrow in the flesh. This is not true of trout caught below the Falls, however. It is some satisfaction that the angler lands his parasite infested trout in a boiling pool behind him.

Frequently moose, elk and deer are seen in the park, and occasionally the mountain lion, the black and grizzly bear, and a straggling member of the herd of buffaloes, which is carefully kept within the limits of the reservation, the killing of game being forbidden.

The Hoodoo Region, or "Goblin land" is situated. east of Yellowstone Lake outside the Park reservation. It is high up in the Sierra Shoshone Mountains where volcanic forces and erosion have each striven to out do the other.

The trail is over wild and rough country. Frosts and storms have worn narrow crooked channels amid pyramids and tottering pillars in this singular range. This goblin land has been the home of evil spirits to the superstitious Indians who claim to hear strange sounds in this region. The formation assumes most

curious and fantastic forms of beasts and birds and reptiles. There are no end of spectural shapes met with in this weird labyrinth. The rocks are of all colors. The winding passages afford shelter for the white mountain sheep and goat. Eagles hover over this Hoodoo Mountain and subsist upon lambs hurled from lofty crags upon jagged rocks below.

The Yellowstone River having survived its leap over the upper cataract makes impetuous strides for half a mile through high bluffs of a wild pine-clad gorge, over rocks and ledges, until gathering all its strength it fearlessly plunges from the brink of the Great Falls into the solitude of the awful cañon 300 feet below. Amazement is in every face. Make sure of your footing, cling to the railing, or your head will grow dizzy.

Having recovered from the shock of its reckless plunge, it finds an outlet through a narrow throat at the foot of the pool and rushes madly on through the rapids, triumphant in its marvelous progress.

Forgetting the river's fearful plunge we easily imagine the stream has become a winding ribbon of emerald satin laid along the depth of the Grand Cañon and finally lost to view. What grouping of lofty crags and towering rocks!

Further down another view reveals a scene of enchanting splendor. Far below us rise countless pinnacles and towers and thrones that mock the masonry of man. Some of the walls are vertical, and some slope like Gothic arches, supported by magnificent flying buttresses. These sculptured

UPPER FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

rocks have been shaped by storm and torrent, by wind and frost till nature herself is satiated. Eagles and fish-hawks have built their nests on lofty pinnacles, and with interest you watch the king of birds dart for food into the swift torrent below. The whole gorge is aflame with color as though rainbows were hung along the walls.

For long eras the Hot Springs have painted this Grand Cañon. Nature's deposit of lime is of dazzling whiteness, sulphur has given its clearest yellow, the oxidation of iron its deepest tints of red shading into scarlet and orange, while mosses and tall pines have added vivid green. Such a royal display of colors is seen elsewhere only in the sunsets.

We turn to see the Great Falls, grand in its life and action. The foaming cauldron below is flanked by painted cliffs 800 feet high.

The floods of cool sea-green water break into sheets of glistening foam and sparkling drops as they descend. But they rise again in fountains of spray and clouds of mist which nourish on the side of the cañon a rank growth of pines, mosses and algae of every shade of green, scarlet, and brown.

Approaching we get a view of the Teton Range, one of the many that form the Rocky Mountains. In sight are snow-touched sentinel peaks, sources of the long and tortuous Snake River which winds through Idaho and joins the famous Columbia in the State of Washington. The Rocky Mountains or Continental Divide, are a continuation of the

famous Andes of South America. Jointly they form the longest and most uniform chain of mountains on the globe.

Amid the gorges of this stupendous system of mountains, over 3000 miles in length, America's largest rivers have their birth and find outlet into the Atlantic, Arctic and Pacific oceans.

No cañon of all those that traverse the Rocky Mountains, is more renowned than the Colorado Cañon. Its grandeur cannot be expressed. It is over 200 miles in length with walls from 4000 to 6000 feet in height. Major Powell in 1869 explored in three months a thousand miles of this wonderful gorge.

Castellated crags and lofty towers on either bank almost touch as they hang over a river that surges far below. Everywhere peaks and promontories dazzle the vision.

By great feats of engineering the Denver & Rio Grande Railway has made it possible for tourists to pass through the wildest of gorges. At length you pierce the mountain's heart through a fissure less than thirty feet for both road and river. Trains roll over an iron bridge built lengthwise with the river and suspended from steel trusses mortised into the rocks.

The route to the Yosemite Valley is usually *via* San Francisco. The Valley lies in the County of Mariposa, Spanish for butterfly, in the east central part of California, or a little south-east of San Francisco. It is well up on the western slope of

the crest of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, 25 miles eastward from the valley. Many go to the Yosemite *via* the Sante Fe R. R., crossing the Colorado River at the "Needles," but more *via* the Union Pacific Railroad to San Francisco. The distance to the Yosemite from the latter city over the Southern Pacific Railroad *via* "Boneda route" is 263 miles, the last 63 miles being made by coaches. The first day's ride from Raymond, terminus of the railway, to Wawona, is 36 miles. Up gulches, climbing along the sides of steep mountains, finally toiling up the long steep grade of the Chouchilla Mountain, tired and hungry we reach Wawona Hotel.

The Mariposa Grove of big trees in the distance is a pleasant half day's ride from Wawona. The "big trees" are famous throughout the world. They were discovered in California in 1849 by Mr. Burney, Sheriff of Mariposa County, hence the name "Mariposa Grove." There are at least ten groves of big trees scattered along the western front of the Sierra Range for a distance of 200 miles. The immense Redwood trees of the Coast Range of Mountains are closely related to the "Sequoias," as the big trees are scientifically called, in honor of a Cherokee chief of Alabama, a benefactor of his people.

Names have been given to the largest trees. Here is "George Washington," a tree over ninety feet in circumference. You meet "Longfellow" and "Whittier" and admire "Virginia" and

"Ohio." The names of other persons and States appear. Trees of the greatest circumference are found in the Mariposa Grove. Ten trees measure each from eighty to ninety feet in circumference. As many trees measure over 250 feet in height. The tallest Sequoia tree accurately measured is called the "Keystone State," 325 feet in height, in the Calaveras Grove to the north. There are 365 Sequoias in the Mariposa Grove from a foot to thirty feet in diameter, included within a tract of four square miles, which is dedicated forever to the public.

The Sequoia Cone is a small thing, the size of a hen's egg, averaging two inches in length. Three years elapse from the budding to the ripening of the seed. The Sequoias are easily reared from the seed in suitable climates. Many of these trees are now growing, and in widely separate parts of the world; the latter fact makes all the more singular the restricted limits of their native nursery. The Sequoia, like the Redwood is light, easily worked and receives a high polish. It is generally of a pale red tint, and some specimens are beautifully marked.

A famous tree is "The Mother of the Forest", a giantess, and worthy of the title of mother. Contrast the man sitting in the cavity. Many of the big trees have been much reduced in size and hollowed out by fire. Sixteen horses are said to have stood at one time in the hollow of the "Haverford". Sermons have been preached to seventy persons all

standing on the stump of a Sequoia. It took five men twenty-two days to cut down one of these big trees. The bark of one was removed to Sydenham Crystal Palace, London, and it astonished all Europeans.

The tree "Wawona" emphasizes more than all others the prodigious size of the Sequoias. Stages drive through a living big tree. The Wawona is twenty-seven feet in diameter. The wagon road tunnel is ten feet high; nine and a half feet at the bottom, sloping to six and a half feet at the top.

The Sequoias are quick of growth, and people who have counted the rings of wood vary in their conclusions as to the age from one thousand to four thousand years.

Refreshing sleep at Wawona Hotel and we are again en route to the Yosemite Valley. Here is Inspiration Point. Our journey of many miles from Wawona has been up long steep grades, through heavy growth of timber, along edges of cliffs, skirting precipitous mountains. The ruggedness increases till we reach this grand view from Inspiration Point. Here artists linger. The valley is a gorge, or cañon of extraordinary depth that abounds in forest trees and unsurpassed waterfalls. The average height of vertical walls is over 3,000 feet. Here are bold projecting angles and deep gaps through which torrents of water descend to the valley. At the time of its discovery it did not attract special attention. Six years later S. M.

Cunningham, now keeper of Mariposa Big Trees, and Beardsley, put up a rough trading-post and hotel, and sight-seers began to come.

Yosemite means "grizzly bear", and was the name of a tribe of Indians who made this valley their home. Now, all but half a dozen have fled with the setting sun.

The Yosemite Valley is over seven miles long and from half a mile to two miles in width. The valley's area is 8480 acres, or about fifty 160 acre farms. There are stretches of open meadow and forests of handsome oaks, pines, and other trees—no Sequoias. The Manzanita, however, with its oddly contorted red stems and olive-green leaves and the buckeye with its broad leaves and long plumes of snow blossoms follow you into the valley.

Here is the Rock El Capitan, or Captain, the Merced a trout river flowing peacefully at its base. How trim and stately the pines on the bank! High over all this is one vast block of granite 3,300 feet above the stream. The south and the west faces are nearly abrupt angles almost vertical. Few signs of vegetation are on this immense cliff. Part way up, in an indentation, grows a lone pine tree one hundred and twenty-five feet high. Try to climb even the debris at the foot and you easily are led to believe that El Capitan is twenty-five times as high as the pine. The face is equal to a one hundred and sixty acre farm.

The Three Brothers are on the same side of the valley, and above, and adjoining El Capitan, are

A BIG TREE OF THE YOSEMITE.

more enormous peaks springing from a common base and rising granite above granite, the slender pines their only rivals. These three cliffs seem to lean over the valley. "Eagle Peak" is 3830 feet above the Merced, and the views of Yosemite, and the vast scope of the high Sierra Mountains are indescribably grand. Opposite are the "Cathedral Spires," "Sentinel Rock," and "Dome."

Across the valley the Bridal Veil Falls charms every beholder. The stream is fed by Ostrander Lake in the mountains a dozen miles south, and rarely exceeds fifty feet in width at the top, but has an unimpeded fall of 600 feet, (or 900 feet including the cascade below). Many consider the Bridal Veil the most beautiful of all the pictures in the Yosemite Gallery. Often breezes catch the clear stream below the brink and sway it, first one side, then the other, with long sweeping motions of ideal grace. The water in its descent divides into myriads of miniature comets, or sheets of comminuted spray, and under the sun sparkles like diamond dust. The rising spray at the top of this graceful lace-like Fall, converted by the sun's rays into a rainbow, became a radiant crown fit for nature's rarest handiwork.

For a background we have the Stoneman Hotel, built by the State at a cost of $40,000. It stands on the south side of the upper part of the valley under Glacier Point. Looking up, the large white flag at McCauley's Hotel seems like a handkerchief floating in the wind. Barnard's is down the valley,

where are grouped a chapel, school-house, post and telegraph offices, and a country store.

For those who prefer camp life, the commissioners have set apart a portion of ground in the upper valley on the north side of the Merced River beneath "Royal Arches." Here fine oaks shelter from the sun, and thickets of young spruce and cedar afford enjoyable privacy. A pasture is free. Hay and grain are for sale, also staple articles of food. The completion of the Continental Railway has greatly increased tourist travel so that nearly three thousand persons annually visit Yosemite, a total of over fifty thousand visitors to date, coming from all parts of the world. The fare from San Francisco is $40 to $50.

Early in the morning tourists seek Mirror Lake, of world-wide celebrity. It is set in Tenaya Cañon between the "North" and "Half Domes," that far overtop the dome of St. Peters. "Cloud's Rest" and Mt. Watkins are beyond. How clear the reflection of the shrubbery, pines, and overlooking heights! The effect is best in the early morning before the breezes have arisen. Here also are very clear echoes. The many kinds of ferns and flowering plants add to the charms. Eagles soar above the granite peaks, and robins, larks and humming birds swarm in the valley.

Beyond the Stoneman Hotel is Cathedral Rock, opposite El Capitan; on the south side stand Cathedral Rock and spires, Sentinel Rock and Dome. Without waterfalls Yosemite would be rendered

famous by nature's stupendous masonry. The granite walls are a succession of majestic peaks and domes eloquent in thought and design.

The Vernal Fall is as perfect a picture of beauty as the world affords. On this artists are agreed. The width at the top of the Fall is eighty feet. The stream of emerald water shoots down three hundred and fifty feet into a narrow cañon begirt by mountain slopes and peaks of wild grandeur.

A mile farther up the Merced River is Nevada Fall. This Fall has gained great celebrity. The surrounding scenery is superb, and the Fall itself is about twice as great as the Vernal, or over six hundred feet (605). The wind often sways the Fall back and forth like a silver apron. Near the foot is the Casa Nevada snow-house. To the left the trail leads to "Cloud's Rest;" the right to "Glacier Point," three thousand two hundred and fifty feet above the valley floor. Looking out from Glacier Point over the valley the view of the high Sierra is unspeakably grand.

The beauty of Vernal and Nevada Falls is enhanced by the Cap of Liberty in the background. This gigantic rock is so-called because of a fancied resemblance between the outline of the granite and the Cap of Liberty on an old-fashion coin. This monolith lifts its noble form two thousand feet above the Vernal Fall. In place of feathers, fragrant pines adorn the Cap.

Now returning to the valley westward we are in the presence of the Yosemite Falls. They are on the

north side of the valley. Of the three divisions of the Falls the upper has the greatest height, about fifteen hundred feet. The middle division is a series of cascades, a descent of six hundred and twenty-six feet. Then another downward fall of over four hundred feet, or a grand total of 2,526 of descent. There is no known equal amount of water making a single plunge of 1500 feet like the upper Yosemite Falls.

The Yosemite Creek that supplies these triple falls is fed by melting snows. As this stream is apt in August to "go dry," its magnificence is best seen early in the season. Many consider the Yosemite Falls the most awe inspiring in the world. Nature's three masterpieces are Niagara, Yellowstone Cañon and Yosemite Valley.

CHAPTER XX

THE ITALY OF AMERICA.

American Italy. Rocky Mountains. The Garden of the Gods. Marshall Pass. Pike's Peak. Father Junipero Serra. Catholic Missions. Gold Mining. Justice Field, and Terry. San Francisco and its Palace Hotel. Senator Leland Stanford. His University. The Chinese Question. A Joss House. The Cliff House. The Seals. Columbia River. Salmon Fishing.

I MADE my third trip to the Pacific Coast in 1890 and another in 1893, and was more than ever delighted with the climate and scenery of our American Italy.

America is used in its continental sense. Where on this side of the globe shall a sunny Italy be found, if not beneath the gorgeous sunsets along the Pacific slope, where grow in perfection, olive, vine and fig, pomegranate, orange and mulberry, and where the year round the climate is tempered by snow-clad Alps and Apennines?

The early history of America's Italy is also shrouded in legend and fable of Aztec, Japanese and Spaniard. Like Rome, San Francisco, named in honor of Saint Francis, sits on her hundred hills, whence she is destined to wield potent scepter over an imperial commercial world. To reach the Italy

of America, forty years ago, brave men rounded Cape Horn, sailing sixteen thousand miles in search of gold. Others, eager to reach the new El Dorado beneath the golden sunsets, crossed the Rocky Mountains in carts drawn by lean cattle, their only guide being the bleached bones of animals and men along the dreary trail.

Three thousand miles will not measure the windings of the Rocky Mountains from Mexico to the Arctic Circle. Owing to the great breadth of base of the Rocky Mountains, and gentle acclivity or rise, especially on the east, the ascent is almost imperceptible, and through numerous passes, Lewis and Clark, the Pathfinder Frémont, traders of the Hudson Bay Company, and others led the way, and dauntless engineers have built a half dozen steel railways that span the Continent.

> "Man seldom, for adventure or for gain,
> To greater heights ascends. Here is the crest
> Of the great, Rocky Mountains; East and West
> Deep toward the Atlantic and Pacific main."

Two hours south of Denver we approach one of the several Rocky Mountain Gateways, leading to the Garden of the Gods, in Colorado. An outer parapet of white. From the level plain spring gorgeous red sandstone portals, 350 feet high, which flash warm greetings in brilliant cornelian. This famed gateway gilded by the sun, frames distant Pike's Peak, snow capped and seen against a sky of spotless blue.

"Beneath the rocky peak that hides
In clouds its snow-flecked crest,
Within these crimson crags abides
An Orient in the West.

Here the New West its wealth unlocks,
And tears the veil aside,
Which hides the mystic glades and rocks
The Red man deified."

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

Beyond the portals are weird attractions that tell of superhuman efforts. Here we encounter the Balancing Rock, a huge cubical boulder of sandstone that rests upon a slight apex. A lively imagination discovers in the park resemblances of heroes, beasts and birds, ancient gods, lions, griffins, dolphins, and other inanimate forms in stone, that suggest grotesque ideas of life and architecture. Here is a Cathedral Spire, there a Statue of Liberty, and the whole hints at ruins of vast temples of Aztec or other origin, once the shrines of long buried gods. The ascent of Pike's Peak is made either in carriage or on horse back.

A narrow trail leads by steep grades along a mountain stream to the Marshall Pass, 10,852 feet above the sea, a most wonderful pathway over the Continental Divide. On the east, or right, the grades at first between low-browed hills, are only moderately steep ; soon hills merge into mountains, which press closely together. Two sturdy engines toil and pant. The frequent curves grow sharper

and steeper; banks of snow and tangled masses of half dead forests are on either side. How the loops of the skilful engineer double upon themselves! He could not tunnel such ponderous granite masses.

Finally the summit is reached and to the north we behold Pike's Peak, Summit and Signal Station, said to be the highest in the world. Many persons remember the rush for gold in 1858 to Pike's Peak. From the miner's camp at its foot, on the banks of the Platte River, sprang Denver, the phenominal "Queen City of the Plains." From this height Colorado, larger than England, Scotland and Wales, is seen in all its harmonious confusion; lofty peaks, mountain hemmed valleys, cloud patched plains, parks, silver-like rivers and lakes. To the South is the "Royal Gorge" or Grand Cañon of the Arkansas River. Under its gigantic granite cliffs for a hundred miles, in a narrow bed, struggle river and railway.

West are seen the heights of the Mount of the Holy Cross. The snow white cross, emblem of Christian hope, in beauty shines against an azure sky. Eternal snow fills the two transverse cañons of great depth, lengthwise and crosswise on the mountain's summit.

"Where long ago the Titans fought
And hurled for missils, mountains,
Where nature's God hath roughest wrought,
Where springs the purest fountains."

Two years after Longfellow's death the following lines were found in his portfolio,—

> "There is a mountain in the distant West
> That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines
> Displays a cross of snow upon its side;
> Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
> These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
> And seasons, changeless since the day she died."

From ocean to ocean man is busy with pick, plow, and sparks snatched from the clouds. An electrical signal by a sentinel on Pike's Peak is noticed throughout America.

From this exalted mount of faith the optimist sees before the Century closes an electrical railway darting from Atlantic to the Pacific in a short space of time. "Sunrise Electrical coaches" will leave New York's Statue of Liberty, the sun half risen in the Atlantic; with passenges jubilant across the continent beneath Aurora skies, the Golden Gate of the Pacific is sighted; still the morning sunlit clouds are visible; behold, time is annihilated.

Our Italy, "California", is Spanish for hot furnace; the term first applied to Lower California, part of Mexico's possessions. The California we behold was discovered 350 years ago, 1542, by Juan Cabrillo, a navigator in the service of Spain. This Pacific Empire, second only to Texas, is 250 miles wide and 750 miles long, and larger than New England and New York combined. The Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, rising in the foot hills of Northern and Southern California, each runs 300

miles in opposite directions, draining the rich valleys that lie between the Sierra Nevada and the Coast range of mountains, into San Francisco Bay. Much of the former Alpine range is 8,000 feet above the sea. It has a hundred snow-clad granite peaks (13,000 feet) two and a half miles high that look out on the Pacific. San Francisco Bay, 60 miles long and 15 wide, can float the navies of the world. San Francisco is built on sand hills. The Golden Gate is a strait, two miles wide and seven long that connects the Bay with the Pacific Ocean. The Golden Gate sunsets are famous.

In 1768 Father Junipero Serra, with eleven companions, all Franciscan Priests, came from Mexico to continue missionary labor among the Indians along the coast of California, a work which the self-sacrificing Jesuits had carried on since 1601, for 150 years. The bells of Catholic Mexico rang out a peal of triumph when news reached the capital that the Franciscans had met with success. The divine mysteries of faith were first celebrated on rustic altars beneath the grateful shade of live oaks. Soon houses and chapels were built for missionaries, and barracks for soldiers, the whole encircled by palisades.

A new station founded, the enthusiastic Serra hung aloft and rang out his mission bells, and called to natives of plain and valley to sit beneath the cross of peace. Thus were planted the missions of San Diego, Mt. Carmel, Santa Clara, San Gabriel, San Rafael, San Luis Rey and others. With azure

MISSION GARDEN, SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA.

banners of the Blessed Virgin unfurled, these intrepid missionaries, trusting their God, planted the cross at the foot of many a Sierra on fertile plains, or near hostile Indian villages. Venerable Serra died in 1784 eager to the last to plant more missions. Ten thousand Indians were baptized.

Tribes on the Pacific Slope varied in language and race; they went naked, or wore an apron of fringe or a cloak of skins. For sustenance they relied on fishing and hunting, or seeds and herbs. Their canoes were well made, and shells served for money. They believed in witchcraft, medicine-men, jugglery, and indulged in various dances. The missionaries often were stripped, and slain by arrows and wooden swords. Later California missions, which began about the period of the American Revolution, attained a wonderful degree of prosperity. Some of the buildings were 250 feet square; in one end were church and parsonage. The interior galleries faced a court adorned with trees and fountains on which opened the rooms of the missionaries, stewards, travelers, shops, schools, storerooms and granaries. Indian girls were taught to spin and weave. Indian workmen built roads, bridges, canals for irrigation, and mills.

At day-break bells summoned to prayers, and breakfast followed; then all joined bands for regular work, the good friars directing by advice and example, for they possessed the art of making labor attractive—food and clothing their only reward. All rested from eleven till two, when labor com-

menced again and lasted till the mission bells were heard an hour before sunset. The evening was spent in innocent amusements. Their flocks supplied fresh beef and mutton, their fields grain, fruit and vegetables in abundance.

Groups of missionaries and converts, clothed in Spanish costume, and bright blankets and handkerchiefs made pictures not unlike those seen in sunny Italy.

San Luis Rey was founded among the Kechis. By the beautiful banks of the San Luis, in 1798, the illustrious Father Peyri raised a thatched cottage. He brought only a few cattle and converted Indians, but there arose the greatest of California Missions. From its stone church there rises a beautiful tower and dome. The colonnade was five hundred feet long, and the width of the building was equally great. Father Peyri directed San Luis Rey for thirty-four years. He had 3500 Indians scattered over twenty ranches, and peace and plenty reigned. Fifty years ago (1837) the Missions contained 30,650 Indians, 62,500 horses, 321,500 sheep, 424,000 head of cattle, and raised 122,500 bushels of wheat. Each autumn, vessels sailed away ladened with bread stuffs, wine, oil, hemp, hide and tallow, and returned with clothes and tobacco and other articles. Finally under new authorities and a new population these famous Missions and their Indian converts have disappeared.

Gold was discovered in 1848. In February of the same year Upper California was ceded by treaty

to the United States, and Sept. 9th, 1850 California was admitted into the Union. A saw mill on the south Fork of the American River, 60 miles east of Sacramento, was being built for Captain Sutter, once an officer in the Swiss Guards of Charles X., January 19th, 1848, J. W. Marshall discovered in this mill-race bright scales which proved to be gold. This startling information soon agitated the whole Pacific Coast. Business was neglected; ripened grain was left unharvested. Sailors abandoned their vessels, and soldiers deserted; all flocking to the mines. The wind bore the news world-wide and there followed the wildest gold fever excitement ever experienced in any part of the civilized globe. Every nation sent its quota of bold adventurers. Sailing vessels carried thousands *via* Panama, or round Cape Horn. Tens of thousands facing disease, hunger and Indians, bravely struck out towards the setting sun in carts, and on foot, across deserts and mountains, " trusting to luck", and those who survived poured down the Sierra Nevada Mountains, into the land of gold. Could the vast number that perished by the way be collected, their skeletons would lie closer than the ties on the Continental railways.

Gold was found in all the streams flowing from the Sierra Nevada Mountains into the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers. Mountain streams cutting their way through granite, slate and quartz, brought down among the gravel bright scales and nuggets of the precious metal. The hillsides in all the

ravines were covered with canvas tents and bush arbors. Most of the miners formed bands of three, five or ten, under command of one of their number. Little or no capital was required, but pick, shovel, tin pan and food were essentials. Some, in washing the gold, used close-woven Indian blankets, others a rude machine with coarse sieve or rockers called a cradle. Ardent search with long handled shovels was made among stone and gravel in dried up creeks, by the side of large rocks, in blue clay, in clumps of bushes, or under banks and roots of trees. For a moment the eye brightened if perchance, a lump of gold was found; every faculty was absorbed, complete silence reigned, as the miners beneath scorching sun, or in cold water, waist deep, made their intense search for the shining treasure that commands the pleasures of the world. From fifty to a hundred dollars a day was made by each miner, and often larger and fabulous amounts. The largest nugget of gold ever found was worth $148,000.

Placer mining at length yielded to quartz mills. The product of the gold mines of California from 1854-1865 may be estimated at $1,000,000,000. This influx of gold created a new era of prosperity throughout the world.

Justice Field of our United States Supreme Court, and Judge Terry, were both old "forty-niners". Many in California to-day recall Judge Field in 1859 as he walked the streets of Maysville, near Sacramento, with six shooters in each pocket, and cocked his weapons when Judge Terry came in sight.

Lathrop Railway Station, saw Terry assault Judge Field, saw the ruffian shot dead, but went on calmly eating his breakfast at the same table. Doubtless this English gentleman was conscious of being well informed of the customs of America, and did not propose to acknowledge himself a "tender-foot", or be astonished even if a murder was served with his coffee.

San Francisco, the city of "One Hundred Hills", and metropolis of the Pacific Coast, is approached from pretty Oakland by ferry-steamers across a sail flecked bay. It is five miles from ferry-slip to ferry-slip. Oakland the Eastern terminus is the Brooklyn of San Francisco, a delightful suburb of 50,000 people. The avenues are oak shaded and lined with beautiful homes, that are not surpassed for shrubbery and flowers the year round. San Francisco, stands on the eastern shore of the north end of a peninsula, not unlike New York, at the base of sandy hills and on a slope that extends into the Bay.

Alcatraz Island, strongly fortified, is in the foreground; beyond on the right, the Golden Gate that conducts into the Pacific. The highest point to the right is Telegraph Hill, whence are seen the magnificent Bay that covers 400,000 acres, Goat and other rock-ribbed islands.

The avenues, streets and alleys of the city number 1200 and cross one another at right angles. In early days, people fearing earth-quakes built mostly of wood. At six different times the city was des-

troyed by fearful fires. Now on every important street appear structures of brick, stone, and iron. The brown and blue stone come from Angel Island in the Bay.

The fire department now is one of the best in America. Fifty steamers, hose carriages, and ladder trucks are operated by three hundred and seventy five skilled men. San Francisco has taught the world the use of cable roads. She boasts of thirty-three libraries and reading-rooms, thirty-five banks of deposit and savings, thirty-nine hospitals, forty military organizations, one hundred and twenty-seven church organizations, one hundred and sixty-eight newspapers, three hundred and eighty-five clubs, social and benevolent societies, and schools, public and private, are in abundance. The population of San Francisco is nearly 350,000, and total value of real and personal property for 1885 was $300,000,000. San Francisco is cooler in July by 17° than New York or Cincinnati.

In the distance stands the Palace Hotel, one of fifty in San Francisco, centrally located, a kingly structure; it occupies a triplicate hollow quadrangle, covers an entire block of three acres, fire and earthquake proof, and is one of the model hotels of the world. The Grand Central Court, 84 by 144 feet is entered by a broad carriage way, which expands into a circular drive, 52 feet in diameter, surrounded by a marble tiled promenade and tropical garden of rare exotics, statuary and fountains. The effect of electric lights is superb.

Seven hundred and fifty-five large, light and airy guest rooms, equally well furnished, are easy of access, from ornamental corridors. Above this court the blue sky is seen through a crystal roof. Each room has bath and closet, electric enunciator, fire-alarm, and pneumatic dispatch tube for letters and parcels. The grand dining-room is one hundred and fifty feet long. You may adopt the American, or European plan.

The Baldwin cost $3,500,000. The appointments and service in the Grand Pacific or Baldwin probably surpass any hotel in Europe.

Cable cars on California Street take us to the home of Senator Leland Stanford, to whom the future historian of the Pacific Coast will assign a prominent place in the stirring events of the wonderful early developments of California.

Leland Stanford was born in Albany County, New York, March 9th, 1824. Farm work and winter study made him a keen student of material things, and at twenty he began the study of law. Admitted to practice, he settled in 1848 at Port Washington, Wisconsin. Two years later he returned home to marry Jane Lathrop, a most estimable daughter of Dyer Lathrop, a respected merchant of Albany. Fire destroyed his law library, but not his determination to succeed. New plans were formed. July 12th, 1852, he joined his brothers in California, who were engaged in mining and trade. Later importing was added, and branch houses were scattered through the State. The

magnitude of transactions quickened Stanford's keen perceptions and natural aptitude for administration of affairs.

The Civil War found him a staunch friend of the Union. At the Chicago Convention in 1860 he voted for Lincoln. His acquaintance with Lincoln ripened into confidence and intimacy, so that he became the able and trusted adviser of the President and Cabinet, in the perilous crisis in 1860 when California was in danger of following the bad example of the South. In 1861 by 23,000 plurality he was elected, and became the War Governor of his state. His grasp of state and national affairs exhibited sound common sense and comprehensiveness. Nature gave him a powerful physical organization; the study of law and extensive business developed extraordinary powers of observation and generalization, and Stanford soon became the master spirit of the Central Pacific Railroad. 10,000 Chinamen were employed in constructing over the rugged Sierra Nevada Mountains five hundred and thirty miles of railway in two hundred and ninety-three days. Leland Stanford built other Pacific railroads and was also interested in agriculture and manufacturing.

March 4th, 1885, he took his seat in the United States Senate. But the establishing and endowing of the Leland Stanford Junior University, will go down in history as an act perhaps unparalleled in the annals of public benefactions. The University bears the name of Senator Stanford's lamented,

only child, who was much interested in education. On November 15th, 1885, the Trustees of this new University heard read the Deed of Trust, which had been engrossed in a huge volume of parchment, in the old illustrated style. By the grant the Trustees received 83,200 acres of most valuable estates in several counties of California. The Palo Alto Estate, the largest horse farm in the world, where the buildings, one story in height, are constructed, lies twenty miles south of San Francisco. The Vina Ranch in the Sacramento Valley comprises 55,000 acres; on 3,575 acres are 2,860,000 vines, a vineyard larger than any three vineyards in the world. The Gridley Ranch includes 20,000 acres of valuable wheat lands. The combined domains are thirteen miles in length and ten in breadth, or one hundred and thirty square miles; in area, equal to that occupied by the City of London, and in quality not surpassed by the garden lands of England. Most of Stanford's gift of field and forest, with live oaks dotting the golden stubble, gives the appearance of a vast well-kept park. Other large endowments to the University are made in Stanford's will, a total of over $30,000,000. The University is to be of highest grade, including the study of Art, Agriculture and Mechanics, and Co-operation. Stanford believed that the civilized world had become a great neighborhood in whose markets all producers compete. By co-operation each individual has the benefit of the intellectual and physical forces of his associates. The Univer-

sity affords equal advantage to both sexes, prohibits sectarian instruction, but will teach the immortality of the Soul, and the obedience to an all-wise Creator as the highest duty of man. The University opened in September, 1890.

On Nob Hill are seen some of the most costly private residences in America; homes of the railway and Bonanza kings. One was the residence of Mark Hopkins, who left to his widow a fortune of $30,000,000. Nearby is the cream-colored mansion of Ex-Governor Stanford that cost $2,500,000. Also costly residences of Flood, Colton, Crocker and other millionaires. The view here is very grand of city, bay, mountain ranges and Pacific.

The Chinese Quarters offer varied attractions to all tourists. Thousands of Mongolians swarm in the business center, in a rectangular block of old buildings seven squares in length by three in width. The stores of rich Chinese merchants flank the main streets. Architecture, decorations, signs and placards in red and gilt give shop fronts an Oriental aspect. Firm signs are not used, but fanciful signs like "man wo". There are ten thousand harmonies, that suggest good luck.

In the same store several kinds of business are often conducted. The Chinese receive you with much courtesy, employers are calm and serene, and too conservative ever to be in a hurry. "Be seated please", John Chinaman says in broken English. Cigars, or wine, or tea in finest cups are offered. In sight are lovely silks, paper goods, boxes of tea,

ROSE TREE, SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA.

bags of rice, dried fish and vegetables, preserved watermelon, fresh imported sugar-cane for children, sprouted seeds, fresh pigs and poultry, nutritious portions of beans in round yellow packages, indescribable mixtures, the smell of opium, raw and cooked. Odors numberless, all combined, are worse than air below deck in a storm. In filthy attics and cellars are shops and factories. Here the Mongolian patiently toils, eats with chop-sticks, and sleeps on shelves with wooden boxes for pillows. Here in underground dens, around greasy tables, he gambles, smokes, and sluggishly dreams of friends in far-off China, and his favorite gods.

There are a half-dozen Joss Houses, or Chinese Temples, in the city. A Protestant Church even has been changed into an abode of heathen gods. Numbers of these temples are on the Pacific Coast, where are found "gods many and lords many", goddesses, divinities, tablets, inscriptions, incense sticks and urns, grotesque carvings, gongs, and bells to arouse the gods when too drowsy to hear prayers; also priests to preach on certain feast days, and birth-days of gods and goddesses, when crowds throng the temples with prayers and offerings. The central figure is the "Water god," who eats vegetables only. To become brave the military sage is worshipped. Christianity is making only feeble efforts to teach our oriental friends a better way. You are shown the "Eastern Glorious Temple", chiefly owned by a Chinese quack doctor. A Chinese doctor in San Francisco is said to enjoy

an income from the practice of his profession of $6,000 per month. He has been in America nearly thirty years, and many Caucasians are among his patients.

The two principle theatres are on Jackson Street and face each other. Entering the Royal Chinese Theatre we see a thousand men with hats on, sitting on backs of seats usually, and smoking and eating. The stage has no drop curtain, flies or shifting scenes. The orchestra at the rear of the stage, keeps up an infernal din with gongs, guitars, cymbals and triangles, throughout a dialogue which usually represents historical events of a dynasty, or some interesting national epoch. The plot is developed slowly, the trifles of Chinese life are portrayed faithfully, and months are often consumed before the last act is closed. Actors may indulge in a little dancing on the stage, but Chinamen never dance off the stage. On either side of the performers, in sight of the audience, often lounge a dozen actors munching sugar cane or sweetmeats. Applause is rarely given. Those who go at eight pay four bits, at ten, two bits, later a single bit. A bit is 10, 12½ or 15 cents, as change can be made.

There are three thousand Chinese women in San Francisco, and as many more in other parts of America. Not one in ten is said to be a legal wife. Over five thousand of them are sold into a hopeless bondage worse than death. They are bought in China for one hundred to three hundred dollars each, and sold in America at a hundred per cent

advance. "Hop Yee Tong" the "Temple of United Justice" is an association of several hundred of Chinese villains, termed by the press "High-binders", "Destroying Angels", organized to protect the owners of these slave-women in their nefarious business on our shores.

Marriage without courtship is the fate of the Chinese girl; a civil contract. All is arranged by parents or guardians. It is doubtful, perhaps, if our system of boy and girl courtship results in better average life settlements than the decision of Chinese parents, unmoved by fancy and romance. A persistent habit of loquacity on the part of some lady, is sufficient cause for divorce. In China there are the large footed or field-women, who work with the men in the fields, and the small-footed women, who are expected to be helpless and useless like some fine ladies of other countries. This is the result when the child's feet are checked in growth, and education is totally disregarded. Chinese civilization long ago rose to the level of their women and gods.

The Chinese at home number 400,000,000. They occupy one of the fairest portions of the globe. The number is too large to admit of much education among the masses, but the Confucian system of morals taught in schools and temples is pure and elevating, and deals with the relations between children, parents, husbands, wives, magistrates and Emperor. Their language is monosyllabic, hence thought is communicated rapidly. The

people excel in agriculture, in the manufacture of pottery, cotton goods, silks and satins. The ruling class are superior in memory, in political economy, and in diplomacy, and favor an exclusive policy. The four hundred millions are ruled by brain power, perhaps unsurpassed, and naturally the Chinese with a history of four thousand years, consider themselves at the head of the human race.

The common workmen of the Empire receive from fifteen to twenty cents per day. They spend half of this on rice, vegetables, and now and then a little fish and pork; usually the food is mixed and cut fine. They are of necessity industrious and frugal in the extreme. By almost unexampled privations they obtain the passage money to America. In San Francisco you meet them, two hundred or more, as peddlers among the homes, with fresh vegetables and fruits in baskets suspended from shoulder poles. As servants everywhere, kind and reliable; in the fruit and wheat fields, vineyards and mines of the Coast toiling patiently and faithfully; in shops and factories, intelligent and trusty, making overalls, shirts, cigars, shoes and other needed articles. The Chinese, like Americans and English who go to China, come to America to make money to better their condition at home, of which they are very fond.

The Chinaman sought in the East the Golden Mountains of California with the same hopes of improving his condition, as have all Europeans in their pilgrimage to America. To the oppressed

Asiatic, the same as to the down-trodden European, was bequeathed equally all advantages accruing under the manhood Government of our Republic. What was the European's, was the Asiatic's by divine right, and by the principles of the Declaration. The good people of the Pacific Coast seem to be pursuing a phantom. It is true that the Chinese, 200,000 strong, have entered the Golden Gate. But thrice the total Asiatic immigration of twenty-five years, come annually from Europe to America. The average number each year out of the European immigration that find at public expense, refuge in asylums, hospitals, prisons and factories, is larger than the total average annual arrival of Chinese. By hasty decision, we dishonored a Treaty forced by us upon China, imperiling the lives of Americans in the Empire, and a commerce with the Chinese rich in its future promise. Already the madness of the sand-hill mob has subsided, and faithful John Chinaman on our shores furnishes a problem for Christian statesmen to solve. A wise treatment of this question will largely increase our trade with that vast Empire on our western coast.

The Cliff House, hangs on the brink of a bold cliff 200 feet above the Pacific Ocean. It is six miles west of Woodsworth's Gardens in the city, and the Golden Gate Park of a thousand acres is en route. These three beautiful breathing places, reached by cable cars, are all-the-year-round resorts, and music is furnished free Saturdays and Sun-

days. Still higher up the cliff are the artistic private gardens of Adolph Sutro, of Sutro Tunnel fame. Miles of charming drives border the Golden Gate and reach south on the Ocean Beach. On the broad shady piazzas people lounge and enjoy the golden sunsets, or watch the seals as they bask in the sunlight or clumsily wriggle over the rocks, and their barking is heard above the roar of the breakers.

The seals are a most interesting study. They are found in most waters, and resort in herds to sandy beaches, rocks, or ice floes, where they bask in the sun, sleep, and bring forth their young. Seals are timid, harmless and seem human in some ways. They become very fond of a keeper, have acute sense of smell, and are attracted by musical sounds. They can stay under water fifteen minutes, and eat enormous quantities of fish. Like ourselves they are especially fond of salmon.

Two species of seal are commercially valuable. The hair seal, of which 875,000 is the annual average catch, worth $2.50 each, total, $2,187,500. The skin is used for leather and the oil for a luminant and lubricant. The hair and fur seals are from five to eight feet long and weigh from 300 to 800 pounds. The latter are provided with a dense soft under-fur like velvet worth from five to twenty-five dollars each. The Alaskan Seal Company paid our Government, under a twenty years' lease that expired May 1, 1890, for the privilege of taking 100,000 seals annually in Alaskan waters, a rental

and tax of $317,000. It is estimated that in April five million seals visit the Pribyloff Islands in the Alaskan seas, for breeding purposes. The old males gather each from ten to fifteen females, and jealously guard them night and day for weeks. The aggregate sound of these fur seals is like the approach of a railroad train. The plaintive voice of the baby seal always enlists sympathy. A million and a quarter dollars value of fur seals' skins each year reach London, where the fur is plucked, dressed and dyed.

Up the coast for seven hundred miles by steam to the Columbia River is a favorite ride for Californians. In sight, the sandy beach, beyond the enchanted land of a hundred Geysers, from the steamboat *Geyser* to the Witches' Cauldron; near by the Petrified Forest, whose trees are a dozen feet in diameter. The coast range clings to the ocean from Lower California to the Royal Straits of Fuca. These mountains break into countless lovely valleys that reach to the sea, affording soil for the wild almond and coffee trees, and sheltered homes for those who cannot follow further the setting sun. In Humboldt County grow vast forests of red, white and yellow spruce, and redwoods; the redwood rivals the mammoth trees of the Nevada Mountains. We enter the famous Columbia River, discovered a hundred years ago (1791) by Captain Gray of Boston. Now it bears the name of his ship. Later the whole unknown Northwest was in dispute between American and English fur-traders.

An Englishman sent out to report on the merits of the country discovered that the kingly salmon of the Columbia disdained to be caught by a fly, and so he reported, "The country worthless, because the salmon would not rise to the fly" as in the streams of the British Islands. Hence we have an empire in the Northwest, grand beyond all power of description.

"Such is our Nation's boast, where'er we roam,
Our first best country, ever is our own."

Once an old French Abbé, surprised in the Rocky Mountains, explained his long distance from Paris as follows: "Some months ago I fainted in my Mission, and fancied that reaching Heaven, angels said, 'Father, how did you like the beautiful world you have just left?' For the first time it had occurred to me that I had been too busy on earth to see its beauties. Restored to health, you see me in search of the works of God below. Let us climb."

The wealth of fish in the Western waters was one of the strongest arguments used for holding the "Far West" against the British during the "54° 40′, or fight" agitation from 1840 till it culminated in a settlement of our title to the line of 49° North Latitude.

Fishermen left New England to engage in salmon fishing on the Pacific Coast. The Columbia River was alive with the royal chinook salmon, silver salmon, blue-backs, steel-heads and other varieties.

The chinook will not yield to allurements of any bait, but the silver salmon, some of which weigh 40 pounds, will run after a trolling spoon. To land successfully these big fish, gamy as a trout, with ordinary tackle, requires rare skill and patience. The wily salmon if he can gain a bit of slack line is almost sure to get clear. A party of two in Tacoma Harbor landed two hundred in a few hours. In early years salmon were caught with traps and nets, and smoked or packed in brine. In 1865 they began to pack fresh fat chinook salmon in sealed cans. "Columbia River salmon" came to immediate favor as an article of luxury throughout the world, and commanded high prices. Now the salmon are caught with seine, gill-net, dip and pound nets, traps and salmon fish-wheels.

Fishing is at its height for three months, from May to July. Pioneers in the business made ample fortunes. Salmon weigh from two and three pounds to seventy. Three average salmon will fill forty-eight one pound cans, and the four dozen cans make a case, which sells wholesale at from $4.50 to $6.00 per case. Now scores of canneries, 5600 boats and vessels, 20,000 persons and $3,000,000 are employed in salmon fisheries; total annual product $10,000,000. How best to preserve the commercial interest of this great fish industry is being considered. Fish hatcheries will be established on waters tributary to the Columbia River and Puget Sound. A female salmon contains in spawn at least 5,000 eggs. When salmon spawn naturally in shallow ripples

their spawning beds are infested with hords of ravenous fish. The half-egg, half-fish, without mouth, tail, or fin, is but a helpless waif in the water, a most tempting bait for trout and other fish, and thus nine-tenths of the embryo salmon are destroyed. By artificial methods of propogation at least ninety per cent of the eggs are hatched and cared for, till the young fish are turned into the river, and can take care of themselves.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ITALY OF AMERICA (*Concluded.*)

Mt. Hood. Tacoma and Seattle. Puget Sound. Sacramento. Monterey. Lick Observatory and Telescope. Land of Flowers and Vines. Los Angeles. The Peaceful Pacific.

QUEENLY Mount Hood, a most notable peak of the Cascade Range, 14,000 feet above the sea, is snow-clad the year through. Beyond the vast wheat fields of Minnesota and Dakota, beyond the gold and silver-ribbed mountains and rich pastures of Montana and Idaho, lies an imperial domain larger than France or Germany, and capable of supporting a hundred million people. What the snow-clad Alps are to Italy, that the Coast and Cascade Range, the Rocky, Blue and Bitter Root Mountains are to the Italy of America. Their interlaced spurs afford extraordinary diversity of landscape. Here are forests, and fish, rich soils, coals and minerals in inexhaustible supply. Here is the paradise of lumbermen, fishermen, fruit-growers, market-gardeners and dairymen ; here are wheat fields and hop gardens for millions.

Henceforth those who visit Europe without seeing the Columbia River, Puget Sound and Alaska, will be classed with 100,000 in Buffalo who have never seen the world-renowned cataract of Niagara.

The Cascade Mountains traverse Washington,

and Oregon, derived from a Spanish word which means "wild thyme", north and south, broken only by the Columbia River, which forms a boundary between the two states. In the division west of the Cascade, beginning at Portland, and extending south for 150 miles, is the rich valley of the Willamette, fifty miles wide. Portland, 110 miles from the Pacific, a city of 60,000 people, situated near the confluence of the Willamette and Columbia Rivers, is the metropolis of the fertile valleys of these great rivers. From the summit of Mt. Hood, north and south are seen a score of peaks, from ten to fifteen thousand feet high, mantled with perpetual snows. Mt. St. Helen, Mt. Adams, Mt. Tacoma, and Mt. Baker are all single snow monoliths. To the south, 250 miles is famous Mt. Shasta, supposed to be the highest of all these giants of the skies. Engineers estimate that the volume of water discharged by the Columbia River equals that of the Mississippi. It averages two miles in width for three hundred miles. It passes a little to the west of Spokane Falls, the metropolis of eastern Washington, and a vast mining region. To the northwest lies Puget Sound.

In Oregon and Washington, west of the Cascade Range are prodigious supplies of timber, practically inexhaustible, a hundred billion feet or more. Millions of acres will yield from 50,000 to 200,000 feet per acre. There are miles of forests where the ground could not give room for the cordwood of trees felled and worked up. The area of dense

MT. HOOD, AS SEEN FROM PORTLAND, OREGON.

forests is twice the size of Iowa. The yellow and red fir, or Oregon Pines, and the white and red cedar, reach twelve or more feet in diameter and are three hundred feet high. The logs are largely clear-stuff, and are used for ship timbers, masts, deck planks, flooring, siding or railway construction. Lloyds, the English ship-builders report, "We find the red firs the best wood in the world." The cedar shingles are unequaled. The output of lumber from the Columbia River and Puget Sound districts is not far from 1,000,000,000 feet annually.

In old Tacoma, four miles south of Tacoma, on Puget Sound is the oldest bell-tower on the Continent. It dates back prior to the discovery of America. This ivy-covered and stately trunk, sixty feet high, supports the cross, and every Sabbath its bell notes awaken to duty the people of a sleepy village.

"Here wrought by nature's hand alone,
More picturesque than chiseled stone,
A sylvan belfry stood.

A fir tree's trunk the shaft supplied,
And nestling quaintly by its side,
Behold the house of prayer."

Nearby is being built new Tacoma, the "City of Destiny", with a population of 25,000. It is the western terminus of the Northern Pacific, under whose liberal patronage it has sprung into prominence as if by magic. Tacoma is built on a series of terraces which look down on Commencement

Bay, at the head of Puget Sound. The recent tunneling of the Rocky and Cascade Mountains (1887) allowed direct and easy communication between the Orient and Occident. Here at the terminus of tide-water and a system of railways, ships and trains exchange their passengers and freight. Here naturally come teas from China, and the product of forests, mines, and rich soil of a vast inland empire. Here last year the stumps of huge fir trees gave place to a thousand new houses and blocks. Its grand hotel, The Tacoma, is one of the best home-like hostelries in America. From its broad piazza one beholds an incomparable scene of sea, woodland, and matchless mountains east and north.

Seattle, (1852) and Tacoma are rivals for the proud position of the metropolis of the northwest. Seattle' forty miles north of Tacoma, is situated on the east shore of Puget Sound. The large lakes Union and Washington, form the eastern boundary of the city. On this strip of high land facing a commodious harbor, live 25,000 people of unbounded energy. The sound and lakes have been connected by ship-canal, cable and electric roads. The railway patronage that fell into the lap of her rival only redoubled her own self-reliance for the mastery. However, on June 6th, 1889, at half past two in the afternoon, the fire-fiend began the devastation of this proud Queen City. At sunset, twenty millions of property in the heart of Seattle was reduced to ashes. Tacoma, her old rival remembered that:

"The quality of mercy is not strained;
It falleth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the earth beneath; it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

The Tacoma Relief Committee immediately subscribed thousands of dollars, and despatched a ship laden with provisions in charge of her best citizens. The Seattle men, possessing the "indomitable will and courage never to submit or yield", will reconstruct a new Seattle fairer than the one of June 5th, 1889.

Matchless Mt. Tacoma lies fifty miles southeast from Tacoma. Her rival, Seattle, called it Mt. Ranier. So generous and helpful were the citizens of Tacoma at the time of the Seattle fire, that the mayor of the latter city said he was willing to relinquish forever to the city of Tacoma all Seattle's right and title to this famous mountain. Forty miles in circumference at the base, Tacoma ascends, a solitary volcanic peak, above the snow-clad foot hills 5400 feet; then 8200 feet higher it rises, a total of 14,440 feet above the tide water in which it mirrors itself. A few daring adventurers have visited its great glaciers, and photographed its steaming crater. Senator Edmunds of Vermont, pronounced Mt. Tacoma finer than any peak of the Alps.

Tacoma is kingly indeed, when the ruddy glow of a setting sun adds golden embroidery to his heavy ermine robes. The view from the summit of Tacoma is one of unsurpassed grandeur, and includes in its range a greater number of gigantic forests,

mighty rivers, emerald valleys, vast mountain chains and lofty peaks, spires and roofs of growing cities, than any other mountain of the New World. To the northeast is seen the blue waters of glorious Puget Sound, the "Mediterranean of the Pacific". It has 1594 miles of most irregular tide-water line, without shoals, and fringed with grand fir, cedar and spruce. Wooded islands dot its surface, and vessels can lie at anchor anywhere in perfect safety. Admiral Charles Wilkes says "Waters equal to Puget Sound are possessed by no other nation". Near the British boundary is Mt. Baker, two miles high and radiant with eternal snow. The city of Vancouver is the tide-water terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Port Townsend is our Port of Entry through Admiralty Inlet, which leads into all the waters of the Sound. The Straits of Fuca, the New World's Gateway, are twenty miles wide and sixty long. Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, is on the southern end of Vancouver's Island, which is 300 miles long.

On the south shore of Fuca Straits stand the Olympic Mountains, all in line like soldiers for inspection, or on guard, while in majestic isolation are Mts. Tacoma and Baker reviewing the parade. Mt. Baker is Uncle Sam's northwest boundary stone. Above all its comrades towers Mt. Olympus. The Olympic group of mountains produce a fine effect against the blue sky, and constitute a land of mystery—a neutral ground, and held sacred. Here, long ago peace was enshrined, and warriors of dif-

ferent tribes gathered every year to engage in friendly strife, in feats of skill, strength and courage, akin to the Olympic Games of the Greeks. To-day where wild beasts, elk and deer roam in the valleys undisturbed, red men and white men share alike a tradition of terrible convulsions along the lofty peaks.

Puget Sound abounds in fish. Salmon, halibut and a variety of cod, including the true cod, " fit food for gods and men," sturgeon that weigh 1000 pounds, delicate smelt, herring and candle fish, oysters, clams and scallops all are plentiful. Such myriads of trout and graylings inhabit the creeks, rivers and crystal lakes, mountain-born and snow-fed, all gamy and eager enough for the bait to make a real disciple of Izaak Walton question whether he ever fished before. Game large and small is also abundant. Nearly three hundred species of birds are in the State, among the larger, the eagle, bald and golden. Many birds are game. There are forty-one kinds of fur-bearing animals, including the grizzly, black, brown and cinnamon and Alaskan bear, panther, elk and several kinds of deer, pheasant, grouse, quail and snipe of unusual size; wild swan are numerous and jack rabbits are said to be a pest.

The hop fields of Puyallup Valley and the Northwest are a pretty sight. Hops are planted in straight rows, five feet apart, like corn. The poles are sixteen feet high, and of sawed cedar. Up these the vines encircle, and the light green hops hang in

thick bunches. The best soil is the alluvial deposits of river bottoms. The average yield is a ton (2111 pounds) per acre, although in the White River Valley 5000 pounds have been gathered from a single acre. The quality is equal to the best grade raised in New York. The crop of 1865 was one bale; of 1888, 50,000 bales. The average price is 23 cents; the cost of raising eight cents—a handsome profit. Indians and whites pick the hops. The fun that is in it draws many boys and girls to the hop fields, and under the harvest moon the after-supper frolics and hop-dances lead to merry making and matches for life.

A frontier cottage built under a volcanic ledge overlooking Spokane Falls, in eastern Washington, before the terrible fire of the summer of 1889, invites you to enter. At the left a Japanese parasol shields dainty maidens from scorching rays of midday sun. The owner is a prosperous banker, who built this structure for a barn. With few artistic modifications the economical cashier concludes that the barn is quite good enough for his contented family. The outlook is superb over a vast extent of pine-clad hills, and mountains rich with minerals. In the foreground is Spokane Falls, a city of 25,000, and a water power larger than that which has made Minneapolis so successful. The river divided by islands into three distinct streams, pours its flood over a chasm 65 feet high, into a common basin, representing a force of 216,000 horse power; that of St. Anthony Falls is only 135,000.

ST. PETER'S CHAPEL, TACOMA, WASHINGTON.

The interior of the cottage is no less attractive than the exterior. Here is every evidence of culture and refinement. And why not civilization in the Far West? The East has sent West her bravest boys and girls and sustains their efforts with counsel and money. California, Oregon and Washington are very proud of their public school systems, their seminaries, colleges and universities; already the Coast possesses clearly defined "elements of empire."

Mt. Shasta, a cloud-like shaft, and overtowering in its grandeur, 14,444 feet high, the Monarch of Mountains, is situated in Northern California on the California and Oregon Railway, 434 miles south of Portland, and 250 miles north of Sacramento. Half its slope is of evergreen and half of snow. At Sisson, a regular dining station at the base of the mountain, the acme of interest is reached. Shasta, alone in its white, silent majesty, is one of the most wonderful mountains in the world. It has several extinct volcanic peaks or craters. Only a few parties in mid-summer have succeeded in scaling its height, whence the views over Northern California are extensive and sublime. Shasta's glaciers feed hundreds of streams which thread the wild region in every direction. Here the Sacramento River has its birth. The ride down this dashing mountain stream is most exciting. In swift succession you pass narrow cañons and gorges lined with tangled vines, trees and flowers, past cascades and waterfalls that would delight artists, on through

ever widening valleys, over hills and plains till you reach orchards, vineyards, great wheat fields, and finally Sacramento, capital of our Italy.

The capitol building of Sacramento, is one of the best of its kind in the United States. It is located in the heart of the city, and was a gift to the State by Mr. D. O. Mills. The grounds adorned with trees, shrubs and flowers cover eighteen blocks. The dome is beautiful and the outlook over the wide fertile valley is an incentive indeed to till the soil to get rich. Orange and other fruits ripen in the Sacramento Valley a month earlier than in Southern California, because they have in the Valley sixty-nine days more of sunshine.

Sacramento is ninety miles from San Francisco, and connected with that city by six trains daily, also by several lines of steamers. The city is on the left bank of the Sacramento River in the midst of rich agricultural country, and being the geographical center naturally has become a great distributing point. Three-fourths of all the fruit shipped out of the State are sent from this city. Far and wide grow apples, cherries, grapes, Bartlett pears, prunes, olives and figs. Inland and north it escapes the cold, penetrating winds of the ocean, and the hot blasts of the Southern Counties. Usually the nights are so cool that blankets are comfortable.

Live oaks dot the country and you seem to be journeying through an enormous park. The sweet almond tree thrives in many parts of California. It resembles the peach tree, and yields a fine crop in

four years, and the nuts sell for a good price. The English walnut followed the Englishman to America, and those that grow on the Coast are not excelled. A crop of seventeen acres sold for $2700. The cost of caring for the orchard was $87, of gathering the nut was $200, leaving a profit of $141.94 per acre. Plum-puddings and nuts for Thanksgiving and Christmas in California are cheap.

At Monterey, queen of American watering places, five hours or 125 miles south of San Francisco on the Pacific Coast, is found one of the most romantic of old Spanish towns. East of Monterey, in the midst of stately oaks, pines and cedars, stands Hotel Del Monte, modern Gothic, over a hundred feet in width, nearly four hundred feet in length, with annexes and quite five hundred rooms. The furnishing throughout is luxuriant, and the table bountiful and appetizing. From the windows are seen a hundred acres of lawn and flowers; roses, violets and heliotropes load the air with perfume. Here the delicate pansies bloom as cheerily in December as in May.

Monterey welcomes you all the year round. The grounds offer constant surprises, wide walks, restful seats, croquet plats, swings, archery and lawn-tennis grounds. The diversity of scenery and drives is most charming; ocean, bay, lake, streamlet, mountains, hills, valleys. The famous seventeen-miles drive, takes you by the Bay to Moss Beach, Seal Rocks or Cypress Point, with its gnarled trunks and

wealth of golden-green foliage. Pacific Grove Retreat or Carmel Mission offer you freedom from fashion's follies. Monterey is the Mecca that good society seeks. Here the tone of the social atmosphere is more like that in English country mansions. With the setting sun, the murmurings of the Pacific quiet the weary brain.

The dome of the Lick Observatory glistens in the sunlight on the top of Mt. Hamilton, at an altitude of 4,443 ft., fifty miles southeast of San Francisco, and twenty-six miles east of San José, county seat of the famous Santa Clara County. It is the property of the California University, a gift, costing $700,000, from James Lick, a wealthy merchant of San José. The magnificent winding road that leads to Mt. Hamilton cost Santa Clara County $100,000. The summit enjoys a cloudless sky the entire year, an unbroken horizon, while its latitude is favorable for most important observations. The dome, 75 feet in diameter, is made of steel plates and weighs 122 tons.

The great Lick Telescope was completed in 1888. It is the largest and most powerful refracting telescope in the world. On the cast-iron rectangular column weighing 20 tons rests the head, four tons more, in which is journaled the steel Polar Axis; this and the Declination Axis weigh 5000 pounds. The tube four feet in diameter, is 57 feet long and weighs five tons. The tube, adjusted on a star, is made to follow it by means of a clock weighing one ton. The object glass is 36 inches clear

aperture. The magnifying power ranges from 180 to 3,000 diameters. Access to the balcony is gained by a spiral stair-case. The astronomer is able by a perfected system of wheels to adjust easily this instrument of 40 tons, so as to unfold the teachings of the solar world, and the stars of the Universe.

This wonderful telescope is adapted to spectroscopic, photographic and micrometric work. It may have startling revelations in store for its friends.

The gold hunters of 1849 discovered besides precious metals, luscious grapes growing on vines, imported from Spain by the Franciscan Fathers, a hundred years before. The Mission Grape makes good brandy, it is said, but it will not compare with a hundred other varieties which Yankee enterprise, aided by foreigners, have introduced for table use, wine and raisin culture. Great care is exercised to select the soil best adapted for the several varieties of grapes. Rich loam with a subsoil of clay is desirable. Irrigation is often necessary. Already thousands of miles of public lands and ditches have been built. When possible artesian wells and windmills are employed. The counties of Fresno and Los Angeles have become grape growing centers. California has nearly 200,000 acres of vineyards: three-fourths of this area consist of wine varieties. $100,000,000 of capital and 60,000 persons are employed. South of Los Angeles is the great Nadean vineyard of 2250 acres, Mission, Zinfandel and other kinds. The 1887-88 yield was 500,000 gallons of wine and 100,000 gallons of brandy.

These same old miners of "Forty-nine" discovered that the grapes left on the vines, changed into most delicious raisins, like those of Spain and Portugal. Most persons know that raisins are made from grapes, but few can tell how. The white Muscatels, Malagas, and Sultanas, yield from three to thirteen tons per acre. The bunches of white grapes, two to five pounds each, are allowed to dry on the hot sand between the rows, or in pine or redwood trays, for some weeks till the juice is evaporated, and the skin is changed to rich purple. The sugar we see coating the raisin comes from the juice of bruised grapes. Three and a half pounds of grapes make a pound of raisins. The cost is six or seven cents per pound. The boxes labeled "London Layers," hold five, fifteen, or twenty pounds of as good raisins as can ever be produced. The average price per box is $1.60, or for the hundred boxes, an average production per acre $160. A car holds a thousand boxes. Fresno exported in 1889, 349 car-loads or 349,000 boxes of raisins. In 1882 we imported from Europe 3,000,000 boxes (33,000 tons) costing our people $6,000,000. So flattering are the results of grape culture in California, that very soon, this single state will produce all the raisins our citizens can consume.

The Umbrella Tree, beautiful in branches and foliage, is much used for shade. In America high prices of both the fig and olive have prevented their general use as is the case in ancient countries. Travelers in Asia Minor and Southern Europe use

figs and olives on long journeys and thrive. Both figs and olives are very nutritious. Eight million pounds of figs come annually from Smyrna and elsewhere to the United States. So it becomes an important article of commerce. But one of the most valuable trees known to man is the olive. Olive and fig orchards yield from $500 to $1000 per acre. French prunes also do well on the Coast. Alfalfa a specie of clover, has proven a gold mine to farmers of the Coast. It is grown in moist sections, or low lands, and often it requires irrigation. The roots extend to great depths. Alfalfa is cut six times a year, yielding two tons to the acre at each cutting. Horses, cows, mules, hogs, and poultry thrive on it.

It is not strange that bees thrive in a land of perpetual bloom. The total product of honey, in comb and extracted, for 1888, was 3,300,000 pounds. Mr. Harbison's bee farm in San Diego in a single year produced from 2,000 hives 150,000 pounds of honey, worth $30,000. In Scotland, when summer flowers are gone, the people take their hives in carts to the purple heather on the mountains.

Bee keeping is carried on largely in Russia, because peasants use honey instead of butter, and the churches require great numbers of wax tapers. The city of Pultowa alone has 5,000,000 hives. Each hive has a queen, workers and drones. If from increase in spring they swarm, the old queen goes with the new swarm. If two queens appear in a swarm they divide, or the queens fight to death

for supremacy. A queen's life is three or four years. For several weeks in the season she lays 2000 eggs a day. If she dies, a long cell is built and the larvae fed and nourished into a queen. Often queens are brought in little boxes from Germany or Italy to this Republic, and swarms are thus improved and increased. In June, July and August all drones are killed; the workers live only for a few weeks. The habits of bees are an interesting study.

Los Angeles, "City of Angels," has sprung in a few brief years to be the "Metropolis of Southern California." It is 482 miles from San Francisco, and can be reached by rail or steamer. It is the terminus of three Southern Over-land routes, the home of culture and refinement. The area of the justly celebrated climate of Southern California is limited largely to the coast line in the form of a segment of an arc, from Point Conception, Santa Barbara County to San Diego. Mountains north, and Islands along the coast shield several lovely valleys from cold winds, and an ocean eddy brings to this coast warm waters from the South. From the mountains come invigorating atmosphere, the desert sends a pure dry air, and the sea contributes daily breezes, a tonic fresh and bracing. The air is warm, sweet, and delicious. Here semi-tropical fruits, and rare exotics grow in open air the winter through, strawberries ripen every month in the year, and radiant butterflies constantly flit among ever-blooming flowers. No wonder that invalids

GIANT CACTUS.

and tourists crowd to this land of perpetual summer, and soft Italian skies, when one can live out of doors 340 days out of the year, in mellow sunlight.

"Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flowers."

* * * * * * *

"Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose."

The Cacti on the Mojave desert and in Southern California are numerous and of great variety. The hot sands blossom with bright red and yellow cacti among Yucca palms all along the railway from Mojave over the mountains. The eye often rests with pleasure on the tall white and plume-like bayonet palm. There are probably a thousand varieties, nipple, hedge hog, prickly pear, torch, thistle and other cacti in North and South America. Some are from twenty to thirty feet high. One variety furnishes the cochineal of commerce. The Kew Gardens exhibit a cactus that weighs a ton. The Spanish Americans plant some varieties for fences about their homes. Certain kinds contain an insipid but wholesome fluid for drink, and it is often used as a cooling draught in fevers.

An orange grove exercises a powerful influence upon visitors and settlers from the East. There are few more attractive sights in nature than a well kept orange orchard, with its golden globes half hidden in the glossy dark green foliage, and white, fragrant blossoms. Oranges will grow in most of the counties of Central and Southern California,